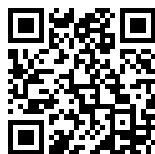

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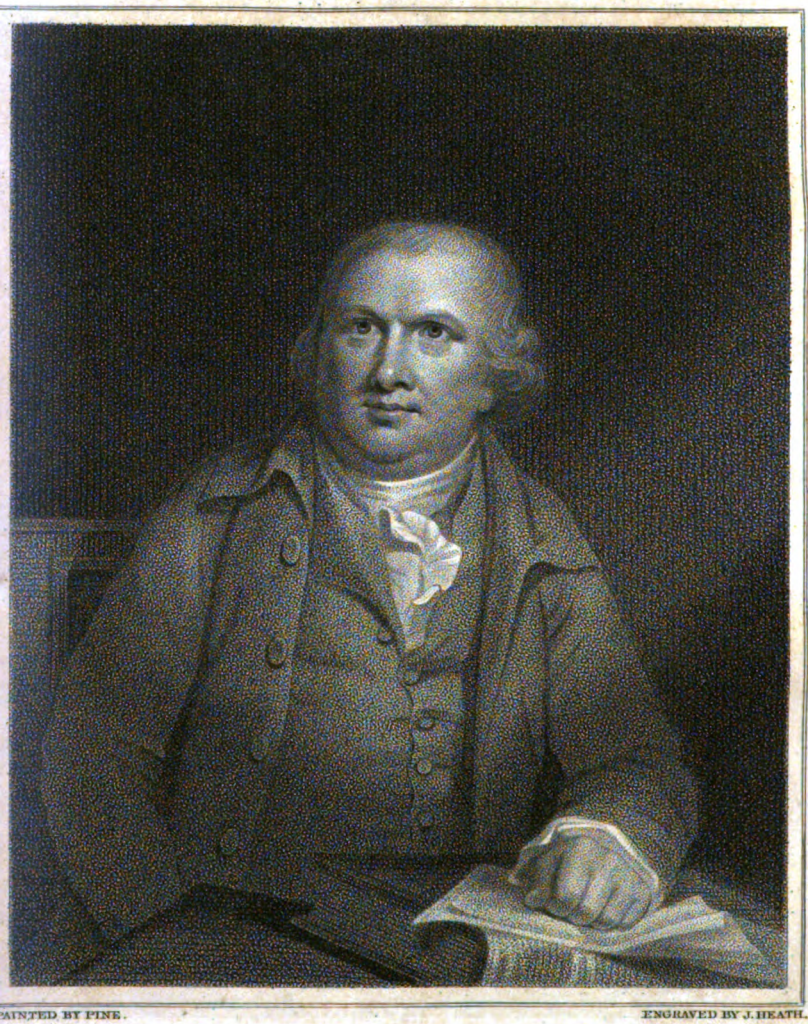
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Hope essays add: 47.

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ROBERT MORRIS.

THE PORT FOLIO;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

EDITED BY

JOHN E. HALL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. X.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1820.

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1820.

THE PORT FOLIO,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

No. I.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of Anacreon*; by J. E. HALL.

(Continued from Vol. IX. p. 433.)

THIS picture was hung in one of the apartments which Pisis-tratus had assigned to Anacreon, and I believe it was worshipped much more fervently than any of the deities he had placed there.

The Poet endeavoured to alleviate the pangs of this separation from Eurypyle by the society of her brother Bathyllus, who was a Samian by birth, and beautiful as Narcissus. Anacreon had for a long time wished to obtain his friendship, but the boy had been taught by the sages of the Academus to revolt from the pleasures of wine and music: and the alluring enticements of the Poet had no other effect than to attach the object of his fondness, with more assiduity to the lectures of the schools, and their system of rigid discipline. The following is one, among the many arts by which Anacreon hoped to win his heart.

TO BATHYLLUS.

Gentle youth! whose looks assume
Such a soft and girlish bloom,
Why, repulsive, why refuse
The friendship which my heart pursues?
Thou little know'st the fond controul
With which thy virtue reins my soul!
Then smile not on my locks of gray;
Believe me, oft with converse gay,

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1

I've chain'd the ear of tender age,
 And boys have lov'd the prattling sage!*
 For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
 And mine is many a soothing measure;
 And much I hate the beamless mind,
 Whose earthly vision, unrefin'd,
 Nature has never form'd to see
 The beauties of simplicity!
 Simplicity, the flower of heaven,
 To souls elect, by nature given!

The artist Archas, being employed by Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, to make a statue of Apollo, for the decoration of a temple, which he had erected to that divinity, came to consult Anacreon on the subject. But he either doubted his taste or suspected his partiality when he recommended Bathyllus as a perfect model.

The artist attempted to paint an Apollo, but his mind had been directed to one object, and the utmost exertion of his fancy could not conceive another of superior beauty. After he had finished it, Anacreon desired him to sketch a likeness of the youthful Bathyllus, which he intended to place by that of Eurypyle. But while he was giving his directions, his eye accidentally caught the representation of Apollo, and the resemblance was so accurate that he insisted upon having that portrait; for he feared that Archas could not be more successful, even with the original before him. His conversation was so animated, and his expressions so glowing, that I committed them to writing when I returned home. Anacreon afterwards corrected them and added the charms of melody to the description.

TO A PAINTER.†

And now with all thy pencil's truth,
 Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!

* Monsieur Chaulieu has given a very amiable idea of an old man's intercourse with youth:

Que cherche par les jeunes gens,
 Pour leurs erreurs plein d'indulgence,
 Je tolere leur imprudence
 En faveur de leurs agrements.

† The reader, who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting *Junius de Pictura*

Let his hair, in lapses bright,
 Fall like streaming rays of light;*
 And there the raven's die confuze
 With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
 Let not the braid, with artful twine,†
 The flowing of his locks confine;
 But loosen every golden ring,
 To float upon the breeze's wing.
 Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
 Front, as fair as mountain-snow,
 And guileless as the dews of dawn,
 Let the majestic brows be drawn,
 Of ebon dies, enrich'd by gold,
 Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
 Mingle, in his jetty glances,
 Power that awes, and love that trances;‡

Veterum, ninth chapter, third book, where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections; he compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book of Sidonius Apollinaris.

* He here describes the sunny hair, "the flava coma," which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See Stanisł. Kobienzyck de Luxu Romanorum.

† If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's admiration of it. See his letters to West.

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

‡ Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda:

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
 Dolci ne l'ira.

Her eyes were glowing with a heavenly heat,
 Emaning fire, and e'en in anger sweet!

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression:

Occhi lucenti e belli, &c.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
 Whence in your little orbit lie

Steal from Venus bland desire,
 Steal from Mars the look of fire,
 Blend them in such expression here,
 That we by turns may hope and fear!
 Now from the sunny apple seek
 The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
 And there let Beauty's rosy ray
 In flying blushes richly play;
 Blushes, of that celestial flame
 Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
 Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
 But let thy mind imagine them!
 Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
 Persuasion sleeping upon roses;*
 And give his lip that speaking air,
 As if a word was hovering there;†
 His neck of ivory splendour trace,
 Moulded with soft but manly grace;
 Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
 Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
 Give him the winged Hermes' hand,‡
 With which he waves his snaky wand;

So many different traits of fire,
 Expressing each a new desire.
 Now with angry scorn you darkle,
 Now with tender languish sparkle,
 And we who view the various mirror,
 Feel at once both hope and terror.

* It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse.

Οὐδ' ἀργυρεὺς ποτ' ἐλάμψε Πυθώ.

Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
 In silver splendours, not her own.

† In the original *λαλῶν σιωπῶν*. The mistress of Petrarch "parla con silentio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

‡ In Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* there is a similar method of description:

——— this is his hand,
 His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
 The brawns of Hercules.

Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire,
Which kindles, when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet—but hold—restrain—
I see a godlike portrait there;*
So like Bathyllus!—sure there's none
So like Bathyllus but the sun!
Oh! let this pictur'd god be mine,
And keep the boy for Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then the deity!

I had often seen poets in love, during the short intercourse I had had with them, but never did the little boy of Venus enjoy so complete a triumph as he now maintained while he played in the eyes of the fair Eurypyle. Her name constantly dwelled upon the lips of Anacreon, and the anguish of love thrilled his lyre. I have preserved some of the spontaneous effusions of his wild delirium.

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

* This is very spirited, but it requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos; he instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

“Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him.”

TO EURYPYLE.

Now the star of day is high,
 Fly my girls, in pity fly,
 Bring me wine, in brimming urns,
 Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
 Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
 Panting, languid I expire!
 Give me all those humid flowers,
 Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
 Scarce a breathing chaplet now
 Lives upon my feverish brow;
 Every dewy rose I wear
 Sheds its tears, and withers there.
 But for you, my burning mind!
 Oh! what shelter shall I find?
 Can the bowl, or flowret's dew,
 Cool the flame that scorches you?

I should scarcely have deserved the title of friend if I had not participated in the feelings which agitated the heart of Anacreon. An epigram which I presented to him about that time, pleased him so much that he desired a copy of it. It is short and I will insert it here.

TO ANACREON.

Long may the nymph around thee play,
 Eurypyle, thy soul's desire!
 Basking her beauties in the ray
 That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!
 Sing of her smile's bewitching power;
 Her every grace that warms and blesses;
 Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
 The beaming glory of her tresses.*

About this time all Greece was in agitation at the approach of the periodical celebration of the Olympic games. These festivals, the origin of which seems to defy all investigation, are said to have been invented by Iphitus. But it is certain they were in use much earlier than his time. It is said that Clymenus, a descend-

* The expression here, ἀνθ' κομης, "the flower of the hair," is borrowed from Anacreon himself as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus; Ἀντικυρὰς δ' ἀπαλὸς ἀμύμονι ἀνθ'.

ant of the Idæan Hercules, instituted them in Olympia, fifty years after the deluge of Deucalion. He was deprived of his kingdom by the rude usurpation of Endymion, and the games were, for a time, discontinued. After an interval of nearly a century, they were re-established by Amythaon, the son of Cretheus, who had expelled the sons of Pelops.

It is also well known, from the legends of tradition, that at one of the festivals, Iolaus, the famous charioteer of Hercules, was crowned by him, for his skill in the chariot race, and that Iasius Archas was successful at the same time, in the race of single horses. Hercules himself did not disdain to engage in the feats of wrestling and in the Pancratorium, and he was victorious in each of these exercises.

But it is, perhaps, owing to the slight estimation in which they were held for a long time, and to a temporary discontinuance, that the sole honour of their establishment has been usually ascribed to Iphitus, who merely revived them with uncommon grandeur and dignity.

The celebration had been neglected for many years, when Iphitus, who had obtained the province of Eleia, in the division of the peninsula, being anxious to avert the storm that was impending over his little domains, sought the advice of the oracle at Delphi. The Pythia replied, that the gods were offended at the long neglect of the festivals anciently celebrated at Olympia, on the banks of the Alpheus, which had been particularly grateful to them.* Iphitus next consulted with Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, on the most proper means of putting the recommendation of the oracle in execution; and a plan was devised for renewing and perpetuating the ceremony thus dictated by the authority of the gods themselves.

Heralds were immediately despatched to the different states of Greece, and although most of them were engaged in quelling internal commotions or resisting foreign encroachments, they yet agreed to a general truce; and all their heroes hastened with alacrity to the place appointed, by the invitation of the son of Oxylus. The place which he selected was worthy of the magnitude and

* Phlegon apud Eusebius.

importance of the occasion. It was amid the mountains of Olympus, whose lofty tops defied the gaze of the most ardent eye, and seemed to mock the most indefatigable efforts of perseverance. Indeed, it was believed in those days, that Jupiter sometimes assembled his councils on one of the highest summits.* Many of the divinities, and of the terrestrial gods, who are intermediates between the inhabitants of heaven and earth, had selected the romantic ridges of these mountains for their abode or their worship.†

There they were protected from the rude pelting of the storm, and their fancy was delighted by the diversified appearance of venerable trees and humble flowers—they were lulled by the gentle murmuring of the rivulet, or roused by the impetuous torrent of the descending cataract. After the death of Iphitus they were again discontinued until the age of Corœbus, who revived them with such circumstances of pageantry, that they have been regularly celebrated ever since that epoch.

Every Grecian is sensible of the great advantages which his country has derived from this noble institution. The preparatory discipline to which the youth must submit, who are ambitious to win the laurels, enures their bodies to hardship, and the generous rivalry that prevails in the exercises expands their souls.

By these means, a noble band of youth is trained to become the ornament and protection of the country. When the clarion of war resounds through the states, they are active and alert to display the boldest deeds of valour, or in the Agora, their commanding eloquence persuades the passions and stills the tumults of the multitude. But these are not the only benefits which result from the Olympic games. Our country is divided into many states, which differ in their internal policy, their dialects and their customs. When threatened with invasion, it is necessary they should unite in the common defence. As this was a festival which every Grecian considered a duty to attend, men from the most remote quarters were assembled every fourth year at Elis: and the united worship of the same divinities, was of admirable effect in pro-

* Hom. *Odyss.* lib. 6, v. 42. *Il.* lib. xix. v. 40.

† Κατὰ πτυχὰς Ὀλυμπίου. Along the foldings of Olympus.

ducing a harmony of disposition and similarity of manners. Men of knowledge imparted to each other the result of their researches, and soldiers organized systems of defence against the hour of danger. The weak solicited and obtained the protection of the strong, and the emulation of the young was stimulated by the renown of the eminent.

Pisistratus having been informed that many famous men were to be present at the games which were now to be held at Elis, had spared no exertions to make his preparations the most magnificent that had hitherto been witnessed. Nor was he disappointed. Perhaps there never was such a galaxy of genius assembled in one city, and the splendour of the dresses and decorations would have vied with the richness of a Persian court. The games, which commenced on the eleventh day of the month Hecatombæon, continued five days. The last day is appropriated to the distribution of the laurels—the well-earned rewards of ingenuity, perseverance, and valour.

At the moment we arrived, the charioteers were prepared for the eager contest. A number of chariots, with four horses abreast in each, were seen in regular array. The generous animals, by the fire which darted from their eyes, their widely distended nostrils and a violent pawing of the earth, seemed to participate in the ardour and the impatience of their masters. The long expected signal was at length given, and in an instant the light was almost obscured by the dust which arose from the feet of the coursers, and the revolutions of the burning wheels. At intervals the clouds were dispersed, and we saw the streamers of the charioteers cleaving the air. Not a whisper is heard from the multitude, but the air resounds with the hissing of wheels, the cracking of whips, and the animating cries of the competitors. At one moment all the chariots appeared but as one compact body—the rival steeds bend their heads low to the earth, as if to catch new vigour—the drivers, wound up to the highest tone of emulation, can scarcely retain their giddy seats—they rise upon their feet and are poised by the well pressed bit. Lo! the phalanx is broken—the nimble steeds of Philothos of Mitylene, by a sudden leap, have extricated their wheels from the line, and their heads are seen before those of their neighbours. But the victory

is of short duration. The youthful Nomantor of Teos encourages his steeds by reproachful cries. At his well known voice, the car is borne on the chaffed bit, and they dash forward with foaming mouths and snorting nostrils by the side of the milk-white steeds of Philothos. Already the goal is within their leap, when the wheels of the Teian burst their scorching axle. The unfortunate charioteer is thrown over the beam and dragged through the dust. His horses, unmindful of their fallen master, press on the beaten course. But in vain! their rivals, exulting in this disaster, redouble their speed, and a glittering helmet and the loud plaudits of the multitude, soon reward the hopes of the hero of Mitylene.

While we were examining the various countenances of the unsuccessful candidates, the cheering sounds of music summoned us to another ground, where fresh honours awaited triumph, and new mortifications were prepared for defeat.

Fifty foot racers were seen arrayed in short garments, and a flowing mantle thrown loosely over their shoulders. They were regularly arranged at the door of the temple, and they testified by the angry glances which they threw upon each other, their impatience for the contest and the eagerness of their hopes. At length the signal so wished and so dreaded, is given: the mantle is thrown off, and their well formed limbs are displayed. For some time the speed of all is nearly equal: but at length two seem to outstrip the others, and victory, for many minutes, hovers between them. As neither can pass the other, they are obliged to resort to those expedients which are sanctioned by the laws of the Pancratiun. One endeavours to trip his rival, who retaliates by striving to push him aside. Thus the contest is continued dubious, until one of Chios, who from his nimbleness, was surnamed Achilles, gets the start. Then the shouts of the spectators animate and encourage his rapid steps—he presses on, alert and vigorous, until he arrives at the envied spot, where the laurel wreath awaits his arrival. The judges decree the dearly earned honour, and the decision is sanctioned by the approving acclamations of the surrounding multitude.

The unfortunate candidates retire in confusion from the tumultuous scene, to conceal the mortification that darkens their brows,

and to wash off the sweat and dust that cover their exhausted limbs.

I am now old, but the blood in my veins yet throbs with the melancholy pleasures of retrospection when I think of the days I have described. Although many Olympiads have scattered their snows over my forehead, my mind yet springs with all the elasticity of youth, as my feeble tongue recounts the times that are past, and memory, faithful to her trust, presents the picture of the ardour and enthusiasm of youth in the vivid colours of reality. It was not a parcel of obscure men who had assembled to contend for a few paltry leaves, to satisfy a little vanity by displaying the pageantry of wealth, but it was a collection of the greatest men in the Greek states.* Some were dignified by a long line of illustrious ancestry, and others were ennobled by their own merit. There, young men actuated by that noble spirit which a generous emulation excites, resorted with high aspiring hopes to earn the sweet rewards that glory gives. Each competitor who presented himself, felt conscious of the purity of his life, for he knew he had to undergo the scrutiny of collected Greece. When the athletes or other competitors came forward at the proclamation, the herald announced their names and the States which they represented. Those who had made themselves illustrious by sig-

* The Romans, who regarded the refinement of their neighbours with a jealous eye, saw nothing but a spirit of commerce in all the religious festivals of Greece. These games in particular, were termed *the commerce of Olympia*. *Olympiorum initium autorem habuit Iphitum Elium. Is eos ludos, mercatumque instituit.* Paterc: lib. 1. There can be little doubt but that among such a concourse of people, many attended solely for the purposes of traffic, to which the Grecians were generally addicted. The immunities offered by the general armistice, *σπονδαι Ὀλυμπιακαί*, which was sacredly observed at such periods, enabled the traders to transport their merchandize towards Olympia, with perfect safety. The advantages resulting from this periodical influx of men of wealth, could not have escaped the discernment of such a monarch as Iphitus, who advanced the prosperity of Elis as much by the arts of peace, as the glory of Sparta was promoted by his rival and friend, by the horrors of war. The Elians, however, became too knowing in the petty tricks of trade, and they were as regardless of the obligations of faith as a modern Gaul. For their notorious knavery they were wholly excluded from the Isthmian games. See De Pauw.

nal services, were welcomed by the loudest plaudits. After he had concluded this ceremony, the lists were opened, and other heralds proclaimed in a solemn manner:

"GREGIANS: These are the men who are about to contend for the palm of fame. If there be any among you who can reproach one of them with a crime, or know of his having been in bondage, come forward and declare it, that he may not sully the honour of the games."

He who had the temerity to challenge such a test, was sure to have his guilt detected, and his effrontery punished.

The Hippodromus, where the horse and chariot races were held, exhibited the most brilliant spectacle. Monarchs have not disdained to train their steeds to contend in this part of the ceremony—and even republics have appropriated large sums for the same purpose. Here they strive to surpass each other, not only in the fleetness of their horses, but in the splendour of their trappings and the generosity of their rivalry.

But the amusement is not confined to those who are engaged in corporeal exercises. The games attract all who are ambitious of displaying whatever qualities they may possess. You may find the invention of the poet, the subtlety of the metaphysician, the bright colours of the painter, and the melody of the lyrist; the last of which is particularly various and delightful. The Phrygian, solemn and religious, the soft and plaintive notes of the Lydian, the martial noise of the Doric, the Ionic, gay and cheerful, and the simple strains of the Æolic, may all be heard in the most exquisite perfection. I was particularly entertained by a young poet named Lycon, who, mounted on a rostrum, composed verses with facility, upon every subject that was proposed to him. Rhapsodists were seen wandering in all directions, and repeating passages from the most eminent authors. He who appeared to be the most popular, was reciting detached parts of Homer, with all that zeal of enthusiasm which such poets only can inspire. Another, jealous of the admiration he excited, thus interrupted him:

"Who is this Homer, this strolling bard," said he, "whom you are eulogizing with all the extravagance of panegyric? It had been well if the tyrant of Athens had relieved the wants of the

living poets who honoured him, instead of lavishing his treasures upon the useless rhapsodies of an obscure beggar. Has he displayed that judgment so essential in a poet, in his *Iliad*? His characters are not heroes endued with the power of volition: they are mere agents. Look at his famous chieftain, Achilles,—where does he perform a single courageous action without the aid of some god? Who inspired his great rival for glory, the uxorious Hector, with the boldness which he displays in his combats with the various Grecian heroes, but Jupiter? And when the poet is so profane as to make the king of the gods versatile and inconsistent; when Jupiter gives his assistance to the Greeks, where is the mighty courage of Hector? He becomes a coward and flies in disgrace to hide his diminished head. In another instance, when Glaucus encounters Diomed, although they are in the heat of battle, when every nerve is strung, when the eye looks only to the banners of victory or the trophies of an honourable death, Diomed is dismayed by the majestic mien of his antagonist, and he endeavours to shelter himself by declaring he will not fight with an immortal. We are then carried from the tented field, and instead of contemplating the deeds of heroes, we are amused with a nursery tale of the life and parentage of Glaucus—and all this is to prove that he is a mortal, and to provoke his enemy to the combat.

“ This same Diomed, in a council of chieftains, when Agamemnon desired them to deliberate upon some new and more effectual means of annoying the Trojan army, enters into a long account of his genealogy, and obliges his companions by particular descriptions of each of his ancestors. He then gravely concludes by advising the generalissimo to exhort the soldiers to courage and perseverance! Moreover, he evinces a very vitiated taste by many similies which he introduces. Thus he compares Ulysses to a piece of beef on the coals, and Ajax to an ass. Such comparisons neither illustrate nor dignify; on the contrary, they obscure the sense and make the objects ridiculous.

“ He has introduced gods enraged with anger and inflamed with lust; and even produced before our eyes, their wars, their wrangling, their duels, and their wounds. He has exposed, besides, their antipathies, animosities, and dissensions; their origin

and death; their complaints and lamentations; their appetites indulged, to all manner of excess; their adulteries, their fetters, their amorous commerce with the human species; and from immortal parents derived a mortal offspring.*

“Can you claim the wreath of fame for one who thus sullies the dignity of epic poetry, by making the gods more abandoned, more profligate, weak and unsteady than men? Who summons them from their ethereal seats in every trifling emergency? Who converts his heroes into cowards and garrulous old women, and makes his wise men fools?”

“I see,” answered the rhapsodist, “that you are one of those unsuccessful poets who are envious of the opening buds of Homer’s laurel—you are thrown into the shade by the lustre of those rays which now begin to shine around his tomb, and you would strive to dim their splendour. But the bright beam of his glory is coming on, and I need not the gift of prophecy to predict, that in many ages after this, his fame, which but now appears like a meteor twinkling in the horizon, to relieve the obscurity of the night, will shine resplendent as a star of the first magnitude.

“You say he wants judgment to conduct an epic poem. But does he not display his wisdom by ascribing every thing to the source from which it is derived? Are not all our passions and propensities instilled into our bosoms by the all pervading influence of the gods? And was it not the duty of the poet to inculcate that reverence for them which we ought to feel? But whatever he wants in judgment, and perhaps his discretion sometimes slumbers, is amply supplied by his intuitive and luxuriant genius. His eye excursive rolls over the boundless expanse of the heavens, or descends to describe the transactions of the sublunary world. Yet he disgusts us not with the mean and the familiar: like a skilful provider, he selects the choicest viands, and lavishes them with no unsparing hand.

“Every art must have a commencement, and every inception must, in some degree, be imperfect. The age of Homer was

* This last passage is translated from Cicero’s first book, *De Natura Deorum*. Plato expelled Homer from his imaginary Commonwealth on account of the viciousness of his Theology.

rude, and its taste, as well as its manners, was uncultivated. By comparing the period at which he wrote, with the present time, we shall find that we have made a rapid progress in improvement; and yet I doubt whether we can exhibit so wonderful a genius. None of our poets have caught so fervid a flame to illumine their conceptions as that which he respired. And even with this model before our eyes, no one evinces such maturity of judgment and such excellence of execution.

“Homer seems, as in a concert of music, to have sung all the different parts which can possibly be introduced into poetry; and to have surpassed all his cotemporary poets in the very art in which each of them excelled. He is more noble and lofty in his language than Orpheus; his verse is sweeter than the melody of Hesiod, and in other respects he has excelled the rest. The subject he treats is the Trojan story, in which fortune had collected, and as it were displayed, all the virtues both of the Greeks and the barbarous nations: there he has represented wars of all kinds: sometimes of men against men, and sometimes opposed to horses: sometimes against walls and rivers, and sometimes even against gods and goddesses.—He has likewise represented peace in all her attractions, and discord in all her horrors; he has described dances and songs, and loves and feasts; he has taught what belongs to agriculture, and has marked the seasons which are fit for the several rural toils; he has sung of navigation, and of the art of working metals by fire, and has painted the different figures and manners of men: he has given the soundest lessons in government, and has inculcated the purest principles of morality. All this, I think, Homer has done in a wonderful and almost supernatural manner, and those who are not in love with him are not in their senses.”*

The animation of this zealous defender of the character of Homer, produced in my mind a train of reflections upon his life and profession.

To poverty we are not less indebted for the songs of olden time,

* Instead of inserting a laboured defence of Homer in this place, I thought the reader might be more pleased with the opinion of an older author. This last passage, therefore, is taken from Philostrata. *Heroicks*. 11.

than for many of those of a modern date. The historian of Troy could find no sympathizing heart to cheer his grief and administer to his wants. This compelled him to resort to the profession of an ΑΟΙΔΟΣ, or strolling bard, a character well known in those days. It was the policy of the Egyptian law to interdict all music, as tending to enervate the mind, and poetry, her sister art, was so shackled by the prescriptions of authority, as to droop her head. But in Greece, where the very genius of the government expands the mind, and the climate inspires the fancy, they lifted their enchanting voices, and sung such airs as the gods might not disdain to hear. This passion for poetry gave rise to the profession of which I speak. In those day-dreams which imagination sometimes inspires, I have contemplated the Αοιδας, strolling from town to town, free from care, unrestrained by the discipline of the laws, and uncontrouled by the power of the magistrate; eliciting tears from the tender, and commanding the homage of the wealthy—such a man have I wished to be.

We are told by Hecatæus, who lived not long after Homer, that an Αοιδας must know Πολλα θελυθηρια, *many soothing tales*, to win the ear: his subjects must be *εργα Ανδραντι τι θιωτι* the deeds of gods and men, for their's it is

Θιωσι τι κ' Ανδρωι ποιοι Ανδρειν.

To mortals and immortals both to sing.

That Homer was of this profession, all historical testimony concurs in avouching: but it is more particularly declared in his own hymn to Latona and her offspring, whose feast was held at Delos, and was attended by a vast concourse of people from Ionia and the adjacent isles.

"HAIL YE HEAVENLY POWERS," exclaims the poet, "*whose praises I delight to sing; let my name be remembered in the ages that are rolling on: and when the weary traveller reclines in our porticos, and inquires who is the sweetest among the singers of the flowing verse, who strikes the harp at your banquets, and whose song steals most pleasantly upon your delighted ears? Then do ye, Powers who inspired me, make answer—it is the blind man who dwells in Chios—his songs are sweeter than all that can be sung.*"

When the bard entered a house, he was greeted with welcome words by the host. In the words of Homer himself, he gladly

received the *bard divine* to cheer him with a song. His wearied limbs were placed upon a couch, where his thirst was allayed, and food was liberally supplied. Next he bathed, and after he had drunk some *Μαλυσία οίνος*, heart cheering wine, he was called upon to contribute his mite towards the general entertainment. Then the bard pours a libation to Jupiter Hospitalis, and sings to his generous entertainer:

I know thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly cordial host;
But let me drink and fill at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the liquor most.

Then he attunes his harp—his voice is raised, and they feel that benignant influence which is powerful to banish grief—to assuage the angry passions, and to cast a pleasing oblivion over all those causes of discontent and distress which strew the rugged path of life with thorns. After suffering the wants of hunger—having been pressed down by fatigue, while he vainly strove to shelter his body from the pitiless blast, how joyful is it to experience a cordial reception and find a lavish banquet! The heart of the bard, alive to every impression, is warmed to the enthusiasm of genius. He opens his whole soul in strains of poetic inspiration. The boldest metaphors sparkle in his vivid verse, and figures dart through his lines with a rapidity and splendour that defy the feeble grasp of criticism.

Certainly the most beautiful madness and amiable passion, is when the love of the muses seizes upon a soft and sensible mind: it is then that it exalts the soul, throws the votary into extacies, and bursts out into hymns and songs or other strains of poesy, and at once celebrate the high achievements of ancient times, and instruct the generations to come. This is so certain, that whoever he be that pretends to the favours of the muse, without partaking of this madness, from an opinion, perhaps, that art alone is sufficient to make a poet, he may assure himself that he will fail in his character: his work will be lame, and while the productions of the inspired poetic train are read and admired, his sober performance will sink into oblivion.*

* This last passage is from Plato in *Phædro*.

My reflections were interrupted by the laughter of a group of young men who were amusing themselves with a sort of enigmatical questions or griphical* amusements, so incongruous, that it seemed impossible for the liveliest ingenuity to reconcile their apparent contradictions. One of these wits asked what that is which is very large at its birth, and also in old age, but very small when at maturity? The various answers which he received, increased the diversion, and the reiterated peals of laughter that followed each unsuccessful attempt, almost prevented any one from proposing another solution. At length a happy thought relieved our curiosity. *It was a shadow*, which was large in the morning and evening, and diminutive at mid-day. Another said, "there are two sisters who continually beget each other." These parents, children, and sisters, we learnt were *day and night*.† A third asked—"what is that which is found at once on the earth, in the sea, and in the heavens? He, after many ludicrous responses, was answered, "the dog—the serpent—the bear"—names which have been given to certain constellations.

Those who offered solutions which they could not justify, were obliged to pay some forfeit.

In the evening I reminded Anacreon of the dispute about Homer, which we had heard, and asked him why he had never selected some eventful epoch in the history of his country, and endeavoured to record it with the dignity of epic narrative.

"I have often thought," he replied, "that the epic poet stands upon a more lofty ground than the amatory enthusiast, for he interests both the judgment and the feelings, whereas we make our appeal only to the heart. If but a single bosom respond in the voice of sympathy, we are satisfied, and listen to the censure of critics with the most frigid apathy. It is true, that the epic writer addresses not only those who surround him, but is heard by dis-

* Griph, from *γρίφος*, which signifies a net. This classical and diverting pastime has continued to the present time. There is no doubt of its having been known among the ancients. Suid. in *γρίφῳ*. Schol. Aristophan. *Vesp.* v. 20. Theodect. ap. Athen. lib. 20, 20, &c.

Blackstone has remarked the tenacity with which games of childhood are preserved by successive generations.

† These words are feminine in the Greek language.

tant posterity. But how can I be gratified by the applause which is withheld until I cannot enjoy it; and how disregarded are those laurels which may bloom not until my form has withered in the silence of the tomb!* No, no, my friend, I will not waste those days which should be given to the charms of nature, and the nights that are due to the revels of mirth and festivity, in an idle pursuit of posthumous fame. I like not distant prospects, but I will seize the fleeting moments as they fly. Let my soothing numbers impart the extatic thrill of love to hearts that are not cast in a frigid mould: may beauty sweetly smile, and meek-eyed

* In endeavouring to find an apology for his own idle and voluptuous life, Anacreon does not speak the language of the true poet. The love of fame is an active principle, without which, the world would never have been enlightened by those brilliant models of perfection which now adorn our closets. Milton once called it "the last *infirmity* of noble minds;" but it was that very infirmity which placed him under the persecution and subsequent neglect of a bigotted age, which forgot the poet of heaven in the *zealot of rebellion*: it was that infirmity which led him, in the pride of superior genius, to promise immortality as the price of his safety, to the name of the "knight in arms," who threatened his defenceless door "when the assault was intended to the city."

He can requite thee, *for he knows the charms*
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these:
 And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Longinus recommends that we should always consider what judgment posterity will pass upon ourselves and our actions: and Gray, in his commentary upon his third essay, mentions the contempt of fame as one principal characteristic of vice in his age. Many are the uses of good fame, he adds, to generous minds: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as short lived as our fame. It is impossible to conquer that natural desire we have of being remembered; even criminal ambition, and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them.

But the simple confession of the lively old Gascon, pleases me more than any passage upon this subject that I have read.

I have devoted this book to my kindred and friends, to the end that when they have lost me, which they will do soon, they may there retrace some of my qualities and humours, and consequently that their remembrance of me may be more lasting.

Pref. to Montaigne's Ess.

virtue not disdain to listen to my lays. Thus shall pleasure sparkle in my eyes, and elastic hope irradiate my brow. Let the blush of Cupid impart its glow to my colours, and let me gaze on the eye of Venus when I would excite the emotions of rapture. Thus will I court the graces, and then will the muses not reject their humble votary.

“Lo! here are my tablets—these thoughts would have lulled me to repose yester-evening, had I not arose and given them a more permanent habitation than my perpetually revolving brain.”

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;*
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

“The impressions that were upon my mind,” he continued, when I returned his ode, “seemed to remain during my sleep, and they created a dream which I shall relate to you. My wandering imagination carried me back to the earliest moments of infancy. I found myself in the arms of a nurse, and was terrified

* Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the *Anthologia*, which has a fancy something like this:

—Οὐ μὲν λαλῶν
Τοξότα, Ζηνοφίλας ὀμμασι κρυπτομένους.
Archer Love! though slyly creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress “un petit camp d'amours.”

by the angry contention of two personages, whose air and costume resembled those of our statues of Minerva and Mars. They endeavoured to bribe the fidelity and flatter the fondness of the good old woman by specious promises. The one predicted that I should imbibe the lessons of wisdom under her care, and when my increasing years had entitled me to a seat in the councils of sages, that I should teach experience, and the impetuosity of youth should be restrained by my eloquence.

"The other allured her by a brilliant display of imperial honours, and excited her enthusiasm by the clangour of warlike instruments. In the midst of their altercations, they were interrupted by the entrance of a female. Their angry accents died on their lips as they gazed upon her charms. No youthful poet in the warmest vision of fancy ever beheld such matchless beauty. I cannot describe her to you, unless I be again transported into this mid-world, and learn a new language. It was Venus who enraptured my infant eyes. She beamed a bewitching smile upon the disputants, and seizing me in her arms, in an instant relieved my nurse from their importunity. She bore me to fragrant groves where every perfume saluted the sense, and where the myrtle gently interweaving with the branches of the lotus, taught me the lessons of friendship and love.

"See the use I have made of this fleeting vision.

THE DREAM.*

One day, the Muses twin'd the hands
Of baby Love, with flow'ry bands;

* By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love.

'Α ΚΥΡΙΑ ΜΟΥΣΑΙ, &c.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"

Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms;

"Or Love shall flutter in your classic shades,

And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"

And to celestial Beauty gave
 The captive infant as her slave.
 His mother comes with many a toy,
 To ransom her beloved boy;*
 His mother sues, but all in vain!
 He ne'er will leave his chains again.
 Nay, should they take his chains away,
 The little captive still would stay.
 "If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
 "Who could wish for liberty?"

"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
 "We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
 Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
 His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Soherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore, &c.

Love wandering through the golden maze
 Of my beloved's hair,
 Trac'd every lock with fond delays,
 And, doting, linger'd there.

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,
 His heart was close confin'd;
 And every curllet was a tie,
 A chain by Beauty twin'd.

Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
 With ransom from above:
 But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
 For Love's the slave of love.
 And, should we loose his golden chain,
 The prisoner would return again!

* Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyll of Moschus:

Ὁ μαυρατὴ γὰρ ἐγὼ, &c.

On him who the haunts of my Cupid can show
 A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
 But he, who can bring me the wanderer here,
 Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

When the games were concluded, the strangers returned to their several homes, charmed with the hospitality they had enjoyed, and amazed at the splendour they had witnessed.

It was about this time that I became acquainted with the lovely Myrilla, daughter of a deceased senator. Descended from an ancient and illustrious family, she ennobled her rank by her virtues. Although she was above the common stature, her person was well formed—her whole mien majestic. Her hair, which covered a finely turned neck with its graceful ringlets, was a luxuriant auburn. Her azure eyes expressively displayed the emotions of her soul, and dimples eternally played around her mouth, for it was always arrayed in smiles. Her cheek displayed the rivalry of the lily and the rose; but virtue reigned in her heart.

Her father had left her at too early a period for her to feel his loss; but his place was supplied by the care of a fond relative. Such was the happy facility of her disposition, that when the mirthful strings of the lyre warbled the notes of festivity, she twined through the mazes of the dance; and when weariness had fatigued her, she enlivened the silence of the midnight hour by the vivacity of her conversation. The young were insensibly allured by the soft harmony of her voice, and the aged did not disdain to listen to her words and approve her wisdom. They adored the purity of her mind, while they admired the richness of her fancy and the vividness of her wit. Yet this was so softened by the amenity of her temper, that while all laughed at its archness, no feelings were ever wounded by its application. She was accurately acquainted with the history of her own country, and all of the other parts of Greece which had produced historians to record their transactions. Her companions were amused and improved by the justness of her remarks upon our most popular poets, and their happiest inspirations seemed to acquire new attractions from the melody of her recitations.

Her taste in literature was at once accurate and delicate. It had never been refined by the subtlety of artificial rules, but was the result of her own observation and good sense. Yet although she was thus superior to the greater portion of her sex, she was not ostentatious of her acquisitions. She kindly threw a veil over

them when she saw they would oppress the inferiority of her companions: and by that constant flow of good nature which pervaded her own bosom, she diffused cheerfulness, and irresistibly attracted the love and admiration of all who had a heart to feel.

By the idle and the envious, who were thrown in the shade by the brightness of those rays which her merit beamed around her, she was accused of vanity. But her's was a vanity which they had never felt—which they could never feel. Her vanity taught her to seek the love and aspire to the praise of all who knew her. It was the fertile source of all her excellence: it was a desire to please: an ambition to excel.

Venus, when she girded her with the zone of attraction, had breathed over her face the purple light of youth;* in her eyes, little loves transported the enraptured gaze of admiration, and her lips were the sweet roses of persuasion.†

I will not say she was very susceptible of the softer emotions of love. Her better prudence regulated and restrained her feelings. Her discrimination was quick—her selection judicious; and she never violated any professions which her affection prompted and her judgment sanctioned; but those who merited it, experienced a friendship not capricious nor cool, but warm and sincere, uniform and lasting.

Her imagination, fertile and inquisitive, was constantly on the

* Virgil somewhere says *lumen juvenæ purpureum*. This expression I take to be merely figurative, and not as meant to describe the precise colour of the object to which the epithet is applied. So in Horace we have *rosæ cervix purpureis ales coloribus*, &c. and in Homer, *κόμας ναιὶ θινὰ ἀνθεμόεις*. Pindar speaks of the violet curls of a female of distinguished beauty. In this instance, I believe, he does not speak metaphorically. The violet colour was considered as ornamental in his time. I write this note, however, from memory, and I may be wrong.

† The ancients, in order to convey an idea of a mouth perfectly lovely, generally represented it by the lips of persuasion. Thus Meleager calls his mistress *ἄνθος ἑσθλὸν αὐδὺς*, the sweet rose of persuasion. And thus also,

Καλλὸς ἔχεις Πυπρίδος, Πυθὺς στομα, σομα, σομα καὶ ἀκμῶν
Ἐλαγίαν ἄρωγ.

Anthol. B. 7.

Persuasion's lips, and Cyprian charms are yours,
And the fresh beauty of the vernal showers.

wing. The legends of love, and the romantic fictions of our poets, ever found in her an attentive listener. She delighted in the wild song, which erstwhile had cheered the uncultivated barbarian in his pathless wanderings, or greeted him at even-time after the labour of the chase, before polity had tamed the excursive fancy and quenched the fondness for a rambling life. Her heart was alive to the softest touches of harmony, and she had a tear for the tale of woe, when it stole upon her willing ear. Such was Myrilla. Even now I see her, lovely, meek, and amiable, such as I first knew her: in her manners, free without familiarity; dignified, but not haughty: in her conversation, easy without levity, and sensible without pedantry.

Need I add, that beauty so attractive, loveliness so seducing, accomplishments so ornamental, excited my admiration, and soon won my warmest love! I was in the spring of life. The vernal glow of hope was mine, and fancy, elate and gay, gilded the prospect, which a disposition naturally sanguine, had delighted to contemplate. My patrimony was small; but it was sufficiently ample for one whose ambition was not to be diverted from its pursuits by slight obstacles, whose desires were restrained by content, and whose industry could be stimulated to every exertion, when animated by the smiles of her who should bestow its reward. I did not affect to conceal the ardent wishes of my soul. My hopes and fears were expressed in an ode in the Ionic measure. It was my first attempt to soar in the regions of poetry, since I had received the lessons of Anacreon; and if the grandeur of the subject be remembered, the youthful muse certainly winged a daring flight.

TO MYRILLA.

Myrilla! by the Powers above,
I yield to thee my warmest love.
And should thy wishes make thee mine,
I never will be aught but thine.

'Tis not the auburn locks of hair,
That play in ringlets round the fair;
'Tis not her cheeks o'erspread with smiles:
'Tis not her voice which care beguiles:

'Tis not her lips with roses dress'd,
 Where bees might gladly sink to rest:
 'Tis not her blue eye's thrilling glance:
 'Tis not her feet that wind the dance:
 'Tis not the grace with which they move
 That warms my heart with ardent love:

But 'tis her finely polish'd mind,
 By Virtue's fondest care refin'd;
 Like Hesper at the eve of day
 When Sol has beam'd his latest ray—

Teach me, ye Gods, some happy art
 To win the young Myrilla's heart;
 Else will the gloomy shades receive,
 The youth whom love forbids to live,

There too, her magic power I'd feel,
 And, spite of frowns or angry steel,—
 Lur'd from my rest by her sweet strain,
 My shade would rise to love again.

Then take, oh take my proffer'd love
 Witness, ye Gods who rule above!
 And be thou ever only mine
 And I'll be ever only thine.

When I had finished this ode, I sighed at observing how inadequately it expressed the fervour of my feelings. So far was I from blushing at my passion, that I gloried in the indulgence of it. I was pleased to find that I had a heart susceptible of the finest emotion of which our nature is capable, and I was proud of the selection that it had made. Myrilla, so accomplished and beautiful, would have reflected honour on the homage of any man, and in proportion to the purity of his affection, would be the increase of his virtue and the refinement of his manners. Such is the power of Love. His plastic hand moulds the most rugged, and softens the ferocious. He banishes every vicious propensity by offering a reward to sincerity, which can only be attained by habits of virtue, temperance, and urbanity.

But the fear that Myrilla would not deem me worthy of the high honour to which I aspired, plunged me into the gloom of despondence. Quitting the society of convivial men, whose wit had now lost its attractions, I became a solitary wanderer in the

white valley of Pedion, and roved on the banks of the Cephissus. Amid these sylvan scenes I resigned myself to the indulgence of those delicious reveries of melancholy which none but the melancholy can enjoy. Every object furnished me a simile. When I beheld the waves gently pursuing each other, and at length commingling and rolling on in a larger torrent, "ah," I exclaimed, "thus should the souls of Myrilla and Critias be united, and softly glide down the stream of life!"

The branches of the vine, interweaving their foliage to protect the flowers of the plain from the fervid beams of the sun, seemed to indicate that happy union which adds confidence to each, and shelters them in all the persecutions of misfortune.

Such were the thoughts that agitated my bosom on a sultry afternoon, when I retired to a favourite bower near the altar of the muses, where Codrus had devoted himself to death for the preservation of his country against the invasion of the Peloponnesians.* This spot was endeared to me by the circumstance of its having been the scene of our first meeting. On the table where her arm had frequently rested, I carved these words:

When here my Love her form reclines,
May Zephyr waft his genial winds,

* During the reign of Codrus, the son of Melanthus, who had saved his country by the prowess which he displayed in a single combat with the Boeotian monarch, Athens was threatened with total subversion by the Peloponnesians. But while the armies were preparing for battle, intelligence arrived that the Delphian oracle had declared that that side should be successful which lost its chief. Upon hearing this response, Codrus resolved to sacrifice his life on the shrine of patriotism. Under cover of the night, and disguised in mean attire, he penetrated the camp of the enemy. Having provoked a controversy with one of the soldiers, he struck him with his hook; and his own death was the consequence of the magnanimous blow. Upon an investigation of the cause of the tumult, the body of Codrus was recognized, and the chiefs, fearing the fulfilment of the prediction, hastily retired into Peloponnesius. The spot where Codrus fell was commemorated by the gratitude of his country, and was shown to Pausanias many years after this event.

The altar of the muses, mentioned by Critias, was called *ILISSIDES* by the Athenians. Paus. lib. 1. c. 19. See also sir George Whelen's *Journey into Greece*, and Stuart's *Antiquities of Athens*.

And ye rough boughs more closely grow
 To shield her from the solar glow.
 Thou too, sweet stream! more gently play
 When by thy side she loves to stray;
 And as thou roll'st thy calmest tide,
 Oh, wish that thus her life may glide!
 Thus shall all Nature's charms combine
 To worship her who doth entwine
 Our willing souls, by beauty's guile—
 The roseate blush and dimpled smile.

Then I strung the instrument which was now the constant companion of my meditations, and endeavoured to beguile my sorrows by an

ADDRESS TO MY LYRE.

Awake, awake my dulcet lyre!
 Let love your tuneful strings inspire!
 And whisper in Myrilla's ear,
 The anxious care, the timid fear,
 That now disturbs thy master's breast
 Who is by love deprived of rest.
 Oh! sing the joys on Love that wait
 And sing the pangs that follow hate:
 Oh! kindle quick that genial flame,
 I feel, but ah! I dare not name.

And shall no pulse with rapture beat,
 Shall no cheek feel the blushing heat?
 No chaste desires tumultuous rise,
 No passion beam from her bright eyes?

Alas, alas, 'tis but a cheat:
 Yet still I bless the dear deceit!
 'Tis like the lover's pleasant dream,
 That flies the morning's orient beam!
 'Tis like the wave by breezes tost
 That in another wave is lost!
 'Tis like the wind that round me plays
 But never for an instant stays!
 Yet sing of love my trembling lyre
 Awake, awake thy warmest fire!

Happy the god to whom belongs
All the Muse's mournful songs,
May teach thee some persuasive art
To win the lov'd Myrilla's heart;
Then best of Lyrists I shall reign
Happiest lover on the plain.

I was interrupted by Anacreon, who regarded me with an incredulous air, as he heard me pronounce these flattering forebodings of hope. He took the lyre from my hand, and with a sarcastic air, sang these words:

TO CRITIAS.

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side in marks of flame;*
And by their turban'd brows alone;
The warriors of the east are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;†
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where love has dropp'd his burning spark!

* The word in the original *tiaga*, *tiara*, is the same part of the Asiatic dress which we now call a turban. Addison has given a fine description of the savage state of the ancient Parthians; from the Greek of Dionysius:

Beyond the Caspian streights those realms extend,
Where circling bows the martial Parthians bend.
Vers'd only in the rougher arts of war,
No fields they wound, nor urge the shining share.
No ships they boast to stem the rolling tide,
Nor lowing herds o'er flowery meadows guide:
But infants wing the feather'd shaft for flight,
And rein the fiery steed with fond delight.
On ev'ry plain the whistling spear alarms
The neighing courser, and the clang of arms;
For there no food the little heroes taste,
Till warlike toil has earn'd the short repast.

† "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers—

Il cor ne gli occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.

Monsieur La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarged on the thought of Anacreon:

"And is it true," said he, when he concluded, "that the little urchin has at length enlisted you in his train! Poetry and love are so intimately united, that a fondness for the one, generally excites the feelings of the other. I have suspected your situation, but I waited for an avowal of it from you.

"How is it possible," I replied, "that you have discovered what I have so studiously concealed from every eye?"

"Ah Critias, the language of the heart cannot be suppressed. If it do not find utterance in open declarations, it will murmur in broken sighs; it will manifest itself in thoughtful musings and those happy abstractions in which the soul seems to be separated from the body."

"True it is, Anacreon, my best friend, that I love—and with such sincerity and ardour that no time can eradicate it, no change of situation can obliterate the passion from my breast. Lo here is the first fruit of your instructions.

I then showed to Anacreon the ode which I had composed.

He smiled. "Your poetry is tolerable," said he, "you are no unpromising pupil. But you are as yet unskilled in the arts of love. When you have more experience, and have seen as much of the capriciousness of the female heart as I have, you will learn that your attack must be slow, wary, and unperceived. By so open a declaration as this, you will but create difficulties for perseverance and time to surmount. Be wise. Endeavour to conceal your passion, and delay any professions until the partiality of your mistress evinces that she wishes the discovery. Women are not less apt to love than we are—but frequent disappointments have taught them more prudence than we possess. And it is necessary that they should preserve this cautious disposition. Their hearts are cast in a finer mould, and a woman sinks beneath the

Lorsque je vois un amant; &c.

In vain the lover tries to veil

The flame which in his bosom lies;

His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,

We read it in his languid eyes;

And though his words the heart betray,

His silence speaks e'en more than they.

scorn of one whom she loves, as the tender leaves of the lentiscus droop at mid-day. Besides this, the continued complaisance which we are compelled to observe, prevents them from acquiring so accurate a knowledge of human nature as we have obtained, and they, therefore, experience great difficulty in distinguishing between the lover and the admirer. Their province is not so much to select as to accept.

"But if your passion cannot be controuled, and you will not wait to discover whether she even merit your love, send her these lines, and in a few days you may observe what effect they have upon her."

So saying, he tore a leaf from his tablets, upon which I found the following:

TO CUPID.

Monarch Love! resistless boy,
 With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
 And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
 Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
 Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
 Which, burning with entreaty, rise,
 That thou wilt whisper to the breast
 Of her I love thy soft behest;
 And counsel her to learn from thee
 The lesson thou hast taught to me.
 Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
 Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well!

I adopted the advice of Anacreon, and sent his ode. In a few days after, I visited Myrilla, and artfully turned her attention to poetry. When we had conversed some time upon this subject, she showed me Anacreon's ode, and asked me if I knew the author. I evaded the question, and found the address did not displease her. I became so charmed with her manners, that I at length entirely forgot my wise resolutions and actually presented my own verses. She received them with a blush, which was increased to a more rubied glow as she proceeded in reading them.

"A pretty little poetical fiction," said she, with a careless air, as she returned the tablets.

"No, loveliest Myrilla," I replied, "it is no fiction—it is the honest, though imperfect expression of a heart most sincerely devoted to you. Accept—

"Were we to take all the fictions of poets," said Myrilla, interrupting me, "as faithful pictures of what is engraved upon their breasts, we should very frequently be deceived. You meet with a face which pleases you, and immediately endeavour to convince yourself that you are in love. You mistake momentary emotion for a passion. Then you fly to smooth meads and purling streams—you fancy the kids and goats sympathizing with you in your sorrow, and your mistress only inexorable. You warble your distress upon the harp until even echo herself is tired of your tale."

"Cease such raillery, cruel Myrilla. I confess that we do often praise with extravagant admiration, many whom we perhaps would not marry, and afterwards wed one whom we would be ashamed to celebrate.* But Myrilla! believe me, I am not one of these—believe that I—

We were interrupted by the entrance of Anacreon, who laughed very heartily upon observing my confusion.

"How has my friend entertained you, fair damsel? said he, addressing Myrilla.

"If you listen to him he will never stop. He has a poetic mania, and all the bards are his intimate friends. Has he amused you with a musty legend of love, or has he indicted some tender verses to your bright eyes?"

"He has done neither: but he has attacked me in two ways; in either of which, women are ever weak. He has attempted to flatter my vanity and impose upon my credulity. He protests that he is in earnest, but I would persuade him that he is under the momentary delusion of a day-dream, and that in no long time he will search in vain for some trace of a sort of impression which he says is indelibly engraven on his heart."

(To be continued.)

* This remark was made by Dr. Johnson in speaking of Waller. The observation is true in general; but, perhaps, it never was applied with more justice than to this contemptible time-server.

ART. II.—*The Poetical Works of John Trumbull, LL.D.* Hartford. Samuel Goodrich, 2 vols. pp. 176 and 235.

A **CONCISE** memoir of the life of Mr. Trumbull, who has, not inaptly, been called the Father of American Poetry, is prefixed to the first volume. His ancestor came from England, and settled in Massachusetts, in 1645. Our poet was born in Westbury, (Connecticut,) April 13th, 1750, O. S.: his father the minister of the place. He was an only son, and great attention was early paid to his education; so that, at the age of seven, he was examined by the tutors of Yale College at New-Haven, and declared to be fit for admission. He did not, however, enter college till the age of thirteen. The Spectator, affording many fine specimens of poetry, and the lyric poems of Watts, were the only works in which he could delight himself in his earliest years; his father's library being mostly classical and theological. Afterwards he was enabled to borrow some of Milton's, Pope's, Dryden's, and Thompson's works. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1767; remained three years longer at the college, and then received his second degree. A large proportion of these seven years was spent in the cultivation of a knowledge of English grammar, rhetoric and general literature, particularly poetry, and in the study of the Roman and Grecian poets and orators.

Much was done by Mr. Trumbull, and his exertions were not without effect, in introducing in that seminary the study of the Belles Lettres. William Livingston, afterwards governor of New Jersey, author of "*Philosophical Solitude*" and other poems, about thirty years before, had endeavoured to infuse a poetical taste among the students; but his attempts proved abortive. Trumbull's precepts and example had great influence. Dwight, Humphreys, Barlow, &c. were taught to sip at the same spring.

In 1771 Mr. Trumbull was appointed a tutor. In 1772 he published the first part of "*The Progress of Dulness*." The next year he entered as a student in the office of John Adams, late president of the United States, in Boston. Here he was in the midst of the political contests of the time, and became acquainted with its principal acts and actors. In 1774 he published his "*Elegy on the Times*," but without any signature. Mr.

Adams becoming a member of Congress, he returned to New Haven, and commenced the practice of the law. In 1773 he wrote the two first cantoes of "*M^r Fingal*," which were published in Philadelphia, where Congress was then sitting.

After spending several years in his native town he removed, June 1781, with his family to Hartford, where he has ever since resided. The next year he completed *M^r Fingal*, which was immediately published by subscription. This work became very popular in the United States, and in England. It has passed through thirty editions, only one of which was with the knowledge and consent of the author.

After the peace of 1783 he engaged with several wits and poets of the time in producing "*American Antiquities*," or Essays on a supposed poem called the Anarchiad, an ancient epic, pretended to have been found in the ruins of an old fort built in the conjectured time of Madoc. In 1789 he was appointed attorney-general of the state. Three years after he was elected a member of the Legislature from Hartford. He resigned the office of attorney-general, on account of ill health, in 1795. In 1800 he was again elected a member of the Legislature, and the next year received the appointment of a judge of the Supreme Court; and in 1808 received the additional appointment of judge of the Supreme Court of Errors.

Mr. Trumbull's biographer thus closes the sketch of his life. "To these offices he was annually appointed by the Legislature, till May, 1819, when * * * * *"
Desunt nonnulla * * * * *

In the first place, we cannot avoid objecting to the price of these volumes, however valuable the poetry may be admitted to be. The indigent, not less than the wealthy, may be desirous of purchasing a work, which many will never see, on account of the uncommon price. We wish a distinction could be made among purchasers. Let the publisher receive from poets and critics ten per cent. profit; from men in easy circumstances twenty or thirty; and from the wealthy a hundred. The chief glory of a nation, says Dr. Johnson, is its authors: and surely the chief of those authors are its poets. In the olden time, men of wealth and taste honoured themselves by patronizing poets; thus, while immortalizing

zing themselves, becoming the medium of adding glory to their country. We know of no instance, in the United States, of a poet being steadily patronized by an opulent Mæcenas, or Mæcenates. Had this been the case, probably ere this an American Virgil and Horace would not now be wanting. If, however, the wealthy would give double price for original poetry, and the bookseller did not, instead of the author, engross all the profits, such patronage might have great effect in producing exertion, and exertion might reach the point of excellence. It is one of the first duties of men of great wealth, according to Theocritus, to patronize poets:

Δαίμονες, τί δὲ κερδὲς ὁ μυρία ἔνδοθεν χρυσός

Κεῖμενος; ὅχ' ἀδὲ πλὴν φρονέουσιν ὀναίης.

Ἄλλα το μὲν ψυχὰς, τὸ δὲ καὶ τινὶ δύναι Αἰοιάων.—*Idyl.* 16.

Wretches! of what profit is immense wealth lying in the strong box? The wise do not so dispose of their riches; but, while they retain a portion for themselves, they know it is their duty to bestow a due portion on the sons of song.

Mr. Trumbull, we have learned, after having served and exalted his country, and particularly his native state, is now, at the age of seventy, deprived of his office, and left in the arms of indigence. A melancholy proof that "the agonizing spasms of infuriated man" are yet "to be felt and feared;" and that we still "countenance a political intolerance, as despotic as wicked," and "capable of bitter and bloody persecutions."^{*}

Many of the imitations, allusions, and similes of M'Fingal, are drawn from Milton; to whom, in some instances, credit is given in the notes; but very often the obligation is not acknowledged. To the classics the author is but little indebted. With the Bible he appears to be intimately acquainted, and from this sacred source he draws his principal means of ridicule and humour. At this, Dr. Johnson would shake his head, and call it profanity. Such kind of wit was, however, very common in New England to that time, especially in Connecticut; where, at this day, it is far from being wholly disused or discountenanced.

* Vide Jefferson's Inaugural Message.

Make them give up, like saints complete,
 The arm of flesh, and trust the feet;
 And work, like Christians undissembling,
 Salvation out with fear and trembling.
 See from your overthrow and end,
 The Tory Paradise ascend,
 Like that New World which claims its station
 Beyond the final conflagration.
 Then, lifting high the pond'rous jar,
 Poured o'er his head the smoking tar:
 With less profusion once was spread
 Oil on the Jewish monarch's head
 That down his beard and vestments ran,
 And covered all his outward man.
 Not blest with man less ceremonious,
 The wide mouthed whale that swallowed Jonas;
 Like earthquake gapes, to death devote,
 That open Sepulchre, her throat:
 The grave or barren womb you'd stuff
 And sooner bring to cry, enough;
 Or fatten up to fair condition
 The lean fleshed kine of Pharaoh's vision.

Such use of Scripture for images, similitudes and language, may give offence to some, who may be led to believe that the author's intention was to ridicule the sacred writings: which unquestionably was not the fact.

Mr. Trumbull, having made Butler his model in relation to his rhymes, has copied all the faults of Hudibras. Hudibrastic poetry requires as close attention to exactness of rhymes as any other poetry.

With these our squire, among the valiant'st,
 Employed his time, and tools and talents.

How much is the ear offended at the pronunciation of *valiant-est* as two syllables only!

As thus he spake, our squire M'Fingal
 Gave to his partisans a signal.

Here *ig* and *in* are made to rhyme together.

Serve them like shoe-ball for defences
 'Gainst wear and tear of consciences,

Here *conscience* is made four syllables, and the accent put upon the penult.

Swear he had seen the nest she *laid* in
 And knew how long she had been *sitting*.
 And look our list of placemen *all over*;
 Did heaven appoint our chief judge *Oliver*.
 The sins and follies past all *compass*
 That prove you guilty or non *compos*.
 Britain, depend on't, will take on *her*
 To assert her dignity and *honour*.

In these three last instances, of which kind there are many more, the double endings are the same as if the same words were used. They rhyme together as would *fare* and *fair*, *some* and *sum*, &c. so *liance* and *alliance*; *Indians* and *engines*; *conquered* and *concord*.

In some instances, principally for the sake of rhyme, the accent is grossly misplaced.

So for the civil wars you *lament*
 Faith, you yourselves must take the blame in't.—
 Hath not heaven warned you what must *ensue*,
 And providence declared against you?
 Committees *vile* of correspondence,
 And mobs whose tricks have almost *undone* 's.—
 Thrice cried King George, as erst in *distress*,
 Knights of romance invoked a *mistress*,

Were such liberties defensible, our language would soon be without any accent. And why should such rhymes as *herring* and *carrión*, *licence* and *politicians*, *certain* and *fortune*, *seizures* and *monopolizers*, *laddie* and *shadow*, *torture* and *order*; or such as *tub* and *mob*, *choir* and *squire*, *forgot* and *foot*, *intrigues* and *legs*, *run* and *town*, &c. &c. be more admissible in burlesque than in solemn poetry?

The second volume contains poems on various subjects; the longest of which is *The Progress of Dulness*, in three parts. In the first is traced the progress of a simpleton, during his preparation for college, his stay there, his school-keeping, studying divinity, his settlement as a clergyman, and his deportment as such. The description is but too faithful to facts, as they then were in Connecticut, and most of New England; and as they are at the

present day, though a great change has taken place within the last fifty years; and many more now than formerly of the first talents and greatest erudition embrace the clerical profession.

Now to some priest that's famed for teaching,
 He goes, to learn the art of preaching;
 And settles down, with earnest zeal,
 Sermons to study and to steal:
 Learns with nice art to make with ease
 The scriptures speak whate'er he please.
 Learns the grave style and goodly phrase,
 Safe handed down from Cromwell's days;
 And shuns with anxious care the while
 Th' infection of a modern style.—
 What though his wits could ne'er dispense
 One page of grammar or of sense;
 What though his learning be so alight
 He scarcely knows to read or write;
 What though his skull be cudgel-proof;
 He's *Orthodox*, and that's enough.

In the second part is given the history of a fop, traced from the youthful clown to the decrepid and palsied spendthrift. Many of our aged readers, by the following quotation, will be reminded of the dress in fashion forty years ago.

The laced suit glitt'ring gay before;
 The ruffie, where, from open vest
 The rubied broach adorns the breast:
 The coat, with lengthened waist behind,
 Whose short skirts dangle in the wind:
 The modish hat, whose breadth contains
 The measure of its owner's brains:
 The stockings gay with various hues,
 The little toe-encircling shoes;
 The cane, on whose carved top is shown
 An [a]head just emblem of his own.—
 And who for beauty need repine,
 That's sold at ev'ry barber's sign;
 Nor lies in features or complexion,
 But curls disposed in meet direction,
 With strong pomatum's grateful odour,
 And quantum sufficit of powder?

The life of a coquette constitutes the third part. After rejecting many she becomes enamoured with Dick Hairbrain, the hero of the second part, by whom she is rejected. The wrinkles of age coming upon her,

She flies assemblies, shuns the ball,
And cries out vanity on all.—
Now careless grown of airs polite,
Her noonday night-cap meets the sight;
Her hair uncombed collects together,
With ornaments of many a feather.—
All points of dress and neatness carried
As though she'd been a twelve-month married.

The Rev. Mr. Brainless, the subject of the first part, is recommended to Miss Simper, the coquette. He now dresses his wig, puts on his suit of sable, with the black silk hose in which he took his first degree,

And set forth fierce to court the maid:
His white-haired Deacon went for aid;
And on the right in solemn mode
The Rev'd Mr. Brainless rode.—
The priest then bowed in sober gesture,
And all in scripture terms address her:
He'd found for reasons amply known,
It was not good to be alone;
And tho't his duty led to trying
The great command of multiplying:
So, with submission, by her leave,
He'd come to look him out an Eve.—
In short, the bargain finished soon
A rev'rend Doctor made them one.

It appears that this work gave great offence to some of the clergy, who accused the author of infidelity, "or, what they viewed as equally heretical, of being an Armenian." Much of the same spirit of bigotry still remains in New England, but is declining, though it still lingers, "as loth to quit its hold" on Connecticut in particular.

The Progress of Dulness is written with much more metrical purity than *McFingal*; though there are some departures from correctness; such as,

There fate displays its book, she believes,
And lovers swim in form of tea-leaves.

Of the minor poems of this volume we consider the *Ode to Sleep* as the most poetical. Had it been written by Dryden or Pope, it would have been esteemed one of their noblest performances. Several of the other poems relate to characters and incidents of the times; and hence lose a part of the interest they once commanded. They are all written with great harmony of numbers and purity of language. The sentiment is never debased, nor does it rise to sublimity.

ART. III.—*An Essay upon the Principles of Historical Composition, with an application of those Principles to the writings of Tacitus.* By John Hill, M. A. F. R. S. &c. Part II.*

THE proofs of sound judgment in the writings of *Tacitus* are extremely numerous. From the choice of his subjects, he appears to have been perfectly acquainted with the nature and the extent of his own powers. Though he was considerably advanced in life before he began to write history, yet the closeness of his application enabled him to unfold that wisdom which his experience had furnished. In spite of an ardent love of fame, he avoided the rock upon which most authors split, and wisely forbore to solicit the attention of the public, till he could for certain command its respect.

While he was governor of Belgium, he did not waste his time in idleness, nor in devising plans for the increase of his fortune. The generosity of his spirit made him abhor that cruelty with which other prefects oppressed their subjects. When the concerns of his government did not engage his attention, he viewed the rude manners of the Germans with an attentive eye; and the acuteness of the observer was happily suited to the nicety of the subject. The discussions of the philosopher were, with him, a relaxation from the cares of the statesman. During his abode in Belgium, he collected materials relating to the first stage of human society, which form the most valuable treatise that is even yet to be found upon the subject.

* See Part I, in Vol. IX. p. 339.

He next wrote the life of his father-in-law Agricola. In this treatise, we have reason to admire the qualities of an affectionate heart as much as the accomplishments of an able writer. As a piece of biographical writing, it may be deemed a standard. Nothing needful to be known is suppressed, and nothing superfluous is admitted. Agricola is made so completely respectable as a soldier, and amiable as a man, that the character drawn may seem perhaps too near to perfection. It does not appear, however, that the contemporaries of Tacitus ever accused him of partiality.

After the life of Agricola, he composed his history, which begins at the death of Nero, and ends with the reign of Titus. It is unfortunately so much mutilated, that it comprehends little more than a twentieth part of its subject. That our author knew precisely the nature of the period he had chosen, is evident from his own words: "*Opus aggredior (says he) opimum casibus, atrox præliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.*" (Hist. lib. 1. cap. 2.) Throughout the work, a most exact unity is preserved, in the midst of multiplicity of facts. The views of Vespasian in the east are suggested before the dispute between Otho and Vitellius had come to a conclusion, and the reader is thus prepared for contemplating a new struggle. The disturbances in Germany and in Britain solicit his attention when they occur; but so as not to break in upon the main story. Foreign and domestic occurrences find a place suited to their respective importance; and the account of the war in Germany, and that of the expedition of Titus in Judea are kept completely distinct, and made clearly intelligible.

In the annals of Tacitus, which were the last of his works, though their subject be prior to that of his history, a more distinct arrangement is to be found than could well be expected from their title. From the author's ability, the narration in them is better conducted than that in easier subjects is by the generality of those who have wisely adopted them. He was, at the same time, thoroughly aware of the difficulties he encountered. He insinuates, that the period chosen presents a multiplicity of facts too inconsiderable to be the foundation of a legitimate history; and that those great events no longer existed, which as often hide the historian's defects, as they receive embellishment from the force of his talents. "*Nobis in arcto, et inglorius labor. Immota quippe aut modice lacescita*

pax, moestæ urbis res, et princeps proferendi imperii incuriosus erat. Non tamen sine usu fuerit, introspicere illa primo aspectu levia, ex quibz magnarum sæpe rerum motus oriuntur." (*Ann. lib. 4. cap. 32.*)

As an impartial historian, Tacitus is, without doubt, entitled to high praise. He arraigns the conduct of the undeserving, without regard to their rank; and appears to have been, in every case, devoid of prejudice. At the beginning of his history, he lays down a rule for other writers, to which he gives reason to think that he himself will rigidly adhere. "*Mihi Galba, Otho, Vitellius, nec beneficio nec injuria cogniti. Dignitatem nostram a Vespasiano inchoatam, a Tito auctam, a Domitiano longius protractam non abnueri; sed incorruptam fidem professis, neque amore quisquam, et sine odio dicendus est.*" (*Hist. lib. 1. cap. 1.*) A beautiful struggle is here exhibited between the emotions of his gratitude and his sense of what was right; but he holds it dishonourable even to be grateful at the expense of truth.

That the views of Tacitus upon human affairs are profound and just, must be obvious to every person who has judgment to follow him. The perusal of his works requires more than an ordinary exercise of attention. They are fitted to instruct rather than to amuse. Their choicest beauties lie hid from vulgar observation; and the longer they are contemplated, even by the discerning, the higher is the pleasure they afford. If ever any historian understood the springs of human action thoroughly, it was Tacitus. His penetrating eye never rested upon the surface of objects, but searched their inmost recess. His mind seems to have been formed for catching those peculiarities in character, which, though not easily discerned, have no small effect upon the conduct of men. Of this we have an instance in the case of Cæsonius Pætus, who had been improperly appointed by Nero for the defence of Armenia, and who rejected the advice of his experienced counsellors. "*Verum ubi a viris militaribus adversus urgentes casus firmatus erat, rursus ne alienæ sententiæ indigena videretur, in diversa ac deteriora transibat.*" (*Ann. lib. 15. cap. 10.*) An ordinary writer would have either told the fact simply, or have mistaken its cause; but it became the subtlety of Tacitus to expose the false pride which made Pætus reject the counsel which he needed, and add obstinacy to ignorance.

The observations of Tacitus sometimes illustrate not only the characters of the persons to whom they are applied, but the nature of the times in which they lived. He is, indeed, as sparing of his expression as he is profuse of his matter. This appears upon many occasions; and particularly in the account given why Poppæus Sabinus had been raised from a very ordinary station to offices of trust and distinction. "*Fine anni Poppæus Sabinus concessit vita, modicus originis, principum amicitia consulatum ac triumphale decus adeptus: Maximisque provinciis per quatuor et viginti annos impositus; nullam ob eximiam artem, sed quod par negotiis, neque supra erat.*" (Ann. lib. 6. cap. 39.) The elevation of this Sabinus (it should seem) was owing, not to the precise extent of his abilities alone, but to the sentiments which his jealous superiors entertained of them. From the measure of talents which he possessed, they perceived that the business of the public would not be neglected; and, from the mediocrity of those talents, that its tranquility would not be disturbed.

Our author's observation upon the fall of Sallustius Crispus is also worthy of himself. When this person was advanced in life, he lost the favour of Tiberius, which he had long enjoyed; and Tacitus hazards a conjecture as to the fate of courtiers in general. The mutability of their situation is often ascribed to the caprice of their patrons alone; but our author, with much ingenuity, and perhaps equal justice, ascribes this to a capricious levity both in the patrons and in the objects of their beneficence. "*Ætate provecta speciem magis in amicitia principis quam vim retinuit. Idque Mæcenati acciderat, fato potentiaæ raro sempiternæ: An satias capit, aut illos cum omnia tribuerunt; aut hos, cum jam nihil reliquum est quod cupiant.*" (Ann. lib. 3. cap. 30.)

But almost the whole account of the reign of Tiberius, contains the exposition of a character not more odious than it was singular. An ordinary writer might have marked some of its general features, but such a writer as Tacitus alone could unfold its intricacies. In almost every action, and every speech, the tyrant had something to conceal. Under the veil of moderation, he was ever anxious to undermine the liberties of his people. Flattery, however artfully administered, was, from the suspiciousness of

his nature, apt to give him offence; and though he was provoked with the servility of his subjects, yet he would not permit them to be free. This struggle between contending humours, together with its effects upon those around him, is beautifully insinuated in the following words. "*Acerbeque increpuit eos, qui divinas occupationes, ipsumque dominum dixerant. Unde angusta et lubrica oratio sub principe, qui libertatem metuebat, adulationem oderat.*" (Ann. lib. 2. cap. 87.)

In unfolding the character of Sejanus, who was long the favourite, and even the director of Tiberius, no less art is displayed than in unfolding that of the emperor himself. Along with many bad qualities, this Sejanus had possessed the most wonderful address. While the other subjects of Tiberius dreaded the violence and the caprice of his humours, he had art enough to render both the instruments of his elevation. He could make even the tyrant conceal his lusts, through a fear, or an attachment, of which he was the object. "*Obtectis libidinibus, dum Sejanum dilexit, timuitve.*" (Ann. lib. 6. cap. 51.) By an unfortunate chasm in the writings of Tacitus, the history of the fall, and the full exposition of the character of Sejanus are now lost. His daring ambition, and almost unfathomable subtlety, present a subject that suits the hand of an able artist; and some of the great outlines still remaining, show clearly the value of the picture when complete.

But, although Tacitus draws his characters in strong colours, yet there is nothing in them bordering upon extravagance. The singularity of their conduct justifies that of the view held forth. Though many foul passions deformed the character of Tiberius; yet our author is candid enough to point out in it the smallest symptom of virtue. He repeatedly frees him from the imputation of avarice. He even seems happy in extolling the merit of his reply to Adgandestrius, who offered to destroy Arminius, if the senate would send him poison for the purpose. "*Responsum esse, non fraude neque occultis, sed palam et armatum populum Romanum hostes suos ulcisci. Qua gloria æquabat se Tiberius priscis imperatoribus, qui venenum in Pyrrhum regem vetuerant, prodiderantque.*" (Ann. lib. 2. cap. 88.)

As the character of Tiberius is not held forth as completely abandoned, so neither is that of Germanicus held forth as com-

pletely virtuous: Tacitus shows that partiality to virtue which becomes its friend; but his judgment was too strong to be misled, even by a venial bias. In spite of the amiableness of Germanicus, in almost every situation, he discovers, upon one occasion, the frailties of a man. At the interview between him and Piso, they met "*Firmato vultu, Piso adversus metum, Germanicus ne minari crederetur. Postremo paucis familiarium adhibitis sermo cœptus a Cæsare, qualem ira et dissimulatio gignit.*" (Ann. lib. 2. cap. 57.)

Though the observations of Tacitus be profound, yet he rarely shows any anxiety, or employs any artifice to set them off to advantage. The current of his narration runs often so smooth, that the treasures with which it is impregnated are apt to escape unnoticed. He wrote for those only who had acuteness to catch his hints, and ability to apply them as they deserve. A profound observation often presents itself unexpectedly; and the reader's admiration is bestowed the more willingly, because the historian's sense of dignity made him averse from courting it. The cause of Rufus's severity is beautifully painted at the end of the following sentence, by the use of four words. "*Quippe Rufus diu manipularis, dein centurio, mox castris præfectus, antiquam duramque militiam revocabat, vetus operis ac laboris, et eo immitior quia toleraverat.*" (Ann. lib. 1. cap. 20.)

The desperate situation of the old emperor Galba, who was employed in offering a sacrifice, even after the schemes of Otho, his successor, had begun to take effect, is also delicately expressed in a few simple words. "*Ignarus interim Galba et sacris intentus, fatigabat alieni jam imperii deca.*" (Hist. lib. 1. cap. 29.)

With much judgment also, and at the same time, with great simplicity of expression, he assigns the reason why Anicetus, who had been employed by Nero, first to attempt drowning his mother, and afterwards to slay her, incurred the emperor's displeasure. "*Levi post admissum scelus gratiâ, dein graviore odio, quia malorum facinorum ministri quasi exprobrantes aspiciuntur.*" (Ann. lib. 14. cap. 62.)

Such striking and deep remarks seem to spring spontaneously from the mind of Tacitus. They are, for the most part, made without any seeming effort, and without ostentation. Though replete

with instruction to the most intelligent reader, yet they often teach without mortifying him, and excite no disgust at the historian's arrogance.

The judgment of Tacitus is remarkable, not only in those single strokes, by which he unexpectedly, and at once, unfolds something not understood, but also when he warns his reader that he is to do so, and solicits his attention. In his descriptions of character, there is none of that spurious subtlety which balances circumstances not duly opposed. Every antithesis stated, has its foundation in nature, and bespeaks that solid acuteness which is above affectation. Of this, the character drawn of Galba, in the 49th chapter of the 1st book of the History, furnishes one out of many instances. "*Hunc exitum habuit Sergius Galba tribus et septuaginta annis, quinque principes prospera fortuna emensus, et alieno imperio felicior, quam suo: Vetus in familia nobilitas, magnæ opes: ipsi medium ingenium, magis extra vitia quam cum virtutibus. Famæ nec incuriosus, nec venditor. Pecuniæ alienæ non appetens, suæ parcus, publicæ avarus. Amicorum libertorumque, ubi in bonos incidisset, sine reprehensione patiens: si mali forent, usque ad culpam ignarus. Sed claritas natalium, et metus temporum fuit obtentui, ut quod segnitia erat, sapientia vocaretur. Dum vigeat ætas, militari laude apud Germanias floruit. Proconsul Africam moderate: jam senior, citeriorem Hispaniam pari justitia continuit: major privato visus, dum privatus fuit, et omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset.*"

From all the observations made, and all the passages quoted, we may infer, that Tacitus was eminently endowed with that judgment, which, besides giving the feeling and the fancy of the historian their due value, is itself the foundation of many capital qualities. This enabled him, we find, to choose and to arrange his subject, so as to do most justice to his own abilities, and to give most instruction to his reader. It secured the fairness of his decisions, in spite of those personal connexions with which most men are blinded. It made him sagacious in his opinions as to past things that are doubtful, and as to future things that are contingent. While it enabled him to see objects as they were, and insured his reader against the impertinence of observations

that are either trifling or misplaced, it also repressed the weak vanity which lessens the merit that it means to exaggerate.

As the power of judgment comes late to maturity, both in the individual and in the state, so history, in its most improved form, is never one of the earliest efforts of national genius. The perfection of the poet's art depends chiefly upon the acuteness of his feeling and the vivacity of his fancy. In the improvement of these powers, little or nothing is left to the possessor's industry, while judgment is fortified by the recollection of past errors, and strengthens slowly by repeated trials. As the improvement of national wisdom, too, is the fruit of national experience, so history cannot flourish but where interesting facts present themselves, and where their value is distinctly seen. Though those powers which serve to embellish truth, must not be extinguished in the historian, yet judgment must prescribe the laws by which they are to be controuled. Between the emotions of mind, and the respective impulse that is the cause of each, a steady proportion is thus preserved. As too much brilliancy in any object prevents it from being distinctly seen, so the brightness of the reader's fancy must illuminate the subject of narration, without dazzling the reader's eye.

The position now advanced, as to the period in society at which historical narration appears in its most improved form, will be found to be justified by facts. In every literary era, the poet has been the first to offer the fruits of his genius, and to court the disposers of that approbation which is the reward of his excellence. Before even the remotest period to which any human record reaches, Homer has displayed the wonderful powers of the Greek language; and by his own practice, had fixed those principles upon which future artists were to perform, and future critics to judge. At Rome, the poems, not only of Livius, Andronicus, Accius, and Pacuvius, but of Plautus and Terence, had attracted the notice of their countrymen, before any tolerable prose composition appeared. Upon the revival of letters, when those arts were cherished at Florence, which the Turks had banished from Greece, the history of literature presents the same appearances. The genius of Italy, after slumbering for ages, was first awakened by Dante and Petrarch. In France, a taste for the beauties of

prose was ushered in by the poems of Malherbe. In Britain too, that elegance which has distinguished the compositions of some of our countrymen, was first discernible in the works of our poets. The assertion, then, as to the period of historical genius, seems justified by facts. In every region in which literature has as yet flourished, capital productions in history have announced the maturity, though they could not secure the continuance of classical taste. Like a bird of passage, impatient of the rigours of every climate, this is ever ready to change its abode.

Those passages, produced now and formerly from Tacitus, though fraught with beauties of the first order, enable us to form but an imperfect judgment of his merits. We are, indeed, fairly intitled to infer, that the genius which gave existence to those beauties is no ordinary one; but before we decide as to its precise extent, we must mark the instances in which that genius has failed, as well as those in which it has been successful. The prospect upon which we have hitherto dwelt, though rich, is in some degree delusive. An eulogy that acknowledges no fault, can also confer no praise; and that approbation only is to be valued which rests on the balance of beauties that have been opposed to defects.

The style of Tacitus has been justly condemned as being, in some places, harsh, and not fitted to allure the attention of the reader, by gratifying his taste. This fault is the less pardonable, as it springs from intention, and not from carelessness. From wishing to shun that servile vanity, by which most writers court the admiration of their readers with excessive eagerness, Tacitus has fallen into a contrary extreme.

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga si caret arte.

Hor de Arte Poet. v. 31.

He sometimes throws out his deepest reflections with an indifference that is suspicious, so that the absence of parade is not always an indication of his modesty. The abruptness of his manner borders upon a studied sententiousness: and from being too conscious of his own depth, he is apt to disgust as being dogmatic and oracular. He writes like a person confident that his opinions are sound, regardless of those of his reader, and unwilling to wait till the capacity of ordinary men permits them to follow him.

From the abruptness of the style of Tacitus, some critics of respectable authority have asserted, that he had made Sallust his pattern. With all deference for their opinion in other cases, we must in this differ from them. If the originality of the genius of Tacitus has permitted him to copy any writer, it is Thucydides. In the use of certain words and forms of construction, he may have copied Sallust; but few historians are more nearly opposite in their manner. In the style of Sallust, there is a studied elegance, at which his supposed imitator never aimed; and in the sentiment of Tacitus, there is a depth which Sallust could never rival.

Tacitus is accused of being vain of his erudition, and of seizing even the slightest opportunities of displaying it. He is said to be at too much pains to give the origin of customs, both foreign and domestic, and to make too frequent references to the more remote events in the history of his country. This accusation I hold to be groundless. A philosophic mind, like that of Tacitus, must have seen a value in certain facts that escapes common observers. His benevolence, too, may have urged him to stimulate the remaining virtue of his contemporaries, by recalling to their remembrance the merits of their ancestors. As the empire declined, he perceived that the materials of history were the more likely to perish; and, happily for society, he possessed both that precision, by which the antiquary establishes single facts, and that power of arrangement, by which the historian states a number in that order which is to form his detail.

The energy of the style of Tacitus has been condemned as romantic. This may appear to be the case to those who never felt that enthusiasm which warmed his breast. The glowing language of an elevated mind tallies ill with the cold propriety of vulgar criticism. The learned bishop of Worcester, in his notes upon Horace's art of poetry, tells us, that figurative expression became the dignity of the historic character and genius of Tacitus; but that, had his contemporary, Suetonius, used the same language, he would have set his readers a-laughing. (Vol. 1. p. 75.)

Our historian's descriptions have been charged with inconsistency; but this is owing to the inconsistency of those characters that are their subjects. A more superficial observer would have

presented a picture less just, though more uniform in its parts; yet the merit of an historian is to be tried by the consonancy of his relation with what existed, not with what may be supposed. The singular duplicity of many of the characters in Tacitus furnishes a full vindication of him in the respect mentioned. His sagacity had escaped his critics, who, by charging him with the want of penetration, have unluckily discovered their own.

But the most partial admirers of Tacitus cannot deny, that his writings are sometimes deformed with pieces of conceit and affectation. A certain quaintness and minute elegance in some parts of his works, stands opposed to the manly beauties of others. Though this affectation in our author be real and highly culpable, yet it is sometimes complained of when it does not exist. He is accused of excessive refinement in his views, and of assigning motives for conduct, of which even the agents were unconscious. But it may be easier for a weak mind to deceive itself, than an observer of such deep penetration. In nice cases, he generally suggests a variety of motives, and leaves it to his reader to select the most probable. Where judgment alone is concerned, no writer, perhaps, was ever less apt to err. As soon as the discernment of his critics fails, their candour fails along with it; and they choose rather to attribute the obscurity of the author to his weakness, than to their own want of penetration. The mind of the emperor Claudius, for example, feeble as it was, made a subject of observation that was fortunate both for the historian and his reader. A great anatomist only can mark minute deviations in nature from her ordinary process; and by stating slight deficiencies or excesses in certain parts, can explain irregularities that are glaring in the system.

When the judgment of Tacitus operates in the way of controuling his feeling and imagination, certain failures may be detected, which are not visible when that power operates by itself. That vigour in each, which is the general cause of his excellence, renders the balance more delicate, and becomes, at times, the necessary cause of his defects. His errors proceed from the exuberance, not from the want of genius.

The imagination of Tacitus had certainly got beyond due bounds, when he told us, that the redness of Domitian's face was

useful to him in suppressing the signs of shame. "*Sævus ille vultus et rubor, a quo se contra pudorem muniebat.*" (Vit. Agric. cap. 45.) The character of Domitian was so completely abandoned, that we must suppose him destitute of every sentiment like modesty; and, at any rate, it is absurd to talk of a person thus stifling the signs of emotions of which he was actually conscious.

Our author also speaks of the Germans as separated from the Dacians, "*Mutuo metu aut montibus.*" (De Mor. Germ. cap. 1.) When two subjects so completely different as fear and mountains, are stated as operating in the production of one common effect, we are apt to imagine that the historian had forgot his dignity, and aimed at a species of wit.

The same unmeaning quaintness appears when Tacitus tells us of the confirmed jealousy that subsisted between the Lugdunenses and Viennenses. "*Unde æmulatio, et invidia, et uno amne discretis connexum odium.*" (Hist. lib. 1. cap. 65.) That the vicinity should insure the disagreement of these two nations, is highly probable; but in order to announce this sentiment, there was no need to go in quest of the pointed antithesis involved in the two terms *discretis* and *connexum*.

The fact is, that the writings of Pliny, Quintilian, and the other contemporaries of Tacitus, do all carry the symptoms of declining taste. That period had arrived, at which, as the ingenious critic (bishop of Worcester,) before quoted, observes, the writer must find means to strike and to surprise. Antithesis, remote allusions, and the double sense of words, are the tools by which he does so. In these artifices, suited to please the false taste of his countrymen, Tacitus was often eminently successful. Thus, in telling us, that Agrippina was able to give the empire to her son Claudius, but was unable to submit to his sovereignty, he makes one word denote both the power and the absence of it. "*Truci contra ac minaci Agrippina, quæ filio dare imperium, tolerare imperitantem nequibat.*" (Ann. lib. 12. cap. 64.) The verb *nequibat* is equally connected with the two infinitives *dare* and *tolerare*; but it must be decompounded before it is applied to the first of them, so as to bring forth the historian's meaning.

From the charge of affectation and conceit, in certain instances, then, our author cannot be freed. It is the prerogative of criti-

cism to censure without fear, to despise the authority of names, and to decide upon principle. Tacitus, perhaps, expected that the lustre of his uncommon accomplishments would destroy the ridicule that is aimed at common defects; that even the luxuriant play of his genius would extort that respect which is due to its most correct productions.

Many of the impurities that occur in the style of Tacitus are to be imputed to the times in which he lived, and not to any carelessness, or to any ignorance of his. The contemporaries of Cicero himself, sometimes attacked that orator's style. From jealousy of his reputation, perhaps, they were disposed to reject even terms, "*græco fonte cadentia et parce detorta*." In judging of the legitimacy of expression in a dead language, the most ignorant are often the most presumptuous. The influence of analogy is held to be more extensive than it is; and a high degree of uniformity is supposed to exist in a subject of all others the most eccentric. Tacitus, then, may have had authorities for those expressions which we hold to be the most irregular. From the boldness and originality of his views, at the same time, we may suppose that he would be apt to bend the language of his country to his own conceptions, and to spurn at the fetters of strict grammatical authority.

Tacitus, doubtless, seems attached to expressions more commonly to be met with in writers of poetry than of prose. Expressions more simple, at the same time, might have produced an equal, if not a superior effect. By means of those Grecisms, in which he abounds, he seldom presents an idea with more energy than Cæsar and Livy could have done without them. Though high poetical authority often screens his style from the imputation of being impure, yet its general character becomes artificial and too much his own. When the barrenness of language, besides, does not call for innovations, the writer is blamable who makes them.

Upon examining the style of Tacitus, we shall find that he employs some terms that are either peculiar to himself, or supported by authority not strictly classical. The term *diffugum*, (Hist. lib. 1. cap. 39.) though expressive of the idea it presents, is supported by no other authority. By being compounded, it

heightens the original notion of a rapid departure from an object supposed dangerous. The term *sustentaculum* (Hist. lib. 2. cap. 28.) is also singular. It clearly suggests the idea of a necessary support. As a derivative from *sustento*, the frequentative from *sustineo*, it denotes the constant pressure of one body upon another immediately under it. *Aurtito*, also, is a verb that is to be found in no other classic, though, at the same time, it is highly expressive of the conception which the historian means to present by it. "Qui pecunias scœnore *auretitabant*." (Ann. lib. 6. cap. 16.) As a double frequentative from *augeo*, it expresses strongly the eagerness of usurers to enrich themselves. The verb *restaurare*, though not peculiar to Tacitus, rests upon authority that is not to be trusted. Justin and Ulpian use it; but the purer writers employ *instaurare* in its stead.

We may, besides, discover in Tacitus singular uses of terms that are to be seen in the works of the best classics. He takes the adjective *avarus*, and the abstract noun *avaritia*, in a sense very different from what is common. The latter term is made by him to denote an article of praise in Agricola as a judge. "Ubi officio satisfactum, nulla ultra potestatis persona. Tristitiam et arrogantiam et *avaritiam* exuerat." (De vita Agric. cap. 9.) Cicero's definition of the vice fixes the precise force of the term. "*Avaritia* (says he) est injuriosa appetitio alienorum." But no affection that is injurious can be meritorious in any person, far less in a judge; and the most rigid assertor of public rights cannot, in justice, invade those of individuals. Both the character and the object, then, of this *appetitio*, employed by Cicero in the definition of *avaritia*, are reversed by Tacitus. That desire which he applauds must have been more than innocent; and its objects must have been the property of that community in behalf of which Agricola acted as a judge.

The use made by our author of the adjective *avarus* corresponds entirely with the use now stated of the abstract noun *avaritia*. He tells us of Galba, that he was, "*Pecuniæ alienæ non appetens, suæ parcus, publicæ avarus*." (Hist. lib. 1. cap. 49.) The term *avarus*, in this acceptation, expresses all that insatiable thirst for possession, in behalf of the public, which the avaricious have for themselves. It denotes an inflexible keenness in

Galba to support every claim of the state he governed, in spite of those temptations to which the virtue of other emperors had yielded.

The word *gnarus*, which is properly applicable to the person who knows, Tacitus applies to the thing known. "*Gnarum id Tiberio fuit.*" (Ann. lib. 3. cap. 6.) Again, in the 45th chapter of the 12th book of the Annals, he says, "*Nihil tam ignarum barbaris quam machinamenta et astus oppugnationum; at nobis ea pars militiæ maxime gnara est.*" Sallust had applied the term *ignarus* to the thing unknown, as well as to the person ignorant; as, when he says, "*Mare magnum et ignara lingua commercia prohibebant;*" (Bell. Jug. cap. 18.) and, "*Regio hostibus ignara.*" (Bell. Jug. cap. 52.) Tacitus, who frequently imitates particular expressions of Sallust, not only takes this seeming liberty with the compounded, but assumes a corresponding one with the radical word.

It is by no means common to find the word *obsidium* taken to denote, "in the way of a hostage." "*Meherdates obsidio nobis datus.*" (Ann. lib. 11. cap. 10.) *Obsidium* properly denotes the act of investing a fortified place; but instead of this act, there is here substituted the manner in which a person is delivered up as a security; that a stipulation made to those who raise the siege will be performed.

But the irregularities in the style of Tacitus may, perhaps, appear more striking in his use of certain particles than of the terms mentioned. Let us attend then to his use of these four, *Alias*, *An*, *Et*, *Pence*, and observe, first, the radical power, and then the ordinary applications of each.

Alias, in its primary meaning, refers to an event as taking place occasionally, or at times both prior and posterior to that at which the term is used. The occasional occurrence of the event is signified when the verb appears in the aorist of the indicative; so that the time at which the proposition is announced, is comprehended by that in which the fact affirmed takes place. Thus, "*Matantur sæpe hominum mores alias adversis rebus, alias ætate ingravescente.*" (Cic. de Orat.) The future existence of the event supposes the time of affirmation prior to that at which the fact is to take place, and the past supposes this posterior to that at which

it actually did; and they appear in such instances as the two following: *Sed hæc ad te scribam alias subtilius.*" (Cic. Ep. ad Att. lib. 1. cap. 11.) "*Quibus de rebus et alias sæpe nobis multa quæsitæ et disputata sunt.*" (Cic. Acad. Quæst. lib. 4. cap. 4.)

Alias, then, is originally an adverb of time, and is applied indifferently to the past, the present, and the future.

Upon authority less to be trusted than that of Cicero, we find *Alias* transferred from time to place. Thus, "*Idæus rubus appellatus est, quoniam in Ida non alias nascitur.*" (Pliny, lib. 24. cap. 14.) "*Nusquam alias tam torrens fretum.*" (Justin, lib. 4. cap. 1. 8.)

But Tacitus does more than transfer *Alias* from time to place, which two furnish mutual analogies in language, by applying it to the idea of cause. Thus, when he talks of the pain which Tæfarinas's message gave Tiberius, "*Non alias magis sua populique Romani contumelia indoluisse Cæsarem ferunt, quam quod desertor et prædo hostium more ageret.*" (Ann. lib. 3. cap. 73.) The circumstance of time, which, upon Cicero's authority, is the radical and the proper one, is here deserted, and the character and conduct of Tæfarinas are held forth as a cause of which the emperor's distress was the effect. We are called to attend, not to the degrees of distress which the mind of Tiberius had undergone at different times that were past, but to the comparative efficacy of the causes of its excitement. The amount of that part of the expression, then, in which *Alias* is concerned, is as if it had been stated thus: "*Non ob aliam magis quam hanc causam,*" *nempe*, "*quod desertor, et prædo hostium more ageret.*"

The primary power of the particle *An* is that of interrogation upon the part of some person who wishes to be informed. Thus, in Terence, Pythias asks, "*An abiit jam a milite?*" To which Chremes answers, "*Jamdudum, ætatem.*" (Eun. lib. 4. cap. 5. 7.)

An is sometimes employed, not for the purpose of gaining information, but for that of expressing contempt towards the person interrogated. A pretended submission is made upon the part of the inquirer, in order to bring the person interrogated to the necessity either of condemning himself, or of being silent. Thus, "*An nescis longas regibus esse manus?*" (Ovid. Ep. 17. 166.) Cicero, too, employs *An* in the same way, when he personifies his

country, and makes it reason with him as to the propriety of persecuting Cataline; "Quid tandem impedit te? *An* invidiam times?"

An sometimes does not operate as an interrogative particle at all, but only expresses doubt, or ignorance, upon the part of the speaker. Thus Sallust says of Sylla, "Multique dubitavere fortior *an* felicius esset." (Bell. Jug. cap. 95.) So also, "Haud scio *an* nemini magis quam tibi faciendum." (Cic. de Off. lib. 3. cap. 2.)

Upon the best authority, then, (it should seem) *An* deviates from its original power, which is purely interrogative. It, in the first place, states a question to which no answer is expected; and in the next, it presents the mind of the speaker as unable to satisfy itself, but at the same time, as requiring no information from others.

Tacitus uses *An*, in the sense last mentioned, in a way that is peculiar to himself. In using it, he professes his ignorance as to the manner in which certain facts took place, but he suppresses the term that announces the uncertainty. Thus, "Archelaus finem vitæ sponte *an* fato implevit." (Ann. lib. 2. cap. 42.) He records the fact, that this king did die; and the particle *An*, besides suggesting two ways, in one of which he might have died, is, without the aid of an *incertum est*, a *dubito*, or *haud scio*, made to intimate also his ignorance, whether he perished by a voluntary or by a natural death. There is clearly hesitation upon the part of the historian, otherwise he would have been absurdly reducing all the modes of death to two, and using *An* as equivalent to *Vel*. In the same way he talks of the seeming moderation of Germanicus, after the defeat of the Germans, "De se nihil addidit, metu invidiæ, *an* ratus conscientiam facti satis esse." (Ann. lib. 2. cap. 22.)

Some passages in Cicero may, at first sight, seem to support that use of *An* now condemned in Tacitus. The former says, for instance, "Nos hic te ad mensem Januarium expectamus, ex quodam rumore, *an* ex literis tuis ad alios missis." (Cic. Ep. ad Att. lib. 1. cap. 2.) In such a case as this, however, the speaker's hesitation as to the opinion to be adopted, is but an inconsiderable circumstance. He just suggests, without wishing to remove his doubt. The expectation of seeing Atticus, is the leading idea in the sentence; and the origin of this expectation is regarded as

unworthy of the attention that is necessary to trace it. So also; "*Summa senectute Cato orationem in origines suas retulit, paucis antequam mortuus est, an diebus, an mensibus.*" (Cic. in Bruto, 89.) The orator knew not whether Cato transcribed his oration a few days or a few months before his death; but feeling that either alternative did not affect the leading circumstance, which was his great age, he only states the question which he had no desire to resolve.

In some other passages, Tacitus uses *An* and *Sive* together, as if they were synonymous particles. He tells us that no solicitations of Plautus's friends could prevail upon him to fly from the destruction threatened by Nero. "*Sed Plautum ea non movere. Sive nullam opem providebat inermis atque exul; seu tædio ambiguae spei; an amore conjugis et liberorum, quibus placabiliorem fore principem rebatur, nulla solitudine turbatum.*" (Ann. lib. 14. cap. 59.)

An and *Sive* are analogous only when the former expresses doubt, and not when in its interrogative and ironical acceptations. With all the seeming likeness, however, that occasionally takes place between them, *Sive* requires no term to intimate doubt upon the part of the speaker, because no doubt exists. Thus, Livy tells us, "*Tum dictator censuram minuere parat: seu nimiam potestatem ratus, seu non tam magnitudine honoris quam diuturnitate offensus.*" (Liv. lib. 4. cap. 24.)

An and *Sive* agree in suggesting ignorance in the speaker in respect to the suitableness of an affirmation, applicable to one of two or more alternatives, to the exclusion of the rest. But *An* supposes that something, though not enough, is known with regard to each of the whole. Thus, they who doubted whether Sylla owed most to his valour or his good fortune, possessed facts that tended to establish both opinions, though neither preponderated. The mind is thus exhibited as balancing circumstances, and terminating in doubt from the scantiness of that information which *An*, as an interrogative, serves originally to furnish. *Sive*, again, supposes complete ignorance as to all the alternatives stated, so as to preclude that doubt, of which the act of balancing probabilities is the sign. In the case of *An*, (we have found,) something is known with respect to all of them; in the case of

Sive, nothing is known in respect to any one; and the whole subject is held forth as either in its nature inscrutable, or as industriously and effectually concealed. Thus Tibullus says:

Vivite felices, memores et vivite nostri

Sive erimus, *sue* nos fata fuisse velint.

Lib. 3. el. 5. 31.

Terence also says:

— Hæc Andria

Sive ista uxor, *seu* amica est, gravis e Pamphilo est.

And. act. 1. sc. 3. 11.

In the first of these instances, it is clear, that heaven only could know which of the alternatives was to take place; and of course the matter was inscrutable. In the second, Davus virtually acknowledges that he was not so much in the young man's confidence as to know whether he was married or not; and of course, that matter, though perhaps known to others, was effectually concealed from him.

If the account given of *An* and *Sive* be just, Tacitus is singular, either in taking them as synonymous particles, or in employing the former in such a way as to lead his reader, in the instance quoted, to suppose that the truth of the last alternative might have been explored, while that of the two former was incapable of being so. All the three appear to be equally the subjects of conjecture. By changing the particle, the historian meant, perhaps, to insinuate that he reckoned the last cause the most probable; and it was, at least worthy of his candour, to ascribe most probability to that which was most for the honour of Plautus.

That Tacitus had some such purpose in view by changing the particle, may be inferred from a similar passage, in which, after employing the *Sive* twice, he lays hold of the conjunction *Vel*. "Agitasse Laco, ignaro Galba, de occidendo Tito Vinio dicitur, *sive* ut poena ejus animos militum mulceret, *seu* conscius Othonis credebatur, ad postremum *vel* odio." (Hist. lib. 1. cap. 39.) Laco's purpose is represented as arising from one of three motives; but the two first are not to each other as both are to the third. The historian knew not whether it sprang from wishing to do what was most agreeable to the soldiers or from jealousy of an undue attachment to Otho; but he affirms that, if from neither of these, it certainly sprang from hatred.

Tacitus employs the conjunction *Et* as synonymous with *Cum*, and as expressive of time. He says, "Nondum quartus a victoria mensis, *et* libertus Vitellii vetera odiorum nomina æquabat." (Hist. lib. 2. cap. 95.) Though this use of *Et* may be subservient to the purposes of description, yet from its novelty, it must be regarded as a grammatical license. The will of the speaker is, indeed, absolute, in uniting by this, and other conjunctions, what objects it pleases, yet a certain degree of similarity is expected in those that form the assemblage. *Et* is here made to unite a period of time and a state of political corruption; and the writer's intention is to mark the rapidity of the growth of the latter, by conjoining, and, of course, contrasting it with the shortness of the former. Such uses of *And* in English, and *Kai* in Greek, are frequent; but an instance precisely similar to that mentioned, will hardly be found in Latin.

The use which Tacitus makes of the preposition *Penes*, is not to be justified by any good authority. He tells us that Tiberius was offended because the practice of marrying by the *Confarreatio* had fallen into disuse. "Pluresque ejus rei causas adferebat; potissimam *penes* incuriam virorum feminarumque." (Ann. lib. 4. cap. 16.)

The preposition *Penes* denotes the relation which an object bears to a person, as being in his power and under his direction.* Thus,

Me *penes* est unum vasti custodia mundi.

Ovid, *Fast.* 1. 119.

A certain vicinity is supposed to exist between the master and that which is subject to his dominion. Within a limited sphere, accordingly, he is understood to have the merit of what is laudable, and the demerit of what is the contrary. So, "*Penes* aliquem laudem esse;" (Cic. de Cl. Or. 142.) and, "Illorum esse hanc culpam credidi quæ te est *penes*." (Ter. Hec. act. 4. sc. 1. 20.) The term *illorum*, in the last instance, denotes the relation between

* I might here state the precise meaning of *Penes* at greater length, by showing the difference between it and *Apud*, with which it is sometimes confounded; but I reserve an analysis of the Latin prepositions as the subject of future consideration.

the blame, and a number upon whom it was not chargeable; but the term *Penes* denotes the relation between the blame, and one at whose door it actually lay, as being in a sphere within which that person had an exclusive right to exercise authority.

In the expression, “*potissiman penes incuriam virorum feminarumque*,” the preposition is evidently employed, as in the passage quoted from Terence, to state the relation between a certain degree of blame, and the persons supposed culpable. The idea of blame in Tacitus, however, is got by implication; that is, from knowing that Tiberius disapproved of the modes of marrying by the *Coemptio* and the *Usus*, which were different from that before mentioned. The word *incuria*, besides, which expresses the carelessness, that is, the culpable circumstance, is under the government of the preposition, instead of being a correlative term to those expressing the persons upon whom the blame is laid. This word also, as denoting only the absence of thought, is too specific to act as a correlative to those denoting the persons. In proportion as the power of the noun is, in this situation, more than ordinarily particular, that of the preposition becomes more than ordinarily general. The latter is not limited to the conception of blame in agents, as usual, but denotes the relation between one object and another, acting as its immediate cause, and may be translated “owing to.” Had the general term *culpa* been used, the expression “*penes viros feminasque*” would have been legitimate; but the “*causa penes incuriam virorum feminarumque*” is certainly singular.

If we had leisure to examine the modes of construction in Tacitus, as minutely as we have the terms, the former, perhaps, would, on some occasions, appear as singular as the latter. He sometimes puts a genitive after a verb that usually governs an accusative. “*Nihil abnuentem dum dominationis apisceretur.*” (Ann. lib. cap. 6. 45.) We find also an accusative coming after a verb, which other writers make govern a dative. “*Sua factinora adversari deos lamentantur.*” (Ann. lib. 1. cap. 28.) The verb *præsidere*, besides, is sometimes made to govern a dative, as usual, and at other times an accusative, which will hardly be seen in any other author. “*Præsidere ludis.*” (Ann. lib. 3. cap. 64.) *Præsidere Pannoniam.*” (Ann. lib. 12. cap. 29.)

Tacitus also often imitates Sallust, in adopting uses of terms, and modes of construction, that are properly Greek. Thus, "*Memoriæ Drusi eadem quæ in Germanicum decernuntur, ple-risque additis ut ferme amat posterior adulatio.*" (Ann. lib. 4. cap. 9.) As the Greek verb *φαίω* often denotes ordinary and natural occurrence in certain cases, so does the Latin verb *amo* here.

— *Θαυμι δὲ τὴν ἡγετοῦμα βαζω.* (Hesiod. Ep. 5. 788.)

— *Amatque convicia loqui.*

So also, "*Ὅτι ἐν τοῖς τοῖσιν φαί.*" The attachment to a specified action, suggested by the two verbs in the different languages, is made to denote its frequency even among inanimate objects. Tacitus also suppresses the governing preposition, after the manner of the Greeks. Thus, as they said, "*Ρωμαῖος πατεῖδα,*" for "*Ρωμαῖος κατὰ τὴν πατεῖδα;*" so he frequently adopts such poetical expressions as, "*Clari genus,* (Ann. lib. 6. cap. 9.) "*Animum vertumque conversi.*" (Hist. lib. 1. cap. 85.)

From the view now taken of the style of Tacitus, it should seem, that it will not bear a comparison with that of the writers during the reign of Augustus. The age of high classical purity was, in his days, past; and of course the grammatical standard established by practice had altered. As the first wish of our author must have been to please his contemporaries, so he would naturally adopt those modes of expression that were most agreeable to them; and we cannot suppose him able, though he had been disposed, to resist that progress towards corruption which had already commenced. The impurities of his style, at the same time, can never cancel the dignity of his sentiment. In the one, we see the Roman language, in some degree, corrupted; but in the other, we see human reason proportionably improved.

The character of Tacitus, as an historian, though upon the whole, deservedly high, yet cannot in every respect escape our censure. He possessed powers perfectly adequate to the task of speculating upon the affairs of men as becomes a philosopher. His sensibility caught those delicate shades in the human character, of which ordinary observers lose sight amidst its great outlines. His fancy suggested the precise emotions most likely to arise in a trying situation; led him to adopt that language by

which such emotions seek vent; and to seize the circumstances, in every object described, which strike the observer first, and bring the rest along with them. His judgment, discriminating the genuine from the spurious, however artfully embellished; and in the action even of complicated causes, could assign the exact influence of each in the production of their common effects. But the ardour of his feeling, and the quickness of his fancy, sometimes betrayed him into errors. Strong as his judgment was, it did not always watch and controul their excesses. The elegance of his style and sentiments, accordingly, degenerates, at times, into affectation, and their animation into extravagance. From the general vigour of his powers, he has thrown beauties into many passages which few writers in any age have rivalled, and which none have surpassed; but from an undue balance, occasionally existing among these powers, certain passages are overwrought, and deformed by those attentions that were meant to improve them.

Shakspeare and Tacitus are, perhaps, the two writers who leave upon the minds of their readers the strongest impression of the force of their genius. Splendid beauties in each are but eclipsed by faults which would have cancelled the merit of ordinary performers. We should, indeed, have no standard for measuring their excellence, did not the poet sometimes shock us with his extravagancies, and the historian with his conceits.

The opinions of the best modern critics, confirm the favourable judgment given upon the writings of Tacitus. They were rated beneath their value by those who pretended to judge of them in the last century. Mere philologists might, indeed, detect impurities in our author's style, and falsely ascribe that obscurity to a fault in his diction, which, in fact, had its seat in the depth of his thought. Being void, however, of that science which alone makes literature respectable, no words could unfold to them those beauties upon which he meant that his reputation should rest. Monsieur D'Alembert,* and other French critics, whose merits intitled them to direct literary opinions, saw the value of his works, and removed, in some degree, the prejudices that had subsisted

* *Mélanges de Littérature*, tom 3. *Morceaux de Tacite*.

against them. The elegant Mr. Gibbon tells us, "That if we can prefer personal merit to accidental greatness, we shall esteem the birth of the emperor Tacitus more truly noble than that of kings: That he claimed his descent from the philosophic historian, whose writings will instruct the last generations of mankind." (Hist. vol. 1. p. 325.) That the emperor did not feel himself dishonoured by the connexion, appears from his giving orders that ten copies of Tacitus should be annually transcribed, and placed in the public libraries. From the works of his immortal ancestor, he expected that his subjects would learn the history, not of the Roman constitution alone, but of human nature itself. By rescuing even a part of these from destruction, he acquired a right to the gratitude of posterity; because he thereby preserved a mine, in which, the longer and deeper we dig, we shall find the richer ore.

However feeble this attempt to trace the principles of historical composition may have been, it may, perhaps, show that Tacitus, and all successful historians, have pleased, not by accident, but by rigidly adhering to a standard which they must have previously discerned. In spite of those diversities in point of manner, and gradations in point of merit, which necessarily take place among a number of writers, the leading characters of this standard must be the same to them all. A new proof may be thus had, that there is as certainly, in the nature of things, an immutable difference between beauty and deformity, as between truth and falsehood; that the principle of taste is more consistent in its decisions than is generally supposed; and that in all the fine arts, this principle is gratified when we observe, and offended when we neglect, certain laws which are the basis of just execution, and of sound criticism in each.

ART. IV.—*Bruce on the Divine Being. Continued from page 146, Vol. IX.*

WHILE in our judgment Dr. Bruce has not given us a perfect demonstration of the being of the only, living, and true, God, yet we must do him the justice of allowing, that he has come as near one, as any writer with whom we are acquainted.

A metaphysical, a philosophical demonstration of a truth, consists in making that truth result from certain axioms and incontestible definitions, by a process of reasoning in which each proposition is either self-evident or a necessary induction from such self-evident propositions, definitions, or previously established inductions. The self-evident truths upon which a demonstration rests, neither require nor admit of demonstration. Were it, therefore, self-evident that God exists, there would be no propriety in attempting to demonstrate this truth; and the contrary proposition, God exists not, we should intuitively judge to be false. But this is not the case; and it therefore becomes all the advocates of either natural religion or Theism, to set about completing a perfect demonstration of the fundamental principle of their system, *that there is a God.*

Dr. Bruce, we have already shown, has failed in only one part of his demonstration; but other writers on this subject generally tell us, that the being of God can be demonstrated, and then, instead of doing what they affirm can be done, proceed to give what they call a *moral demonstration*. This, they tell us, is better adapted to the minds of common people. This term *moral*, however, is thrown in before *demonstration*, to give it some undefined qualification, that the writer may be excused for not giving any *demonstration* at all.

Thus the famous Archbishop Fenelon, in his *demonstration of the existence and attributes of God*, says, "Men accustomed to meditate upon metaphysical truths, and to trace up things to their first principles, may know the Deity from its idea: and I own that is a sure way to arrive at the source of all truth. But the more direct and short that way is, the more difficult and unpassable it is for the generality of mankind; who depend on their senses and imagination. An *ideal* demonstration is so simple, that through its very simplicity it escapes those minds that are incapable of operations purely intellectual. In short, the more perfect is the way to find the *First Being*, the fewer men there are that are capable of following it. But there is a less perfect way level to the meanest capacity. Men, the least exercised in reasoning, and the most tenacious of the prejudices of the senses, may yet with one look discover him who has drawn himself in all

his works. The wisdom and power he has stamped upon every thing he has made, are seen as it were, in a glass, by those that cannot contemplate him in his own idea. This is a sensible and popular philosophy, of which any man, free from passion and prejudice, is capable."

This beautiful writer then proceeds, in a very enchanting manner, to exhibit evidence of design, wisdom, power, and goodness in a great number of objects which surround us, whence he infers that they must have been produced by a wise, intelligent, powerful and good Being, whom we call God. All his inferences depend upon this general principle, *that there is no effect without an adequate cause*. Hence every design must have had a designer; every contrivance a contriver; and every creature a Creator. This conclusion is but another form of stating the general principle; for *design, contrivance* and a *creature* are *effects*; and the cause producing each has an appropriate name. This fundamental proposition is admitted and acted upon equally by the savage and the sage. The untutored Indian saw the print of a man's foot on the sand by the sea-shore, and he knew that some man had been there before him. He came to his inference as quickly and as inevitably as Sir Isaac Newton would have done.

Had the Archbishop proved, that all the objects, of whose structure and use he treats, are *effects* or *creatures*, and that all things which subsist are effects, except ONE, he would then have demonstrated the being of the one, only, living and true God. But he has not proved, that any *substance* is a creature, or that it began to be: he has not demonstrated the existence of all minds, but ONE, to have commenced in time; and therefore, he has not given, what the title of his treatise led us to expect from so great a man, a *demonstration* of the being of God.

No one, however, can read his treatise, without having the fullest conviction that there is one almighty and infinitely wise and good Being, who has framed the whole universe; so that if demonstration cannot be had on this subject, it may be dispensed with. Assuming, what revelation assures man is a fact, that the universe began to be, he shows that the cause of its existence must be intelligent. "Who will believe," he demands, "that so perfect a poem as Homer's Iliad, was not the product of the

genius of a great poet; and that the letters of the alphabet being confusedly jumbled and mixed, were by chance, as it were by the cast of a pair of dice, brought together in such an order as is necessary to describe, in verses full of harmony and variety, so many great events; to place and connect them so well together; to paint every object with all its most graceful, most noble, and most affecting attendants; in short, to make every person speak according to his character, in so natural and so forcible a manner? How then can a man of sense be induced to believe with respect to the universe, a work beyond contradiction, more wonderful than the *Iliad*, what his reason will never suffer him to believe in relation to that poem?" He presents another comparison. "If we heard in a room from behind a curtain a soft and harmonious instrument, should we believe that chance, without the help of any human hand, could have formed such an instrument?" Could any one judge, that the music was made without design, or existed without an adequate cause? Again, he supposes one should find in a desert island, a fine statue of marble. Would he not instantly judge that some men must have formerly been there? The same argument he corroborates from the consideration of a picture of the Israelites passing the Red Sea. It is possible, he admits, that the foam at the mouth of a horse in such a picture might have been formed by the stroke of a pencil, thrown in a pet by a painter, as the story goes; "but at least, the painter must beforehand have, with design, chosen the most proper colours to represent that foam." The pencil too, must have touched the canvass, and deposited on a particular spot a portion of the colouring with which it was charged, or the representation of foam had not been produced.

Fenelon gives us also, the case of a watch, which, by supposition, is to have an internal machinery for producing watches like itself. Upon this watch, Archdeacon Paley supposes one to stumble, and so commences his celebrated work on "*Natural Theology*." Dr. Paley has proved just the same things that Fenelon has done; and they pursue nearly the same course; with this difference, that the former had more correct knowledge of anatomy and of mental and natural philosophy than the latter. Fenelon believed in animal spirits flowing in the nerves; in

images, of things remembered, registered on the brain; in the pictures of our thoughts formed in the mind, so that we perceive the *ideas* of objects, and not those objects themselves; together with a few other, similar fooleries, which constituted the foundations of mental science, until Dr. Reid banished them from moral philosophy. Paley's *Natural Theology* contains juster views of the animal and mental economy of man than the treatise of the eminent French bishop; but not more evidences of design in the general structure of the universe; in the peculiar frame of the earth, with its plants and animals; in the mechanism of the human body; and in the wonderful soul; nor stronger proof that all must have been produced by the great First Cause. Both are calculated to expand our views of the wisdom of God in the formation and government of the universe; and to deepen our full conviction, that there is an all-wise, omnipresent God, who minds the affairs of men. Should any one inquire, however, whether either of these writers has *demonstrated* the existence of the only, living and true God; we must frankly confess, that neither of them has done it. They have not made out so much of a demonstration, on this point, as Dr. Bruce has done.

As a dernier resort then, let us have recourse to Dr. Samuel Clark for "a demonstration of the being and attributes of God." This he professes to give; and for more than a century his work, bearing the above title, has been recommended to literary persons, who have demanded a strict demonstration of the fundamental proposition of natural theology. He is certainly a learned writer of a very metaphysical cast; and if we can find in his volume what is loudly required by many acute thinkers, our labour will not be lost.

He presents us with the following propositions:

1st. *That Something has existed from all eternity.* This he demonstrates thus: "Since something now is; 'tis manifest that something always was; otherwise the things that now are, must have risen out of nothing, absolutely and without cause: which is a flat contradiction in terms. For to say a thing is produced, and yet that there is no cause at all of that production, is to say that *something* is effected, when it is effected by *nothing*; that is, at the same time when it is *not effected at all*. Whatever exists has

a cause of its existence, either in the necessity of its own nature; and then it must have been of itself eternal: or in the will of some other being; and then that other being must, at least in the order of nature and casualty, have existed before it." With diffidence we ask, is this a strict demonstration, even that something always existed? Dr. Clark assumes without proving it, that there are created substances in existence; that something has been produced, caused, or effected; "Something now is," indeed, but why should it be granted, that this very something has not always existed? Why should it have been *caused* at all? Certainly the great First Cause was never caused to exist, unless there could have been a cause prior to the first. By a *cause* of existence in the nature of the self-existent being, Dr. Clark must have intended something different from any thing which produces effects, or is the origin of causation. He must have intended to say, that there is something in the divine nature which is the true *reason* of the existence of this something which has always existed. Still, it is strictly demonstrable, that *something has existed from all eternity*. Dr. Bruce, as we have shown, has demonstrated it.

2d. *There has existed from eternity some one unchangeable and independent Being*. Now for his proof. "For since something must needs have been from eternity,—either there has always existed some one unchangeable and *independent* Being, from which all other beings that are or ever were in the universe, have received their original; or else there has been an infinite succession of changeable and dependent beings, produced one from another in an endless progression, without any original cause at all." This latter supposition he shows to be absurd, and concluding that there are but these two alternatives, he infers that the first one, which is his second proposition must be true. We might say, however, "you have not proved, learned sir, that there is any *succession* of beings in the universe; you have not demonstrated that any thing ever began to exist: for aught you know every substance which now exists always existed, however many may be the changes in its form and other circumstances. Some one thing always existed, and other things either always existed with it, or else they began to exist; or some several things co-

existed, and all which did not co-exist from eternity, subsequently began to exist. Besides, how do you prove, that some one thing in its own nature given to interminable changes has not always existed, instead of being essentially unchangeable? We call for demonstration, from those who profess to furnish it on this momentous topic." Such an objection as this would have rendered Dr. Clark's refutation of the doctrine of an endless succession of dependent and yet originally uncaused beings useless, so far as it was designed to support the other hypothesis, which he has stated as the only other one possible in this argument. His second proposition, therefore, we are constrained to think, has not been demonstrated by him to be true; and until the existence of something, which has ever existed without being itself caused to exist by any thing, is established, the ten subsequent propositions of Dr. Clark must remain without any foundation on which they can be supported.

We will, finally, propose the best demonstration which we have been able to invent. We must begin with laying down our axioms and definitions.

Axiom 1. Every conscious being has a real existence. This is a constitutional judgment with the writer; and with all other men, with whom he has ever reasoned; he must believe therefore that it is true; for,

Axiom 2. Men cannot discredit testimony when they judge the testifier to be competent and credible. This is a law of our mental nature of which every reflecting person must be conscious.

Axiom 3. All mental operations of which we are conscious, have a real existence. This is a constitutional judgment with every man.

Axiom 4. The objects of our perceptions have an actual existence. Thus all men constitutionally judge: and those philosophers, who in theory denied this proposition, never could free themselves from confidence in their senses.

Axiom 5. External objects are really such as they are judged from perception to be, by men whose bodily organs and mental faculties are in a sound state. This is another constitutional judgment, which all men form, without spending any time in reasoning upon it.

Axiom 6. *A thing cannot exist and not exist at the same time.* This is an intuitive judgment.

Axiom 7. *When two converse propositions are stated, one must be true, and the other false.* This is an intuitive judgment, which every one must form, so soon as he conceives of the meaning of the terms used.

Definition 1. *An effect is any thing which begins to exist.*

Definition 2. *A cause is any thing which originates an effect.*

Axiom 8. *Every effect must have had some adequate cause.* This upon intuition will be judged a self-evident truth.

Definition 3. *Any thing which begins to exist, is any thing which has a beginning.*

Axiom 9. *All effects had a beginning.* This is an intuitive judgment, according to definitions 1 and 3.

Axiom 10. *A cause must exist before it can originate any effect.* This is an intuitive judgment, according to definition 2, and axioms 6 and 8; for a thing which does not exist, cannot be the adequate cause of any thing.

Definition 4. *Every change is a thing which begins to exist; consequently,*

Axiom 11. *Every change is an effect; according to definition 1. It follows, as an*

Axiom 12. *That all changes had a beginning.*

Definition 5. *Every motion is a change.*

Definition 6. *A dependent being is one originated by another.*

Definition 7. *An independent being is one not originated by another.*

Definition 8. *Any thing in which inherent attributes subsist is a substance.*

Definition 9. *Any substance which thinks or feels, wills or exerts itself, is a mind.*

Definition 10. *Any substance which in the judgment of mankind, does not think, nor feel, nor will, nor exert itself, but is solid and extended, is matter.*

Definition 11. *Any substance which begins to exist is such an effect as is denominated a creature.*

Definition 12. *Any cause which originates a creature is a Creator.*

Axiom 13. *Similar causes will in similar circumstances produce similar effects.*

Axiom 14. *Similar effects must have been originated by similar causes.*

Axiom 15. *Any thing which now exists, must have begun to exist, or must have existed always.*

Axiom 16. *Any thing which always existed, is without beginning.*

Definition 13. *Any substance which exists without having begun to exist is God.*

Definition 14. *Any creator is God.*

Definition 15. *An unchangeable being is one which must of necessity never have changed.*

Axiom 17. *The whole of any thing includes all its several parts.* Self-evident.

With these first principles, which no intelligent person can seriously and reasonably deny, we shall proceed to demonstrate what truths we can.

Proposition I. There is a God.

The earth with its inhabitants and atmosphere, the sun, moon, and stars, with all perceptible things, actually exist, (according to Ax. 4.)

These things always existed, or they did not always exist. Here are two converse propositions, of which one must be true and the other false. (Ax. 7.) If the first is true, then we have arrived at the conclusion *that they always existed, without beginning, and are God.* If the second is true, that they did not always exist, then, *they began to exist,* (Ax. 15.) for otherwise they could not now exist. This is intuitively certain. And if they began to exist, then, (according to Def. 1.) they are *effects*, which must have had an adequate cause. (Ax. 8.) If they are effects, they had a beginning; (Ax. 9.) and the cause which originated them, existed before them. (Ax. 10.) The substances of these effects are creatures, (Def. 11.) and the cause of them a Creator. (Def. 12.) If, then, the earth with its inhabitants and atmosphere, the sun, moon and stars, with all perceptible things, which now exist, always existed, they are without beginning; and are God; (Ax. 16, and Def. 13.) and if they did not always exist, they had

a Creator. Of course, it is established, that either the earth and its inhabitants, with the atmosphere, sun, moon, stars, and all perceptible objects, are God, or else, that they had a Creator, adequate to the production of them. There is then, either *a God*, or *a Creator*; and since any creator is God, (Def. 14.) it follows, that whether all perceptible objects have always existed or not, *there is a God*. This was the proposition to be demonstrated. It has not, however, been decided, by demonstration, whether all perceptible objects are this God, or, whether some cause which existed before them is entitled to this distinction.

Proposition II. An Unchangeable Being, the cause of all changes, must have existed before the beginning of changes.

Among a multitude of perceptible objects around us, we perceive perpetual changes; and these changes are such as we perceive them to be. (Ax. 4.) These changes are all of them effects; (Ax. 11.) and had a beginning. (Ax. 12.) They must have had an adequate cause, (Ax. 8.) which cause must have existed before the beginning of the existence of these changes. (Ax. 10.) Some cause, therefore, of all the changes which are perceived, existed before the beginning of all changes. Now, it is self-evident, that if this cause existed before all perceptible changes, it existed before each one of them; for *all*, the whole, includes all the several parts of that whole. (Ax. 17.) Of all these changes, some one or more, must have been the first; for if several changes begin to be, at different times, some one or more, if more than one begin to exist at the same time, must be first. This is an induction, the converse of which all men must intuitively judge to be false. Since then, a cause existed before each and every change of all changes, and the first change or changes must be a part of the whole, a cause of all changes must have existed before the beginning of the first change or changes. This is an undeniable induction from our premises. Again, this cause, existing before all changes, must of necessity never have changed; for otherwise, it could not have been a cause existing before the first change; and a thing cannot exist and not exist, at the same time, before the first changes. (Ax. 6.) Moreover, any thing, which must of necessity, never have changed, is an unchangeable being. (Def. 15.) Consequently, an Unchangeable Being, the

cause of all changes, must have existed before the beginning of changes. This was the second proposition to be demonstrated.

Proposition III. Matter is not this unchangeable being, the cause of all changes, that existed before the beginning of changes.

We perceive something solid and extended, which in the judgment of mankind does not think, nor feel, nor will, nor exert itself. This something actually exists, and is really such an object as it is judged to be. (Ax. 4, 5.) This something is called matter. (Def. 10.)

Now in this matter we judge, from perception, to be subject to a great variety of changes; and these changes in it actually take place. (Ax. 5.) Matter, therefore, is a changeable being; for none will deny the definition, that a being in which changes take place is a changeable being. But the cause of all changes, which existed before the beginning of changes, has been demonstrated to be an unchangeable being. (Prop. II.) Matter, therefore, cannot be this cause of all changes, because this cause is an unchangeable, and matter a changeable being; unless the attribute of changeability could exist and not exist, at the same time, in the same being; which would be contrary to Axiom 6. Matter, it is then demonstrated, is not this unchangeable Being, the cause of all changes, that existed before the beginning of changes; which was the third proposition to be demonstrated.

Proposition IV. This unchangeable Being is eternal.

By *eternal* we mean any thing that is, in its being, without beginning or end. Now had the cause of all changes begun to exist, this beginning to exist would have been a chance, before the first change, contrary to Axiom 6; and he must have been changeable, contrary to Proposition II. And in like manner, should an end to his being come, this would be a change, and he would be a changeable being, contrary to Ax. 6, and Prop. II. Since then this cause of all changes, existing before them, never began to exist, and can never have an end, he is according to the definition of the term, *eternal*.

Proposition V. The Sun, Moon, Stars, &c. are not the unchangeable cause of the beginning of changes.

Any being which is subject to changes is a changeable being. This is our definition. The sun, moon, stars, atmosphere, earth and its inhabitants, with all perceptible objects, are judged, from perception, to be subject to changes; and must be concluded, therefore, to be changeable beings. (Ax. 5.) Now the cause of all changes has been proved to be unchangeable. (Prop. II.) And since the same thing cannot exist, and not exist at the same time, (Ax. 6.) the changeable objects of perception, the sun, moon, &c. are not the unchangeable cause of the beginning of changes.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. V.—*The Hunting of Badlewe, a Dramatic Tale.* 8vo. pp. 131. Edinburgh.

THIS is indeed a most extraordinary production, in which the faults and the beauties are almost equally indications of no common-rate talents. The author has marked out a path for himself with all the boldness at least, if not with all the originality, of Shakspeare. Those infringements of dramatic rules, or, in other words, those transgressions of probability and good taste, into which that master of the art was betrayed by ignorance, allured by indolence, or hurried by the fervours of an impetuous imagination, the author seems to have adopted from choice; and whilst he flounders, in company with his great master, through all the fragments of broken unities, he certainly comes nearer to him in his most daring and unequalled flights than perhaps *any* modern poet. In order, therefore, to convey some idea of his excellencies, we shall give a short outline of the story, with such extracts as, in our judgment, tend to establish the truth of our opinion.

The scene opens with a conversation between Glen-Garnet and Kilmorack, who, as we learn from their own mouths, are part of a royal party of pleasure enjoying the amusement of stag-hunting in disguised dresses, and under feigned titles.

‘*Gar.* This is a dull retreat!—What seek we here
Amid this waste where desolation scowls,
And the red torrent, brawling down the linn,
Sings everlasting discord? where the mists,
Drizzly and dank, hang lingering on the bosom
Of the bleak wilderness; and winter’s flag,
White as the speck upon the North’s cold cheek,
Scutcheons the hill for ever?—Are our minds
Estranged from reason’s guidance, thus to tilt
Against each principle and bold appeal
She makes to manhood?” P. 1.

In the course of this dialogue, Badenoch, another of the disguised nobles, joins the party, and gives the following spirited account of his success in the chase:

'Bad. At first his horns I saw,
Between me and the welkin, cut the wind;
So swift, they whistled in't, and play'd and toss'd
As light as the tall branchy fern when wav'd
By summer gale.—My heart with ardour heav'd!
Anon he came, and belted the green hill
Swifter than ever raven scoop'd the air!
Proud of his matchless speed, he snuff'd the wind,
And bore his brow so high, as he disdain'd
The earth and heaven. I aim'd afar before him;
Just in the shadow of his bawain'd ear
The arrow struck—headlong he fell, then, rising,
Bolted aloft in air, as he would scale
The windows of the firmament. The bounds
He made adown the steep were aimless quite;
'Twas the last burst of life—the last exertion.
He founder'd oft, till in the mead below
Groveling he lay.—His slender limbs, convuls'd,
Pawed the green sward, still struggling to proceed,
But his fair head, disgrac'd and crimson-dyed,
Refus'd to leave its flowery pillow more.' Pp. 4, 5.

The scaling of the windows of heaven is perhaps too lofty a simile for the *vaulting* of a wounded stag. From this conversation it appears that Badenoch, a licentious profligate, has a plot upon the virtue of Matilda, Lord Crawford's fair but proud and suspected wife, who is

'Elegant, comely, and tall,
As is the poplar's stem; and her dark locks,
Half curling o'er her eagle eye, appear
Like ebon wreaths on polish'd ivory.' P. 7.

with whom the milder graces of Annabel, the daughter of Sir John Drummond, are finely contrasted by Kilmorack,

—'The chaste snow
That falls o'er night, when neither smoke nor steam,
No, not the smallest atom is afloat
To grime its breast, is not more pure than she.' P. 8.

Badenoch, who is well named, after boasting of his seventeen mistresses, is found to be the seducer of Elenor, the daughter of the Earl of March, and who is now attending him in the dress and the character of a page. Annabel is pleased with the courtly manners and addresses of the knights, but particularly with Kilmorack. Sir Ronald, one of the party, in order to warn the unsuspecting Annabel of her lover's base designs, narrates the following beautiful incident:

'Once on a lovely day,—it was in spring,
I rested on the height of that dread cliff
That overlooks old Stirling. All was gay;

The birds sang sweet; the trees put forth their leaves,
 So pale, that in the sun they look'd like blossoms:
 The wild thyme and the violet deck'd the sward
 On which I lay, scenting the air with sweets.
 Some children wandered careless on the hill,
 Selecting early flowers. My heart rejoic'd,
 For all was glad around me. One sweet maid
 Came tripping near, eyeing, with gladsome smile,
 Each little flower that bloom'd upon the hill;
 Nimbly she pick'd them, minding me of swan
 That feeds upon the waste. I blest the girl!
 She was not maid nor child, but of that age
 'Twixt both, when purity of frame and soul
 Awaken dreams of beauty born in heaven.
 Deep in a little den, within the cliff,
 A floweret caught her eye—it was a primrose
 Fair flaunting in the sun. With eager haste,
 Heedless of risk, she clamber'd down the steep,
 Pluck'd the wish'd flower—and sigh'd: for when she saw
 The depth she had descended, then she woke
 To sense of danger. All her flowers she dropt,
 And tried to gain the height, but tried in vain!
 I hasted to her rescue; but, alas!
 I came too late!

Anna. O God! and did she fall?

Ron. Yes, lady; far, far, down on rocks below
 Her lovely slender form was found at rest!
 I saw her, niddle air, fall like a seraph
 From out the firmament. The rooks and daws,
 That fled their roost in thousands at the sight,
 Curtain'd her exit from my palsied eye
 And dizzy brain. O! never will that scene
 Part from my heart; whene'er I would be sad,
 I think of it. Pp. 20—22.

Soon after this conversation, we find Lord March, in search of his runaway daughter Elenor, falling in with an honest-hearted shepherd, who makes him acquainted with her unhappy story, and affords him shelter under his humble roof. With this shepherd Lord March holds the following interesting conversation:

'Shep. If you had a loved wife, to you more dear
 Than is your own existence, would you list
 To see her very virtues, by the power
 Of studied, deep deceit, turned to her bane,
 And point to paths of ill? To see her love
 Estranged from you, and her unweeting heart
 Lured into slumbers of depravity?
 Or say you had a daughter, knight, the child
 Of your breathed vows; one bred beside your knee,
 Who wout to sit thereon, and clasp your arm
 In her young bosom, climb your chair, and throw
 Her little arms around your neck, and kiss you!
 Nay, say that daughter were your only hope,
 The sole remaining comfort of your age,—
 You tremble! had you ever a daughter, sir?

'*Mar.* Yes, yes, O yes!—I had a daughter.

'*Shep.* Then you can judge.—But did you love that daughter?

'*Mar.* Love her?—O yes; He who perceives the heart
Knows how I loved her.—(*Aside.*) O eternal Heaven,
What bears he on? my soul's in agony.

'*Shep.* Could you endure to see that innocent
Vilely betrayed, disgraced, and then thrown out
Derisive on a cold injurious world?

Could you bear this, sir?—For my part I cannot;
No, and I will not bear it. I will go,

And dare such things!—What, are you weeping too!
Then you are good, and God will bless you for it.

'*Mar.* Shepherd, I do much long to meet those men.

'*Shep.* Then so do I. Come, we'll go seek them straight.

'*Mar.* I fain would bask discovery.—If thou
Wilt lend me thy attire, then will we go
And meet them forthwith.' Pp. 45, 46.

The shepherd and earl, sallying out in search of Badenoch, March meets him in the pass,—they come to an explanation, fight, and, by the most infamous treachery, March is killed. The shepherd returns to his cottage and to Elenor—the now fatherless Elenor, betwixt whom and the old shepherd this conversation ensues:

'*Elen.* Do you not hear, nor see them coming, sir?

'*Old Shep.* They've not had time; they will be here anon.
Be comforted, dear lady.

'*Elen.* The weight that hangs upon my heart to-night
Is all unbrookable—would it were broke!

The dead have peace and rest! Have they not, shepherd?

'*Old Shep.* Yes, they have rest, peace to their souls, sweet lady.

'*Elen.* Their home is very still. Of all beyond

'Tis dangerous to conjecture. Mind is lost

On shoreless tides, or wanders darkling on

O'er vales immeasurable, till it shrinks

Back to the blaze of time, giddy and blind.

Yet they do sleep so sound, so peaceably,

So calm, so unmolested, side by side,

No one to wrong them, and no sin to lure,

That I have often thought they were most happy

Whom the Eternal Wisdom chose to call,

In early life, from this most wicked world.

O yes, the dead are happy: I'll believe't

With my whole heart. Yes, yes, the dead are happy!

The scene soon after changes to the hall of Crawford, where Matilda expects the returning guests. Lord Crawford is missing; and, according to Badenoch's own boasting account, slain by him. Matilda, though struck with respect for his prowess, avows her abhorrence of her husband's murderer.

'*Mat.* Thou hast wrought horror, and my soul recoils
From thee and from thy love; yet I admire

Thy wondrous might!—What! Crawford, March,
Both in one day! I did not ween there lived

That man could match the arm of my Lord Crawford.
 O, thou fell fiend! thou hast cut off a knight
 Whom, though I loved not, yet am bold to say,
 Scotland bears not his equal. Therefore list,—
 Hope not to thrive in my affection hence:
 Thou hast effaced thy image in my heart,
 And placed before mine eye a soul deformed,
 Bloated and stained with blood. All I concede
 Is to keep silence till the event is proved.' Pp. 64, 65.

In the mean time Kilmorack is forming a scheme with Coucy to carry off Annabel from her father's castle—a request is sent for a last personal interview—which, notwithstanding the foolish advice of an ambitious mother, is refused; but, some how or other, Annabal goes out to meet her father, and falls into her faithless lover's hands, who, after going through all the usual round of protestations, adjurations, and asseverations, without effect, has recourse to force, from which the lady is happily rescued by her guardian angel and protector, Sir Ronald.

In the mean time Sir John Drummond pays a visit of divination to the cave of Merlin, with the view of learning the fortunes of his house. This introduces a scene so truly original, that we cannot avoid putting our readers in possession of the most prominent parts of it.

‘SCENE IV.—The Cave of Merlin.

‘The Sage is discovered asleep, dressed in a frock of sackcloth, and a white cap on his head; a large book lying open before him, with great red characters, and a dim lamp burning beside it.

‘Enter Sir JOHN DRUMMOND.

‘*Drum.* Hail to the central habitant who dwells
 In this dread, hallowed, subterranean home,
 Sacred to that which human power transcends!—
 Hail to thee, mighty Merlin!—
 What!—Asleep!
 And ope before him that mysterious book
 Which human eye hath never looked upon!
 I'll have one peep, though it should freeze my blood.

(He goes to the book, looks at it, then starts, holds his head, and returns to the front of the stage,)

Ah! what is this? methought one single glance
 Of these red characters beamed on my soul
 With such refulgence, its whole powers were dazzled;
 Its latent principles were waked anew,
 Expanded like the halo of the moon
 When wading from the dark and folding cloud,
 And nigh had melted from my frame for ever!
 (*Pause*) Say that I took that wondrous book a while;
 I should be wise as he,—haply much wiser!
 'Tis a great prize!—I would not pilfer ought;
 But knowledge is a treasure that should charm
 All bars that circumscribe it into air.
 Say, that no other way remains but this,

Which ever can reveal to mortal man
The mysteries of that book—all argument
Lags impotent!—Haply a week, a day,
May well suffice to open stores of wisdom
Yet sealed from man.—And such another chance
Ne'er to recur again!—I'll take the book.

(As Drummond retires with the book, thunder and lightning, and shades, like spirits, are seen gliding at the further end of the cave; and a voice is heard in a slow lamentable tone.)

'Voice. Wo be to thee, man, that ever thou wast born!

(Pause. Then groans and low tones of music are heard.)

'Voice. (As before) Awake!—awake!—O Merlin, awake!
Thou son of a thousand years!

(Groans and tones of music are again heard.)

'Enter CRAWFORD.

'Cra. Heavens, what a dreadful coil! Hæll has been here!
I heard strange sounds; and lo! a horseman past,
In mad and furious guise, away. The sage
Is fast asleep.—Ho! Merlin, rouse thyself;
The habitants of hell and earth are mixed
In tournament. Arise, and make division!

'Mer. (Waking) Out on thee, knight! What seek'st thou here?
Begone.

I pity all thy follies, but to-night
I hold no talk with thy preposterous race.
I know thee; thou art slave unto a woman;—
That thing made up of all the adverse grains
Of jarring elements and steams of hell;—
And thou art come to prate of her to me!
I say, begone!

'Cra. Great prophet! I'm an injured man, and came
To thee for insight and for counsel.

'Mer. Injured!—by whom?

'Cra. By some mysterious strangers;
But chiefly by a woman, whom I love.

'Mer. Ay, by a woman;—Injured by a woman!
I knew it.—It is very well with thee!

The man who takes that scorpion to his bosom,
Deserves the worst she can inflict —Begone!

'Cra. I say I will not hence, till thou unfold
The book of fate, and tell me all my doom.

'Merlin. (Looking, misses the book) Where is my book?
Wretch! hast thou touched that book?

'Cra. I touched it not; but ere I entered here
I heard unearthly voices, and I saw

A knight, with book in's arms, pass on so swift,
That he outrode the whirlwind, and brought back
The passing gale in's face. Adown the glen
His furious courser dashed the pebbled path
So fierce, it seemed to rain red fire around him,
And spatter from the earth.—Your book is gone!

'Mer. Gone! said'st thou? Wo, then, to the hapless man;
And woe to all that touch it!—Wo,—wo,—wo!
Nature will soon be in a stayless uproar,
And all the elements in roaring war.

Oh! there are openings in that volume, knight,
That mortal may not look upon and live!

‘*Cra.* How, then, dost thou?

‘*Mer.* Think’st thou the soul that animates this frame
Is mortal; or came to this world with me?

Ah, no! when first these mysteries I learned,
That melted from its earthly tenement,
And left this mould a moving, gaping corpse.

‘*Cra.* O dreadful! dreadful!

‘*Mer.* Seven days I lay or stalked in ghastly guise,
Void of all sense, of feeling, or of mind;—

My moveless visage held its idiot gaze,
And my two eyes, like globes of burnished glass,
Flung no reflecting image inwardly;
They would not wink even in the noon-day sun.

‘*Cra.* How was this vacancy of mind supplied?

‘*Mer.* The spirit, that now directs this faded form,
Lived ere the sun or stars of heaven were lighted;
Ere the broad world was in the centre fixed
Of yon great frame that ever spins around it,
Wheeled by the polar angels. She has journeyed
O’er the unpaved and diamond floors of heaven;
Has climbed the steep brows of the summer moon,
To mark her influence on things below;
Skimmed o’er her glossy seas, dreamed in her shades,
Winged the blue void, and sung the hymns of God
On yon green glimmering star.

‘*Cra.* Sire, my heart quakes, and all my blood runs cold,
Hearing thy words.—That awful book!—

‘*Mer.* I’ll tell thee, knight,
Some pages in that book, if read by man
Unused to guard with spell, will wake the dead!
Yes, you shall see the new swollen corpses rise;
Unbowelled forms in bloated winding sheets,
And ribbed skeletons, shall join the array,
With nerveless joints all clattering to the night!
Even the dark aisle and churchyard ground shall stir,
Heaving, like earthquake, with the struggling throes
Of crumbling bones and congregated dust!

(Moans, and tones of music, are heard.)

O God! the book is opened!—(Pause)

One other page shall rend the firmament.

(Loud thunder with lightning.)

The tumult spreads again!—What shall be done?
Where are my lingering spirits?—One leaf more,
And he that looks shall fall a senseless mass;
And yet that mass have motion!

(Loud groans, and tones of music, are heard.)

’Tis done! he’ll look no more!—O hapless man!—
Good knight, if thou hast pity in thy heart,
Or sett’st at aught the miseries of men,
Conduct me through this awful night, that I
That relic may regain.

Cra. With thee I fear not;
For thou can’st quell the boisterous elements:
But such a night by man was never braved!

[*Exeunt.*

‘SCENE V.—A dark Glen.

Enter CRAWFORD, leading MERLIN.

‘*Mer.* Where are we now?

‘*Cra.* We are past the linn of Tallo, and descend
Into the vale. Some habitation’s nigh.

‘*Mer.* See’st thou, (for my old eyes are dim,) where yon
Dark cloud impends, and all these thunder’s jar?

‘*Cra.* ’Tis not far hence.

‘*Mer.* There let us bend our course:

My book is there.—The sprites have done their work,
Spite of the fiends and enemies of man.

I’ll tell thee, ~~light~~,—The great eternal Power
That holds the balance of the universe,
Is this dire night incensed; and sprites, that lie
Chained in the burning stars, have dashed abroad,
And with their bolts, blue-burning from the forge,
Whiz, boom, and rattle through the foldy night.’ P. 76.

In continuation we find them at a shepherd’s cottage:

‘*Wom.* Confusion is abroad! The world’s last day,
The awful day that terminates our race,
Draws on apace!—Now is the change begun!
Had not the Eternal strengthened my weak heart,
That heart had sunk beneath th’ united horrors
Of this dire night!—There lies my good old man:
This moment well, the next a ghastly corse!
And none but I, no living creature near me,
To close his eyes, or lay his lifeless form.
Here have we lived these many fleeting years;
We knew we had to part—we talked of it—
It came familiar, and we were resigned,
And loved each other better.—But the time,
And horror of the scene, what heart could brook!
The wandering rack of the night-heaven wheeled back
To one great vortex o’er my lonely cot;
The thunders poured their moddering voices forth,
Till the earth tottered, and the liquid flame
Hissed fluttering o’er the floor!—All this I stood.
Yet, desperately resolute as I was,
Methinks my head grew crazed, and my mind wandered;
For I remember, and the thought distracts,—
’Tis like a cold spear trembling in my breast,—
Methinks I saw the corpse rise from the bed,
And shake its head, and point with sightless gaze.

(Looking at the bed with horror.)

It cannot be! my senses are benumbed!

But O, that book! that awful book!—It was

No mortal man who left it in such horror.

(Her eye turns to the bed; she starts, stands fixed in terror for
some time, then slowly lifts her eyes to heaven.)

O everlasting Father, what is this?

Is nature all reversed? And shall the dead

Thus rise, and motion for their soul’s return?—

I will be calm—what’s life or death to me?

’Tis nature’s last convulsion!

(She kneels. Thunder and lightning. She appears for some time in silent devotion, with her hands and eyes turned towards heaven.—A loud knock at the door.)

If you are beings of this world, approach,—

Uplift the latch, and enter:—All is one!

Or be you summoning angels, you are welcome;

Come in! come in!—All's one! All's one!

Enter MERLIN, followed by CRAWFORD.

No, no!—No human being walks to-night!

Whence art thou, grizly form?—Deliver straight

Thy dread commission; I am ready.

'Mer. My name is Merlin—this a friendly knight:

Be not alarmed.

'Wom. Art thou the old mysterious sage, who dwell'st

Deep caverned in the wild, and walk'st the night,

To read the heavens, hold converse with the stars,

And to the dumb and bodiless creation

Give earthly voice and semblancy of frame?

I fear thee not!—All is confusion here.

'Mer. Woman, thy speech is born of agony;

What so distracts thee?

'Wom. There my husband lies,

Struck lifeless in a moment!—That's not all—

Once and again that pallid form arose,

Shook its grey locks, and wagged its head at me.

'Mer. O hapless, hapless man!—Saw you a book?

'Wom. Yes, sure I did!—know'st thou aught of that book?

(As she mentions the book, they all start, and look at the bed with horror.)

'Mer. See this and tremble, knight.—In that same state

Was I for days and night.—Woman, bring me the book;—

All shall be well.

(As she brings the book, a dressed corpse is seen to stalk across the further end of the stage; it goes off a few seconds, then returns to the bed. They seem terrified, and cling to Merlin.)

'Cra. Great Sire, can that form live again?

'Mer. Ah, no!—not till the awful day of retribution.

The human soul is from that body fled,

Mixed with the pure celestial flame that burns

In other worlds, fed by the vital sparks

Which human beings nurse;—from that beatitude

'Tis now inseparable. Should other spirit,

Commissioned, come to animate his frame,

Unhappy he! I would not undergo

That I have done, for empire of the earth.

I've been estranged from this world where I dwell,

Holding communion with another where

I was not habitant, and with its dwellers,

Of whom I was not one.

'Wom. Hast thou no charm, no power to lay the dead,

And make cold dust lie still?

• 'Mer. Yes: would to heaven I could as easily

Lay this old form to rest as I can his!

(He takes a cross from under his frock, goes to the bed, and is heard repeating these words:)

Cœli fulgentes domus nondum reclusæ sunt:
 quiesce,—dormi,—donec te Redemptor e tenebris experget.
 Peace to his soul!—Now he's at peace for ever.
 Good woman, say, how camest thou by that book?
 'Wom. Just as the darkness fell, there came one in,
 A knight; he seemed with shuddering horror pale;
 No word he spake, but left the book and fled.
 The storm was on.—My husband oped the book,
 For he could read;—And aye the thunder roared—
 And aye he read and read. His looks were changed,
 And seemed unearthly;—nigher, nigher still
 The storm approached; but he regarded not,
 But read and read; till, with a cry that spoke
 Unspeakable amaze, backward he fell,
 And grasping with his hands, as if to hold
 Something that would not stay, that instant died.' P. 83.

Merlin, after revealing the high destiny of Sir John's house, undergoes a final change, and evanishes. Sir John Drummond thus relates his extraordinary adventure to his wife:

'Drum. I saw, and felt malignant spirits' power:
 A light old book grew heavier than a rock;
 Low voices moaned within it; beings ran
 Vengeful around me. My good steed they scared
 A thousand times; drove him o'er steep, o'er crag,
 In lake, in fen. They tittered in my ears;
 And scattered burning sulphur in my path.
 I yielded up the prize;—a prize by which
 I might have moved the world; but not before
 All the wild spirits round the mundane sphere,
 That swim the cloud, or pace the liquid air,
 Were in commotion. That rash deed of mine
 Hath given them power over my Aunabel.
 Now all my hope in this vain world is lost;
 And I'll go mourning to the grave for her.' P. 94.

In the mean time Sir Ronald arrives with Sir John's daughter, whom he had rescued, and whom, after due deliberation, and some preparatory conversation with her father, he marries, immediately before setting off to the court at Linlithgow, from whence he promises to return in due time for his bride. The plot now begins to thicken—Crawford, habited as an old friar, arrives at his own domains, where he meets with the seducer of his wife, Badenoch; upon which some conversation ensues. Whilst Crawford continues here on the watch, he is accosted by the shepherd in search of Elenor, who had run mad.

'Shep. 'Tis well remembered.—I am come in search
 Of a poor damsel, whom mishap hath reft
 Of her true mind.—She had been raving much
 Of this same castle;—of its dame;—and one
 Who robbed her of her all.—Escaped o'er night,
 Her steps I this way traced, and she was seen
 Enter this glen. Have you observed her, sire?
 'Friar. I saw a beauteous country maiden stand
 Upon the margin of yon rippling stream,

In strange fantastic mood, most pitiable.
 Her fading cheek was on her shoulder leaned;
 Her lips just parted, and her full blue eyes
 Pointed inquisitive into the air,
 Where nought was to be seen: Yet she there saw
 Something by wild imagination framed;
 For still more fixed and curious grew her look.
 Till, by degrees, her hand stole from her breast,
 Where it was placed, as with intent to hold
 The trembling heart within its citadel,
 Moved imperceptibly into the air,
 Till it was pointed at the very aim
 On which her eye was bent.—Then all at once
 She pulled a flower, and steeped it in the brook,
 Washing her fair hands with such frantic haste
 As if the water of the stream were boiling.
 She's not far hence; we'll seek her conjunctly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another part of the Glen.

Enters ELENOR in a fantastic russet dress, carrying some flowers;
 she looks ruefully upward, and motions as with intent of extinguishing a light.

Elen Will none take pity on me, and put out
 That little lamp, or turn it to one side?
 Wilt thou not do it? Were't in other point
 Than just the zenith, I could bear with it;
 But there it burns, and burns, and burns,
 And my poor head burns with it!
 Who hung it there, or how it comes suspended
 So close above my head, I cannot learn;
 But it torments me. Oh, away it aside,
 One little inch! That is a small request,—
 Yet none will do it!—Yes, I know thou wilt;
 For thou art kind,—kind,—kind,—kind!—
 Now,—now,—now,—now,—now;—
 Uh!—uh!—uh!—There it is off.
 Now I am well;—quite well!—O, what a weight
 Is from my heart! 'Tis light,—light!
 (Laughs feebly and frantically; it dwindles to a kind of crying:
 comes forward, and sits down in a feeble convulsion
 of laughter.)

I cannot help laughing at the conceit of the poppy being a lord. It
 was so like! like!—(Laughs and selects a daisy.) It was in hard
 circumstances the little virgin-flower, for it had no one to defend or
 protect it!—It said, no; and the tear was in its eye.—What could it
 do more, when it said no, no, to the last? And it wept too. (Weeps)
 —Then it laid down its head and died! (Weeping and sobbing.)

Enter Shepherd and Friar.

Shep. Elen!—Why sitt'st thou weeping here alone
 Over a faded flower?

Elen. Dost thou not see
 How all the virgin gold within its bosom
 Is stolen away; and all the blushy hues
 That tinged its cheek? O, I must weep for it!

Friar. Kind Heaven restore her! She's a gentle dame.
 And isn't all true that thou hast said of her?

Seduced, maltreated, spurned away indignant
For a new flame! Her father foully murdered!

'*Shep.* All by this upstart lord, who governs here.
O sire, hast thou no influence with Heaven,
Whose justice stands arrainged by such misdeeds?
Canst thou not bring the forked bolt adown;
Or make the earth to ope her furnaced jaws,
And gorge him to the centre?' Pp. 107—110.

We do not remember any description of madness which can at all be compared with this.—The infamous Badenoch, in order to impose upon the friar, holds dalliance with a female whom Crawford imagines to be his wife; but an interview betwixt Badenoch and Crawford ensues, which leads to a duel, in which Badenoch is slain, and with his last breath attests the innocence of Matilda.—She is consequently restored to her husband's affection, and suffered to end her days in peace.

Annabel, who had been married to Sir Ronald, is now found, along with her father, in '*durance vile*.'—They have appealed to the king for justice upon the absconded knight, and, after some confinement and uncertainty, are given to understand that, in order to obtain redress, they must in public court identify the person of Sir Ronald.—The trial arrives—the father and daughter are introduced—look round the hall—and, after being reduced to the very extremity of despair, observe what follows:

'*Drum.* O daughter, fears for thee have so benumbed me,
I can't distinguish one lord from another!

'*Anna.* I noted some I knew for nothing good.
Sir Ronald is not there; or if he is,
I do not know him.

'*Drum.* Then all is over!—I'll move heaven and earth
For thee, my Annabel.

(They turn to the king: Drummond kneels.)

O gracious king,
Behold a doating, a distressed old man,
And this poor harmless maiden, with compassion!
When thou becom'st a parent, thou may'st feel
What I now suffer—

(The king rises much agitated; Annabel screams, then exclaims,)

'*Anna.* Sir Ronald!

'*Drum.* (Starting up) What dost thou mean, fond girl?
Sir Ronald!—Where is Sir Ronald?

'*Anna.* The—the—king—(Leans on Drummond's bosom.)

The king comes down, and takes Annabel's hand.)

'*King.* My love! my beauteous Annabel, forgive me!
Yes, Annabel, Sir Ronald is the king,—
Fair Scotland's king,—who has not now done that
He blushes to acknowledge.—(Seating her by his side.)
Thou art my queen!

For love, and not for state, thou wedded'st me;

Therefore I love and value thee the more.

Thy sovereign is thy husband, Annabel:—

My dames and nobles all, this is your queen.

[All come forward and make obeisance at once.]

‘*Omnes*. Long life to our good king and beauteous queen!
King Robert and Queen Annabel of Scotland!

[*Drummond runs up greatly agitated; kneels at their knees, taking hold of their hands.—Curtain drops.*]

Enough has been quoted, if we may judge from our own feelings, fully to justify our original position;—enough to prove that the author is no common man—and that, with the aid of experience, and mature judgment and taste, there is no degree of excellence which he may not hope to attain. At the same time, we, who are, of course, less liable than other men to be misled by the ardour and extravagancies of imagination,—we who sit above the feculence and fermentation of inspiration, would timely admonish him of the sin which most early besets him—the false sublime; or, in one word, the bombast:

‘He outrode the whirlwind, and brought back
The passing gale in’s face.’—————

Again:

————— ‘Then, rising,
Bolted aloft in air, as he would scale
The windows of the firmament.’—————

In point of indelicacy and silliness, nothing can exceed the following stupid enumeration of the mistresses of Badenoch:

‘*Bad*. Let me see,—[counting his fingers slowly, pausing, and shaking his head.]

‘*Kil*. Again go over them. What! only those?
No more than seventeen? Right moderate!’

The resolution of the shepherd to punish Badenoch might, we imagine, have been expressed in more dignified and appropriate language.

The following line is any thing but poetry:

‘*Shep*. Thou shalt have suit of mine.—Come home with me.’

The mock heroic is fully caricatured in this expression:

‘*Ron*. How hap’d this bloody stern monomachy?’

In indelicacy few passages can equal the following:

————— ‘Twill do the good
To witness bliss which thou hast ne’er enjoyed.’

But after all, there is, we do not say a redeeming, but we affirm there is a preponderating quality, in the great merits of this little dramatic essay, which demands our highest approbation.—Let our author proceed in the track he has traced for himself—let him follow the bent of his own genius, which, though not faultless, is truly original—let him even commit sins of the most anti-unitarian description—let him write, in short, according to the impulse of his own mind, provided he continue to afford us such incontestable evidence of his chartered claims on the name and privileges of a poet.

ART. VI.—Horace's Villa.—From the German of Baron Gerning's Travels in Austria and Italy.

In the valley of Ustica, embosomed by the Sabine Hills, fifteen *miglia*, or about six leagues from Tibur, nearly as far from that city as it was from Rome, and five *miglia* from the Anio, towards the left, stood the favourite Villa of Horace. Carriages cannot reach this spot. It can only be approached on foot or on horseback. The road passes along the ancient *via vabria*, now called the *Strada dell' Reati*. On the left, at the foot of the Catillus, are some sepulchral remains, an ancient reservoir, and the ruins of the villa of T. Martius. On the right, near the Anio, which intersects the valley, a few remains of the villas of Valerius Maximus, Scephaces, and Torpilius, are still to be seen; farther on, the aqueduct of Claudius appears between the old and new bed of the Anio; next are descried the heights of Saracenaro and Castel-Madama. Near the convent of St. Cosimato is a fragment of the bridge. The natural shrewdness, benevolence, cordiality, and frankness, of the ancient inhabitants, may still be retraced in the present Sabines. One of the hospitable inhabitants of St. Cosimato, who lately fed and lodged some wandering artists, felt offended when they offered her a recompense.

In this range of valleys, still further on the other side of the Anio, lies the little village of Subiaco, celebrated as the residence of St. Benedict, who there founded his Order. Pius VI., whilst he was Cardinal Braschi, assigned this place to the Abbey. When he became Pope, he built a beautiful church there, which was consecrated in 1789, for which a marble arch was erected to his honour. The ancient name of this village was Oppidum Sublaqueum; or Sublacium, near which was the Lacus Simbrivius, which still appears as a small lake. At a short distance is seen the lofty Algidus, with its grove consecrated to Diana, which has been celebrated by Statius, L. 4. Carin. IV.

Hos Præneſte ſacrum, nemus hoſ glaciæ Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuſcula protegit umbra.
Tiburis hi lucos Anienæque frigora captant.

This wood is now called *Selva dell' Aglio*.

From Vicovaro, which is most romantically situated, to the ancient *Varia*, the road gently winds alternately to the left, over barren rocks and blooming heights; to the right, by the side of the pastoral flowing Anio, shaded by rows of pointed cypresses and poplars; it then turns off to the left, towards a little rivulet, ascending by small stony paths, over steep rocky eminences, where the aspect of nature is sometimes severe and sombre, sometimes gentle and smiling. On every side, the yellow blossom of the Spanish broom, which grows in profusion on the Roman and Florentine hills, the fruit of the fig-tree, and the bloom

of the elder, wave among the sweetest and most fragrant flowers of spring. The castles of Monte Lupo, Mandela, and Rocca-Giovane, appear in succession along the road. Here stood the Vacuna, or Temple of Victory, which, according to the inscription, was rebuilt by Vespasian. Between the valley of Licenza and Vicovara, six gurgling streamlets descend and fall into the Anio, in its course from Subiaco.

A steep and rocky path leads to the mountain-valley of Horace. After laborious ascents and descents, the murmuring brook Digentia appears flowing from the Blandusian fountain. With rapture the traveller suddenly finds himself amidst chestnut-trees and vineyards in the beautiful hill-encircled valley of Ustica, and beholds its chief ornament, the three-pointed mountain Lucretilis, now Monte St. Gennaro. In advancing to the place which was once the abode of Horace, in order to refresh and communicate with the humble proprietor or occupier of the Villa, it is necessary first to climb to the ancient Digentia, now Licenza, a miserable desert and loamy spot belonging to the Borghese family, which is surmounted by an old castle, formed to be the refuge of marauders, and far from exciting agreeable sensations.

At the foot of the lofty Lucretilis, the eye is at length saluted by the Mosaic pavement, from which the earth has been removed. It consists chiefly of small blue and white stones: and here the house of Horace most probably stood. The present good-natured Villicus digs up a piece of the material, which he gives to the traveller for a mere *salve*, and then fills up the hole, which is only from one to two feet deep, with the fertile earth. This discovery was made about 30 years ago, in the month of February, when trees were planting, and several leaden water-pipes were at the same time found.*

Towards the left there is a semi-arched wall without any reticular stones, which may have been the site of Horace's Bath. Beside it flows a little stream, of which the Poet occasionally speaks, and which murmured through his farm. It is now called *Fontecratine*, and gushes out at once from the midst of the Lucretilis, near a piece of mason-work, surrounded by shrubs in front of a rock, where once stood the Grotto of the Goats, of which Horace also sung. Here are still to be seen the little goats, *Olentis martii*, browsing on the thyme, and having, according to the Poet's description, no fear of the green serpents.

* The environs of the house produce annually about seven barilli of wine, a sixth part of which goes to the Church. The place is visited by very few travellers, and they are for the most part silent respecting it. Among the works which treat of the discovery of this villa are:—

Capmartin de Chaupi.—*Decouverte de la Maison de Campagne d'Horace*. Tomes iii. Rome, 1767.

Dominici de Sanctis.—*Dissertazione sopra la Villa di Orazio Flacco*. Roma 1761.

A. Mitscherlich *Horat.* T. 1. p. CLXXX.

Two pyramidal cypresses now grow beside this clear fountain.

At the distance of about half a league, Horace's celebrated Blandusia bubbles forth from one of the cliffs of the Lucretilis. It is now called Fonte-bella, and it is smaller than the Fonte-ratine. A wall, some elegiac ruins of which still remain, doubtless surrounded it. Here he composed the beautiful little ode

O Fons Blandusiar splendidior vitro,*
* * * * *

Fountain, whose waters far surpass
The shining face of polished glass,
To thee the goblet, crowned with flowers,
Grateful the rich libation pours;
A goat whose horns begin to spread,
And, bending, arm his swelling head.

And the Poet himself foretold its renown:

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
* * * * *

Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
While in immortal verse I sing
The oak, that spreads thy rocks around,
From whence thy babbling waters bound.

The Fonte-Bella, which is with its environs included in the orchard of Count Orsini, forms a beautiful cascade, giving picturesque animation to these heights; it flows through the grounds which belonged to Horace, where it joins the Fonte-ratine, and after flowing about a league and a half, these united waters are lost in the Anio. This fountain marks the commencement of the extensive Sabina forest, where Horace was once attacked by a wolf while he was singing of his Lalage:

Namque me sylva lupus in Sabina,
* * * * *

For musing on my lovely maid,
While careless in the woods I stray'd,
A wolf—how dreadful! cross'd my way,
Yet fled,—he fled from his defenceless prey.

The surrounding hills and vallies are covered with vines, and fruit and chestnut trees; fountains spring from the hills, and, uniting together, form bubbling brooks.

This was the limit of Horace's moderate wish:—

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus;
* * * * *

I often wish'd I had a farm,
A decent dwelling snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal running by my door,

* Instead of Baron Gerning's elegant German translations of the passages referred to, we subjoin, for the benefit of our readers in general, the translation by Francis.

Besides a little ancient grove,
 Where at my leisure I might rove.
 The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
 Have granted this, and more than this;
 I have enough in my possessing;
 'Tis well: I ask no greater blessing,
 O Hermes! than remote from strife,
 To have and hold them for my life.
 If I was never known to raise
 My fortune by dishonest ways,
 Nor, like the spendthrifts of the times,
 Shall ever sink it by my crimes:

— — — — —
 Whenever therefore I retreat
 From Rome into my Sabine seat,
 By mountains fenc'd on either side,
 And in my castle fortified,
 What can I write with greater pleasure,
 Than satires in familiar measure?
 Nor mad ambition there destroys—

To this cool and retired valley Horace usually repaired in the warm months of summer, and remained there until the autumn, as his invitation to his mistress, whom he poetically calls *Tyndaris*, denotes:

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem.

* * * * *

Pan from Arcadia's hills descends
 To visit oft my Sabine seat,
 And here my tender goats defends
 From rainy winds and summer's fiery heat;
 For when the vales, wide spreading round,
 The sloping hills, and polished rocks,
 With his harmonious pipe resound,
 In fearless safety graze my wandering flocks;
 In safety through the woody brake,
 The latent shrubs and thyme explore,
 Nor longer dread the speckled snake,
 And tremble at the martial wolf no more.
 Their poet to the gods is dear,
 They love his piety and muse,
 And all our rural honours here
 Their flow'ry wealth around thee shall diffuse.
 Here shall you tune Anacreon's lyre,
 Beneath a shady mountain's brow,
 To sing frail Circe's guilty fire,
 And chaste Penelope's unbroken vow.

Here in the bosom of rural tranquillity, Horace sung to a restless and wealthy friend:

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum,

* * * * *

Happy the man whose frugal board
 His father's plenty can afford:

His gentle sleep nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor sordid care.

— — — — —
The Spirit that, serenely gay,
Careless enjoys the present day,
Can with an easy cheerful smile
The bitterness of life beguile;
Nor fears the approaching hour of fate,
Nor hopes for human bliss complete.

There he sung his "Beatus ille"—

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,

* * * * *

Like the first mortals blest is he,
From debts, and usury, and business free,
With his own teams who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.

When Horace was in tumultuous Rome, and sighed to be at
Sabinum, he probably exclaimed,

O rus quando ego te espiciam? quando licebit,

* * * * *

When shall I see my sweet retreat?
O! when with books of sages deep,
Sequester'd ease, and gentle sleep,
In sweet oblivion, blissful balm?
The busy cares of life becalm?

This demeane could not have been inconsiderable, for before it came into the possession of Horace, five families lived upon it and cultivated it. Inspired by gratitude, Horace has celebrated the peacemaker Augustus, who terminated the civil war, to whom, along with Mæcenas, he was indebted for this estate and a tranquil life devoted to the Muses, and has thereby proved, *that with republican principles it is possible to do homage to monarchical merit.*

ART. VII.—Choice of Musical Instruments for Females.

In choosing a musical instrument for a young girl, we should take into consideration her talents for it, her opportunities for their indulgence, and her appearance—actually, her appearance. The Piano is the most generally suitable, in the latter respect, the attitude of the performer not requiring any particular grace, or making any particular display of figure. But this instrument, the least interesting of all in its tones, is costly and cumbrous, requires immense practice to excel on, and with common playing is not worth listening to. As an accompaniment for the voice, it has not half the beauty of more facile ones; and vocal music has such fascination, that even a trifling air with the guitar would, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, draw away the listeners collected round an exhibitor of Beethoven's crudities on one of



——'s hundred-and-fifty guinea rose-wood, brass embossed, six octaved Grand Pianos. Such is the "power of mind over matter." Meaning no disrespect to ——'s pianos, which, inasmuch as they are Pianos, are excellent; but inasmuch as they are instruments, are but so so. However, when there is a desperate determination to make a performer (*sans taste, sans ear, sans will, sans every thing*) the piano is your resource—its tones cannot be falsified—and six hours a day, for six years, may enable one to run over the notes in various combinations, with clear cold brilliancy.

So much for the unfortunate Piano: if London was of your opinion, it would soon go out of fashion.

The sooner the better—it would be succeeded by finer instruments.

The Harp, for instance?

Decidedly—the finest of all—the grand enchanter—the Prospero among these imprisoned spirits* of sweet sound. Its richness, expressiveness, comparative facility of execution, capability of being kept in order by oneself, extreme portability, and, though last not least, in woman's eyes, its grace of form, raise it to unapproachable superiority. At once its music is full of beauty,—when "married to sweet verse," irresistible. As to its being a more expensive luxury than the Piano, the idea, though a common, is an erroneous one. The original cost is by the half less, and the stringing of the one about equal to the tuning of the other. With me, the chief objection to the harp is precisely what so generally recommends it: that grace required in its votaries, and which many of them seem to think it has the power of communicating, though the spectators do not always coincide in the opinion. To appear to advantage at the harp, a *certain* appearance is indispensable. But this certain appearance I shall leave in the same mystery, as the *certain* age is left in Beppo, merely observing, that no where does a good figure look better, nor a bad one worse. For more general use, with the voice, I know nothing comparable to the Spanish Guitar. If I named the Harp the Prospero, I may call this the "delicate Ariel," the fine quaint spirit of music, and, in the language of that fanciful being, apply to it his character of himself: "To thy strong bidding task it and its qualities, it will be correspondent to command, and do thy spiriting gently." You smile at the idea of such a competitor as the Guitar entering the musical lists for celebrity. It is in this country little valued, because little known; but as an accompaniment, its elegance and fluency appear to me to be unrivalled. It may be, however, that from association of ideas, I overrate this charming instrument (though I rather think I do not.) In the moonlight of Spain, where it first floated on my ear, mingled with the fragrance of the orange grove through which it wandered, I

* Prospero imprisoned! 'but let that pass.'

could have fancied its low, rich murmuring, the minstrelsy of a Spirit of Love. The Spaniards alone know how to draw forth this hidden soul of harmony! Sometimes I have heard the strings ringing in such whispers of strange concord, that you would have thought they but echoed to the touch of the silken wings of the wild bees as they flew across them. Again the sounds rose like the sweet sighing of the South upon a bank of violets—lingered—faded—died away. And the mimic march, with its soft flutes and distant drums, and the brilliant bolero, to which steps invisible kept time as they came in gay succession, seemed as the fairy band of Oberon and Titania, announcing the stately entrance of the fairy court, and the commencement of its revelry. The Guitar seems made for Spain, and the Spanish music made for the Guitar—probably the nation is indebted for both to the Saracens, for invention is not the genius of this people; “Mucho Traxo,” their favorite excuse, should be their motto.

But this *exotic* might not succeed here; we have no orange groves, and but chill moonlights.

Have we not hot-houses, though? and the guitar mingling its music with that of a simple unaffected voice, even in a room where the fire and tapers stood substitutes for the moon and stars, would shed sweetness over many a winter hour. Laying aside all romance, however, a tolerable ear and a year's practice would form a performer on this instrument, more attractive than after three times the study on any other. Once acquired, its facility is scarcely injured by intervals of disuse; and to that it is little liable, from its extreme portability. Add to all this, its gracefulness, and powers for displaying exquisite taste. As yet they have not found the art of making good guitars in England: the defect seems to be in their *massiveness*; but if more generally used, of course improvements would take place.

ART. VIII.—The Adversaria.

ONE of the laws of Solon was: If any man builds a wall between his own and his neighbour's ground, he must leave the space of one foot from his neighbour's land. Supposing two, whose lands were contiguous to each other, built at the same time: would there not be an alley of two feet width?

A law of Athens rendered liable to imprisonment any fishmonger, who should take for his fish less than he first demanded. What would be the effect of a similar law, applied to some of our Second-street-Shopkeepers? There are many (and so ought all to be,) who have their stated price for all their

goods, and who never depart from that price. There are too many of a very different character.

Purchaser. What is the price of this pair of black silk hose?

Trader. Four dollars.

Purch. They are very dear indeed. They ought to be of the first quality for that price. They are very thin.

Trader. All silk goods are now very dear. These cost me three dollars and a half per dozen, each pair. But what will you give for them?

Purch. Two dollars, and not a cent more.

Trader. You shall have them for three and a half.—*Purch.* No.—For three.—No.—For two and a half.—No, *not a penny more than two.*—Well, [purchaser going] take them.

The conduct of many traders is daily most dishonorable and fraudulent. Servants and children are often sent to stores to purchase articles, on which are put thirty, fifty or one hundred per cent. more than the value, or the sum which the trader would take rather than not sell his goods. I went into a store, some time ago, to buy a pair of gloves. Demanding the price, the storekeeper informed me it was a dollar and a half. I told him the price was far above their worth, and I should not take them. He then offered them for one dollar and twenty-five cents. I shook my head; and he lowered the price to a dollar. I told him I believed they were worth a dollar; but, if he would sell them for sixpence, I would not buy them of a man who had more than one price for his articles.—If there are no laws to prevent such swindling, (is it not?) let every purchaser resolutely refuse to purchase any thing, at any rate, of a person who has half a dozen prices for his goods. The upright merchant fixes his regular profits, and adheres to uniformity towards all customers. Such are “honest men of the earth:” but who would have those of another description for confidants or neighbours?

ALL the novels attributed to Sir Walter Scott, are extremely popular: a little, perhaps not much, beyond their real merit. I never noticed any thing that I thought could justly be called great, in any of Scott's writings, verse or prose: yet is he certainly a clever, an entertaining, interesting, and often instructive,

novelist. His poetical works lack poetry. He excels in description; but his descriptions are often trifling. Let me attempt his manner in some of them.

CABBAGE.

The seed but few days in the ground,
 The green quadratic leaf is found
 Extending not a great way round. }
 In midst of which, ere long, are seen
 Other shaped leaves, that mount between.
 Still more *do* soon succeed; that rise
 Though very slanting, tow'nds the skies.
 Upward the tubes their juices pump—
 A stem appears; and then a stump.
 In autumn, on this single leg,
 Shaped like an apple, or an egg,
 A bulky cabbage-head is seen;
 For mortals meant, to eat—I ween:
 The outer leaves the kine though great
 With utmost pleasure when they eat—
 This cabbage-head, as soon as boiled,
 Is fit for woman, man or child:
 Although there comes, 'tis often said,
 Flatulency from cabbage-head—
 'Tis pleasant also to the maw,
 With vinegar, when eaten raw,
 Cut fine—the Yankees call it *slaugh*.

This is description; and, if it is poetry, why, I am a poet. Scott's prose, it has been said, and probably with correctness, will outlive his rhymes.

I have just read *Ivanhoe*. I know not what is its estimation among the critics, for I have read no critique upon it, but I like it: aye, admire it as a whole. Yet are there in it some things that do not please me: but who pleases every reader in every respect? Rebecca is perhaps a more interesting character than any other: certainly the most disinterested, noble, and I might say angelic. It might not have been amiss to call the novel by her name. *Ivanhoe* ought not to have encountered his antagonist, as champion for Rebecca, while in so ill a state of health. Certainly if there was any knighthood in knights, time would have been granted for the recovery of his health and strength. *Ivanhoe*, in

his encounter with the Templar, and his horse, "went down, as all had expected, before the well aimed lance and vigorous stud of the Templar." Yet the Templar immediately fell from his horse, and died, "a victim to the violence of his own contending passion." This is too sudden a death not to be marvellous. It must take a longer time than the Templar had, to die of grief or other passions. I have grown melancholy and lean, for weeks at least, overwhelmed with grief and passion, but can remark with truth that I always recovered before I died. It takes a long time for a man to die of vexation and sorrow.

I wish the author had provided some better fate for the heroine Rebecca, than to send her from her native country; and in love too, as I suspect, with Ivanhoe; who marries a person illustrious for her birth, but scarcely more to be compared with the Jewess Rebecca than Hyperion to a Satyr. Yet, if every critic should undertake to alter, the novel would be patched till the original could not be distinguished.

Much of the language of the dialogue is that of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Shakspeare's language and sentiments are several times interwoven without credit. It is probable this was purposely done, to give a certain air of antiquity to the work, while the meaning is plain.

The Epistle Dedicatory is to Dr. Dryasdust, or Dry-as-dust; a feigned name I presume. In the Epistle, and in the Novel, are some words, and some expressions, which displease me—"within these fifty years, such an *infinite* change has taken place in the manners of Scotland."—"He should have derived from his works *fully more* credit."—"He was much disposed to acquiesce in the truth of what was asserted, and *reason good*."—"Incapacitating him *from* successfully compounding a tale."—"Incapacitated, or unfit *for* compounding, &c."—"I yet hope to *traverse* by the following considerations."—This word *traverse* seems to come awkwardly from the Scottish bench or bar. (Scott I believe is, or was, clerk of a court, high sheriff or hangman.) He speaks of oaks that "had perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery:"—not quite so old as was Methuselah.

"As that of a Quaker beauty of the present day, who, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect, continues to give to

its simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode of disposing them, a certain air of coquettish attraction, favouring but too much of the vanities of the world." This is all standard, or at least would be here: and I will willingly abide by the decision of all the fair ladies of Philadelphia and elsewhere.

"Setting spurs to his horse he *caused him make a demi-volte.*" We *make* a person run; but *cause* him to run.—"Capable to kindle."—This has an ill sound to my ear. Capable of kindling. Cedric says, if *God* has borne so long with the unbelieving Jews, *he* would not refuse to harbor one a few hours. Dr. Franklin published an apologue of this tendency: and I have somewhere read of his pilfering it—"A young knight of *lesser* renown."—"It is not fit for such as *us* to sit," &c.—"In *doing* such a dreadful battle."—"Hath no less *proven*,"—A word used at the Scottish bar, and by some under-lawyers and under-writers of the southern states, but no English since the days of Chaucer.—Had Prince John a right to call *himself* *ourselves*, when he was only Prince Regent?

"Dubiety." Why this is worse than General Wilkinson's *Dubiosity*; Brown, the author of *Vulgar Errors*, was author of this word, which was perhaps one of his errors—"Was willing to *defer* to the advice of counsellors." Has this word been so used, instead of *refer*, since the days of Lord Bacon?—"At the *expiry* of which," for *expiration*. In what dictionary is this word found?—"Defamed of sorcery," for *accused*. To defame, often signifies, to censure falsely before the public. The Grand-master here declares Rebecca falsely accused of sorcery. To give the word its directly opposite meaning, whatever might be its ancient use, is surely erroneous. Such introduction of old words, or words with obsolete meaning, to give the work the air of antiquity, is not justifiable.—"Why will you, noble prince, thus vex the hearts of *thy* faithful servants."

Faults like these are however small and few: and, (to quote Horace, where he was never quoted before,) *ubi plura nitent*, &c. That is: when a basket of fine strawberries are generally ripe, I will not quarrel about a few green ones. "The novel is an excellent novel, well digested in the scenes; set down with as much modesty as cunning; and has an honest method."—Some

critics may object, that some characters effect nothing to bear forward the plot, or produce the denouement; but some critics know little more than to echo their predecessors.

MILTON says: (*Paradise Lost*, B. 7.)

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare *backs* upheave
Into the clouds; their *tops* ascend the sky.

And in L'Allegro,

Mountains, on whose barren *breast*
The lab'ring clouds do often rest.

Here is Milton *vs.* Milton: and in which case is he right? Is it more proper to say, the mountain's back or the mountain's breast? I think the former. I cannot fully understand how their *backs* reach the *clouds*, and their *tops* the *sky*.

Of all the English poets, Pope was the greatest thief. Sometimes stolen sentiments were expressed in new language, and sometimes the very words were used.

In *naked majesty* Oldmixon stands. DUNCIAD.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall;
Godlike erect; in native honour clad
And *naked majesty*.

MILTON.

Were a man to do nothing-but read poetry for forty years, there must be a boundary to what he reads, as well as to what he remembers. Wakefield in his observations on Pope, has shown his very extensive poetical reading, and has detected plagiarisms astonishing for their impudence and their number. Let another, of equally extensive reading and retentive memory examine Pope's poetical works, especially one conversant with the old English poets, and to Pope's thefts a vast number might be added. A few such would nearly deprive him of any claim to original poetic power.

Martial says:

Lasciva est nobis pagina; vita proba.

And Catullus:

*Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
Ipsam; vermiculos nihil necesse est.*

Chastity becomes the pious poet; but it is of no consequence how loose or lascivious are his verses.

Surely this injunction ought to be reversed. An author is but an individual; but a thousand readers may be injured by the immorality of his works.

To the following, from Anacreon, Barnes gives the title Dialogue; though there is no title in the original. The prior speaker must be supposed a traveller at Anacreon's tomb; the latter, Anacreon defunctus.

T.

Πολλὰ πινὼ τιθησκας, Ἀνακρίων, καὶ τρυφῆας

A.

Καί σὺ δὲ, μὴ πινὼν, ἔξισαι αἰδῶν.

T.

By drinking much, and living high,
Anacreon here at length you lie.

A.

By drinking water, let me tell,
Ere long, you fool, you'll sneak to hell.

Plato was both a Calvinist and a Roman Catholic, for he believed in the eternity of future punishments, and in a purgatory. According to Plato, where are now Alexander, Cæsar, Timur Beg, &c. and where will shortly be the great man of St. Helena?

Ταῦτα δὲ οὕτω πεφικνέσθαι, χ. τ. λ. These things thus arranged, after the dead come to that place where the Genius leads them, they first undergo a trial; those who have led an honest, holy and upright life, and those of a contrary character. Those who have been neither very bad nor very good, after reaching Acheron, are mounted on such vehicles as are present, and conveyed to the lake Acherusia.* Here they dwell, here they are punished and are purged [καθαρσμενοί, cleansed; or, as Peter Pindar says, were changed, "like old tobacco pipes, from black to white,"] and, being purified, they are pardoned for past injuries done to any

* A lake of Egypt, over which dead bodies were carried to receive sentence according to the actions of their past lives. Hence the fable of Charon and Styx.

one. Those who have done good are rewarded according to their merits. But those who seem incurable on account of the magnitude of their crimes, such as have been guilty of many and great sacrileges or have been guilty of extensive, unjust and nefarious slaughter of their fellow creatures, or similar crimes, find their lot assigned to Tartarus, whither they are thrown, and whence they never emerge.

PLATO'S DIALOGUES.

ART. IX.—Illustrations of Scripture; from *A Second Journey through Persia, &c.* by JAMES MORIER, Esq. *Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia, &c.* London, 1818.

MR. MORIER has surveyed, with the eye of a Christian traveller the scenes which he has depicted: and his intimate knowledge of the Bible has enabled him to mark coincidences singularly calculated to confirm the faith of his readers, and to aid the researches of the Biblical enquirer.

The selections we are about to make from his illustrations of Scripture will prove, we trust, both amusing and edifying. We shall take them in the order in which they occur in the work, as it would be impracticable to establish any regular connexion between the different coincidences, which are, in fact, wholly independent of each other. Our first extract will refer to that passage of Scripture which represents John the Baptist as subsisting on "locusts and wild honey." The Ambassador and his suite lay encamped at Bushire for some days, during which they experienced much inconvenience from the hot currents of air that blew from the south-east with such violence as to level three of their tents with the ground. The effect of this wind, in parching and withering vegetables of every kind, is supposed by our traveller, and with great probability, to be pointed at in the image of "corn blasted before it be grown up," (2 Kings xix. 36.) and in that passage of the Psalms, (ciii. 15, 16.) "The wind passeth over it, (the grass,) and it is gone."

"This south-east wind," Mr. Morier proceeds to remark, "constantly brought with it innumerable flights of locusts; but those which fell on this occasion, we were informed, were not of the predatory sort. They were three inches long from the head to the extremity of the wing, and their body and head of a bright

yellow. The locust which destroys vegetation is of a larger kind, and of a deep red. As soon as the wind had subsided, the plain of Bushire was covered by a great number of its poorer inhabitants, men, women, and children, who came out to gather locusts, which they eat. They also dry and salt them, and afterwards sell them in the bazars, as the food of the lowest peasantry. When boiled, the yellow ones turn red, and eat like stale or decayed shrimps. The locusts and wild honey, which St. John ate in the Wilderness, are perhaps particularly mentioned to show that he fared as the poorest of men, and not as a wild man, as some might interpret. Indeed, the general appearance of St John, clothed with camel's hair (rather skin,) with a leathern girdle around his loins, and living a life of the greatest self-denial, was that of the older Jewish prophets, (Zach. xiii. 4,;) and such was the dress of Elijah, the hairy man, with a girdle about his loins, described in 2 Kings i. 8. At the present moment, however, we see some resemblance of it in the dervishes and *Gousheh nishins*, (or sitters in the corner,) who are so frequently met with in Persia; a set of men who hold forth their doctrines in open places, sometimes almost naked, with their hair and beard floating wildly about their heads, and a piece of camel or deer skin thrown over their shoulders." pp. 43, 44.

He observes in another place—

"The locusts appear to be created for a scourge; since, to strength incredible for so small a creature, they add saw-like teeth, admirably calculated to eat up all the herbs in the land, and devour the fruit of the ground. (Psalm cv. 34.) They remained on the face of the country during the months of July and August, sometimes taking their flight in vast clouds, and, impelled by a strong wind, were either lost in the sea or driven into other countries. It was during their stay, that they showed themselves to be the real plague described in Exodus. They seemed to march in regular battalions, crawling over every thing that lay in their passage, in one straight front. They entered the inmost recesses of the houses, were found in every corner, stuck to our clothes, and infested our food." pp. 99, 100.

Our next extract will be somewhat longer, but we regard the illustrations contained in it as both happy and important. The traveller is speaking of his arrival at a place called Baj-gah, in the way to Persepolis.

"Here," he says, "is a station of *rahdars*, or toll-gatherers, appointed to levy a toll upon *kafilchs*, or caravans of merchants; and who, in general, exercise their office with so much brutality and extortion as to be execrated by all travellers. The police of the highways is confided to them; and whenever any goods are stolen, they are meant to be the instruments of restitution; but when they are put to the test, are found to be inefficient: none but a man in

power can hope to recover what he has once lost. They afford but little protection to the road, their station being placed at too wide intervals to be able to communicate quickly; but they generally are perfectly acquainted with the state of the country, and are probably leagued with the thieves themselves, and can thus, if they choose, discover their haunts. Their insolence to travellers is unparalleled; and no man has ever gone through the country, either alone or with a caravan, who has not vented his indignation upon this vile police.

"The collections of the toll are farmed, consequently extortion ensues; and as most of the rahdars receive no other emolument than what they can exact over and above the prescribed dues from the traveller, their insolence is accounted for; and a cause sufficiently powerful is given for their insolence on the one hand, and the detestation in which they are held on the other.

"*Baj-gah* means 'the place of tribute;' it may also be rendered, *the receipt of custom*; and perhaps it was from a place like this that our Saviour called Matthew to him; because Matthew appears, from the 3d verse of the 10th chapter, to have been a publican, and publicans, who, in the 11th verse of the 9th chapter, are classed with sinners, appear to have been held in the same odium as are the rahdars of Persia.

"It also explains why Matthew, who was seated at the receipt of custom, is afterwards called a publican; and shows that in the choice of his disciples, our Saviour systematically chose them not only from among the poorest and humblest class of men, but also from those who, from their particular situation in life, were hated by all ranks. Matthew, as a toll-gatherer, must like the rahdars have been a man known to all ranks of people, and detested on account of this profession.—When he was seen having *power against unclean spirits*, with power to *heal all manner of sickness and disease*, and following one like our Saviour, his life, when compared with what he formerly was, must have been a constant miracle.

"The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, of the xviiith of Luke, 10th to 13th verse, will be more clearly understood by what has been above mentioned. Our Saviour, in bringing these two characters together, appears to have chosen them as making the strongest contrast between what, in the public estimation, were the extremes of excellence and villainy. According to Josephus, the sect of the Pharisees was the most powerful among the Jews; and from what has been said of the rahdars, it may perhaps be explained why the Pharisee, in praying to God, should make "extortioners" and "the unjust" almost synonymous terms with publicans: because we have seen, that from the peculiar office of the rahdar, he is almost an extortioner by profession." pp. 69—71.

In the plain of Merdasht our traveller saw several insulated masses of rock; one of which was pointed out to him as the rock of Istakhar, on the summit of which were to be seen the wonderful remains of a castle. He resolved to explore them.

"We ascended the rock on the N. W. side, winding around the foot of it, through more shrubs than are to be seen in any other part of the surrounding country, and making our way through narrow and intricate paths. I remarked that our old guide every here and there placed a stone on a conspicuous bit of rock, or two stones one upon the other, at the same time uttering some words, which I learnt were a prayer for our safe return. This explained to me what I had frequently seen before in the East, and particularly on a high road leading to a great town, whence the town is first seen, and where the eastern traveller sets up his stone accompanied by a devout exclamation, as it were, in token of his safe arrival. The action of our guide appears to illustrate the vow which Jacob made when he travelled to Padan-aram, in token of which he placed a stone and set it up for a pillar. In seeing a stone on the road placed in this position, or one stone upon another, it implies that some traveller has there made a vow, or a thanksgiving. Nothing is so natural in a journey over a dreary country as for a solitary traveller to set himself down fatigued, and to make the vow that Jacob did: 'If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I reach my father's house in peace,' &c. then will I give so much in charity—or again, that on first seeing the place which he has so long toiled to reach, the traveller should sit down and make a thanksgiving; in both cases setting up a stone as a memorial." p. 84.

At the close of the month of May, the heat proved excessive, the thermometer varying from 98° to 103°; and not only all articles of furniture, some of which had stood the climate of India, and crossed the equator several times unwarped, but ivory, and mathematical instruments, were greatly affected and injured by it. And yet, he adds,

"We found the nights cool, and the mornings quite cold, the thermometer varying sometimes 30° between the greatest heat and the greatest cold. The difference was sufficiently sensible to enable us to comprehend the full force of the complaint which Jacob made unto Laban: 'In the day the draught consumed me, and the frost by night.' Gen. xxxi. 40." p. 97.

On the day a male child is to be weaned, they carry him to the mosque, "in the manner, perhaps, that Hannah took Samuel to the house of the Lord, when she had weaned him." (1 Samuel,

L. 24.) "After having performed certain acts of devotion, they return home; and collecting their friends and relations, they give a feast, of which they make the child also partake. The coincidence with scripture is here remarkable. 'And the child grew and was weaned; and Abraham made a great feast, the same day that Isaac was weaned.' Gen. xxi. 8."

"At Shoolgistoön, we were met by a Turkish tatar with dispatches from Constantinople; and never was a messenger more welcome, as he brought us news long expected from our country and families. We perceived his delight at meeting us, by the smile that broke out upon his solemn face, which, by the dismal account he gave of his treatment in Persia, had most likely never been cheated out of its gravity. When we asked him how he liked the Persians, he took hold of the collar of his cloak, and shaking it, exclaimed 'God give them misfortunes! Liars, thieves, rogues! See, I have lost the head of my pipe; they have stolen my pistols. Heaven be praised that I have seen you at last.'

"The shaking of his coat (a very common act in Turkey) is no doubt an act of the same kind and import as that of St. Paul, who, when the Jews opposed themselves and blasphemed, 'shook his raiment.' Acts xviii. 6. An additional mark of reprobation is given in the other instances in which St. Paul and Barnabas shook off the dust of their *feet* against the Jews. This had been ordered by Christ himself. Matt. x. 14." p. 123.

In the environs of Shiraz, Mr. Morier states that there are many pigeon-houses erected at a distance from the dwelling-houses, for the sole purpose of collecting pigeon's dung for manure. The extraordinary flight of pigeons which he had seen alight on these buildings, affords, he thinks, a good illustration of the passage, (Isaiah, lx. 8.) "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" Their great numbers, and the compactness of their mass, literally looking like a cloud at a distance and obscuring the sun in their passage. What follows is still more curious.

"The dung of pigeons is the dearest manure that the Persians use; and as they apply it almost entirely for the rearing of melons, it is probable on that account that the melons of Ispahan are so much finer than those of other cities. The revenue of a pigeon-house is about 100 tomauns per annum; and the great value of this dung, which rears a fruit that is indispensable to the existence of the natives during the great heats of summer, will probably throw some light upon that passage in scripture, when in the famine of Samaria, 'the fourth part of a cab of doves' dung was sold for five pieces of silver.' 2 Kings, vi 25." p. 141.

The next example of coincidence is, perhaps, one of the most striking and instructive in the volume. We will give it at length.

"It was fixed that at the end of August, the Ameen-ad-Dowlah was to give an entertainment to the ambassador and suite; and on the day appointed, as is usual in Persia, a messenger came to us at about 5 o'clock in the evening to bid us to the feast. I might make use of scriptural language to commence my narration: 'A certain man made a great supper, and bade many; and sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden, Come, for all things are ready.' Luke, xiv. 16 and 17. The difficulty which infidels have made to the passage of which this is the commencement, arises from the apparent harshness of asking people to an entertainment, and giving them no option, by punishing them in fact for their refusal. Whereas, all the guests to whom, when the supper was ready, the servant was sent, had already accepted the invitation, and were, therefore, already pledged to appear at the feast, at the hour when they might be summoned. They were not taken unprepared; and could not, in consistency or decency, plead any prior engagement. On alighting at the house, we were conducted through mean and obscure passages to a small square court, surrounded by apartments, which were the habitations of the women, who had been dislodged on the occasion; and as we entered into a low room, we there found our host waiting for us, with about a dozen more of his friends. The ambassador was placed in the corner of honour, near the window, and the Ameen-ad-Dowlah next to him, on his left hand. The other guests were arranged around the room according to their respective ranks; amongst whom was an old man, a lineal descendant of the Seffi family, whom they called Nawab, and who took his seat next to the Ameen-ad-Dowlah. Although needy and without power, he is always treated with the greatest respect. He receives a daily sursat, or allowance from the king; which makes his case resemble that of Jehoiachin; for 'his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate, all the days of his life.' 2 Kings, xxv. 30. This treatment is in the true spirit of Asiatic hospitality. Giving to the Nawab a high rank in society, is illustrative of the precedence given to Jehoiachin, by 'setting his throne above the throne of the kings that were with him in Babylon.' Idem, v. 28.

"When a Persian enters a mejlis, or assembly, after having left his shoes without, he makes the usual salutation of selam aleikum, (peace be unto you,) which is addressed to the whole assembly, as it were saluting the house; (Matthew, x. 12.) and then measuring with his eye the degree of rank to which he holds himself entitled, he straightway wedges himself into the line of guests, without offering any apology for the general disturbance which he produces. It may be conceived that, among a vain people, the disputes which arise on matters of precedence are nu-

merous; and it was easy to observe, by the countenance of those present, when any one had taken a higher seat than that to which he was entitled. Mollahs, the Persian scribes, are remarkable for their arrogance in this respect; and they will bring to mind the caution that our Saviour gave to the Jews against their scribes, whom among other things he characterizes as loving 'the uppermost places at feasts.' Mark, xi. 39. The master of the entertainment has, however, the privilege of placing any one as high in the ranks of the mejlis as he may choose, and we saw an instance of it on this occasion; for when the assembly was nearly full, the governor of Kashan, a man of humble mein, although of considerable rank, came in, and had seated himself at the lowest place, when the Ameen-ad-Dowlah, after having testified his particular attentions to him by numerous expressions of welcome, pointed with his hand to an upper seat in the assembly, to which he desired him to move, and which he accordingly did.

"The strong analogy to be discovered here between the manners of the Jews, as described by our Saviour in the first of the parables contained in the 14th chapter of St. Luke, and those of the Persians, must be my best apology for quoting the whole passage at full length, particularly as it will more clearly point out the origin, and more strongly inculcate the moral of that beautiful antithesis with which it closes. 'When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest place, lest a more honourable man than thou be bidden of him, and he that bade thee and him, come and say to thee, Give this man place, and thou begin with shame to take the lowest place; but when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest place, that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend go up higher: then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee. For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'" pp. 142—144.

The Persians are accustomed, in the first month of every year, to commemorate for ten days the death of Imam Hossein. This Hossein was the second son of Ali, and brother of Hassan, who, having refused to recognize Yezid for the legitimate caliph, was obliged to quit Medina and retire to Mecca. Yezid dispatched a force against him, which, meeting him, killed him and all who were with him, in the 61st year of the Hejira. These events have been formed into a drama of several parts, one of which is performed in each successive day of the commemoration. The subject, which is full of affecting incidents, and which is allied with the religious and national feelings of the Persians, awakens their strongest passions, and excites in them an enthusiasm not to be diminished by lapse of time.

"It is necessary," observes Mr. Morier, "to have witnessed the scenes that are exhibited in their cities to judge of the degree of fanaticism which possesses them at this time. I have seen some of the most violent of them, as they vociferated Ya Hossein! walk about the streets almost naked, with only their loins covered, and their bodies streaming with blood by the voluntary cuts which they have given to themselves, either as acts of love, anguish, or mortification. Such must have been the cuttings of which we read in Holy Writ, which were forbidden to the Israelites by Moses; and these extravagancies, I conjecture, must resemble the practices of the priests of Baal, who 'cried aloud and cut themselves after this manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them.' 1 Kings xviii. 28. See also Jeremiah xvi. 5—7." pp. 176, 177.

On one of the nights of this commemoration, the whole of the embassy was invited to attend. The Persians were all in mourning dresses, and "no man did put on his ornaments." (Exod. xxxiii. 4.) A Mollah, of high consideration, reminded the crowd present of the great value of each tear shed for the sake of Imam Hossein, which he represented as an atonement for a past life of wickedness, and informed them, with much solemnity, that "whatsoever soul it be that shall not be afflicted in the same day, shall be cut off from among the people." (Levit. xxiii. 29.) In the tragical parts of the drama, afterwards acted, most of the audience appeared to weep very unaffectedly; and Mr. Morier was witness to many real tears which fell from the Grand Vizier and the Mollah who sat near him.

"In some of these mournful assemblies," he adds, "it is the custom for a priest to go about to each person at the height of his grief, with a piece of cotton in his hand, with which he carefully collects the falling tears, and which he then squeezes into a bottle, preserving them with the greatest caution. This practically illustrates that passage in the 56th Psalm, ver. 8, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' Some Persians believe, that in the agony of death, when all medicines have failed, a drop of tears so collected, put into the mouth of a dying man, has been known to revive him; and it is for such use that they are collected." p. 179.

The following illustration is remarkable:—

"On the 15th April, 1813, returning from a morning ride about seven o'clock, I saw, at about forty yards from the road-side, a party of well dressed Persians seated on a carpet close to a rising ground in the plain, with a small stream of water, near a field of rising corn, flowing before them, and surrounded by their servants

and horses. As I passed they sent a lad to me with a message to the following purpose:—The Khan sends his compliments, says *khosh bash*, be happy, and requests you will join his party: at the same time the whole company hallooed out to me as loud as they could, *khosh bash! khosh bash!* I afterwards learnt that this party was given by a Yüzbashee or a Colonel of the King's troops, and that they were in the height of enjoyment when I passed, for they were all apparently much intoxicated. We one day met a party in one of the King's pleasure-houses, nearly under similar circumstances, and we found that the Persians, when they commit a debauch, arise betimes and esteem the morning as the best time for beginning to drink wine, by which means they carry on their excess until night. This contrast with our own manners will perhaps give fresh force to that passage of Isaiah, v. 11. 'Wo unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, until wine inflame them.' This, indeed, has been the reproach of the voluptuary from the satyrists and moralists of all ages and nations." pp. 189, 190.

No less remarkable are these which follow:

"On the north bank of the river Karaj, the king is building a palace surrounded by a fort, and a town which is to be called Sulimanieh, from the city of that name which was taken from the Courdish chief, Abdurakhman Pasha. The spoils of the captured city and country are to defray the expences of its construction. We found about one hundred peasants at work upon the fort, which is to be a square of two hundred yards, with four towers in front, and a gate in the middle of each side. The walls are made with sun-burnt bricks, with a previous foundation of common stone, and the archways of the gates of bricks baked in a kiln. The bricks baked in the sun are composed of earth dug from pits in the vicinity, which is mixed up with straw, and then, from the form in which they have been cast, are arranged on a flat spot in rows, where the sun hardens them. This style of building is called the *kah gil*, or straw and clay. The peasants who were at work had been as usual collected by force, and were superintended by several of the king's officers, who, with hard words, and sometimes harder blows, hastened them into their operations. Their fate resembled that of the Israelites, who no doubt were employed in the same manner in buildings for Pharaoh, and with the very same sort of materials. Their bricks were mixed up with straw; they had to make a certain quantity daily, and their task-masters treated them cruelly if their task was not accomplished. The complaints which they made were natural, and resembled the language used frequently on similar occasions by the oppressed in Persia. 'There is no straw given unto thy servants; and they say to us, Make brick: and behold

thy servants are beaten: but the fault is in thine own people.' Exodus v. 16" pp. 199, 200.

"To the northward and westward are several villages, interspersed with extensive orchards and vineyards, the latter of which are generally enclosed by high walls. The Persian vine-dressers do all in their power to make the vine run up the wall." p. 232.

"The most conspicuous building in Hamadan is the Mesjid Jumah, a large mosque now falling into decay, and before it a *maidan* or square, which serves as a market-place. Here we observed every morning before the sun rose, that a numerous body of peasants were collected, with spades in their hands, waiting as they informed us, to be hired for the day, to work in the surrounding fields. This custom which I have never seen in any other part of Asia, forcibly struck us as a most happy illustration of our Saviour's parable of the labourers in the vineyard, in the 20th chapter of Matthew; particularly when passing by the same place late in the day, we still found 'others standing idle,' and remembered his words, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' as most applicable to their situation: for in putting the very same question to them, they answered us, 'Because no man hath hired us.'" p. 265.

We shall content ourselves with citing one more illustration from this truly interesting work. A rebel chief, named Mahomed Zemaem Khan, who had risen in arms against the king of Persia, was taken prisoner, and carried before the king.

"When he had reached the camp, the king ordered Mahomed Khan, chief of his camel artillery, to put a mock crown upon the rebel's head, *bazubends* or armbands on his arms, a sword by his side; to mount him upon an ass, with his face towards the tail, and the tail in his hand; then to parade him throughout the camp, and to exclaim, 'This is he who wanted to be the king! After this was over, and the people had mocked and insulted him, he was led before the king, who called for the Looties and ordered them to turn him into ridicule, by making him dance and make antics against his will. He then ordered, that whoever chose, might spit in his face. After this he received the bastinado on the soles of his feet, which was administered by the chiefs of the Cajar tribe, and some time after he had both his eyes put out." p. 351.

"The strong coincidence," adds Mr. Morier, "between these details and the most awfully affecting part of our own scripture history, is a striking illustration of the permanence of eastern manners."

ART. X. *Memoirs of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton.* With a Selection from her Correspondence, and other unpublished Writings. By Miss Benger, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. pp. 688. Price 1*l.* 1*s.* 1818.

AMONG the distinguished female writers whose successful exertions in almost every branch of literature, will form so striking a circumstance in the signals of the present age, Elizabeth Hamilton occupies no subordinate rank, and to her, perhaps, may be awarded the praise of having sustained the character of the instructress, with the most correctly intuitive judgment, and the most winning benevolence. There can be no room for hesitation in ranking her productions with the most useful, as well as the most pleasing of those works, to which mothers and daughters are so much indebted for the improvement that has taken place in systems of female education, and for the revolution which has to a great extent been effected, in the taste of the reading public. No writer deserves better of her country-women, for having assiduously laboured to extend the reign of the philosophy of good sense. Without making any very lofty pretensions to genius, she possessed a mind naturally observant, reflective, and vigorous in no ordinary degree; and the circumstances of her early life, were highly favourable to the formation of those independent habits of thinking, which laid the foundation of her intellectual superiority. There is a simplicity of character, as well as a tone of kindness, pervading her writings, which bespeaks a purity and *kindliness* of the motives by which her exertions were uniformly prompted. Her instructions always seem dictated by the feelings of a friend, who wishes to do her readers a service. Literary reputation was sought and valued by her, only as a means of usefulness; and no female author was ever, as it should seem, less infected with the vanity of authorship. 'At the time that I first became acquainted with Mrs. Hamilton,' writes an intimate friend of hers, 'a female literary character was a sort of phenomenon in Scotland. It was, therefore, most fortunate for the interests of her sex, that when an authoress did appear amongst us, she should be one whose kind heart and unpretending manners should set the sneers of prejudice at defiance.' Cheerfulness, good sense, and good hu-

mour, her obvious characteristics, *soon reconciled every one to the 'literary lady.'* Whatever be the ultimate fate of her productions none have better merited the popularity which they have enjoyed, by their seasonable usefulness, and the well earned fame which they purchased for their Author, is of the most enviable kind. We receive this invitation to learn the particulars of the history of her character, less as critics than as friends; and those who, with these feelings of affectionate interest, open the present volumes, will not be disappointed in the perusal. They are the most elegant and the most acceptable tribute which friendship could pay to the memory of one so highly worthy of being long remembered.

It will be regretted, that the 'Biographical Fragment,' begun by Mrs. Hamilton herself, which, had it been carried on, would have formed the most interesting portion of these volumes, supplies no information with regard to her personal history. It contains, however, a brief and affecting tale of the short-lived matrimonial happiness of her parents, which was terminated by the death of Mr. Hamilton, in the prime of life, in 1759, the year after the birth of their daughter Elizabeth. We wish that the following testimony to his worth, extracted from a letter addressed by Mrs. Hamilton to his sister, had not left it so very doubtful, whether a belief in the only revealed means of future happiness, entered into the composition of his character.

"My great consolation is, that I am sure he is happy, if the best of tempers, the most unbounded benevolence of heart, the most sincere desire to do good and be useful in the world;—if the constant exercise of the best affections *can entitle* any one to happiness in another state, then he is happy."

In consequence of this melancholy bereavement, Mrs. Hamilton was induced to consent to the dismemberment of her family, and Elizabeth, when only six years of age, was surrendered to the care of her excellent relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. The portrait which is given of these her adopted parents, is extremely pleasing. Mr. Marshall was very inferior by birth to his lady, who boasted of being of the stock whence all the branches of the Hamilton family that have been ennobled in these kingdoms, in France, and in Germany, have sprung. In Scotland, the pride

of birth is of all prejudices the most predominant, and of all prejudices it is, perhaps, the most difficult to subdue. It was not without a severe struggle, that this lady, who had been always taught to consider it as a dignified and heroic sentiment, obtained the conquest over herself, so far as to become reconciled to an alliance with the son of a peasant. Mr. Marshall had, however, received an education superior to his birth. To him, Mrs. Hamilton remarks, 'might well be applied what Burns has said of an Ayrshire friend, that "he held his patent of nobility direct from Almighty God." In the two and thirty years during which they were united, never did the heart of Mrs. Marshall experience even a momentary pang of vexation, sorrow, or regret.'

"Mr. Marshall resided in a solitary mansion near Stirling, where Elizabeth spent two years, not in learning tasks, but in receiving more instructive lessons from nature: fortunately she had a playmate of the other sex, by whose example she was stimulated to feats of hardihood and enterprize, and, happy to escape restraint, she readily joined her companion in fording the burns in summer, or sliding over their frozen surface in winter. Mrs. Marshall, though sensible and accomplished, was no metaphysician; yet, in sanctioning these innocent pastimes, she realized all that has been suggested by an enlightened and eloquent philosopher on the subject of elementary education.

"When nature is allowed free scope," says Dugald Stewart," the curiosity, during early youth, is alive to every external object, and to every external occurrence. Whenever a child contracts a disrelish for those amusements suited to its age, the best of all education is lost, which nature has prepared amidst the active sports and hazardous adventures of childhood. It is from these alone that we can acquire, not only that force of character which is suited to the more arduous situations of life, but that complete and prompt command of attention to things external, without which the highest endowments of the understanding, however they may fit a man for the solitary speculations of the closet, are but of little use in the practice of affairs, or for enabling him to profit by his personal experience."*

* Mrs. Hamilton never read this passage without referring to her own happy childhood. Destined in the prime of life to become the victim of a cruel disease, she retained, through many succeeding years of suffering and languor, the quick perception, the elastic spirit, the prompt decision, she had been permitted to acquire from the rural dissipation of her childhood. To her last moments the pupil and the lover of nature, the aspect of a beautiful country seemed to restore her to the energies of youth. When labouring under infirmity, her self-possession was not suspended; the active spirit invigorated the feeble frame; and she was often seen, with lame feet, but courageous steps, descending such declivities as few ladies, in the full possession of health and strength, would have attempted.

Nothing is, indeed, more striking than the influence which this happy childhood had upon Miss Hamilton's future character. Imagination, which these scenes contributed so powerfully to develop and to cherish, was to her, through life, a source of cheerfulness, and its connexion with the sensibilities of the heart, she was well capable of advocating from her own experience. The danger attending its morbid predominance in the character, which in fact can arise only from its exclusive cultivation, and from the consequent neglect of the other powers, is not perhaps greater than that which is the result of an opposite defect.

'By most of the pious people and pious writers,' says Miss Hamilton, 'that I have met with, the imagination is treated as a sort of evil spirit, that must be exercised and laid at rest, but in my opinion it is very impious, and surely very ungrateful, thus to treat the first of blessings, without which, judgment will be but a sour old maid, producing nothing. Let us marry them, and we shall do better; for it is evident neither of them was meant for the single state.'

'I sincerely believe that the great disadvantage of living in a crowd, is the check it puts upon the free excursions of imagination.'

In books, however, even at this early age, she had learned to find a substitute for a playmate.

'Her first hero was Wallace, with whom she became enamoured, by learning to recite Blind Henry's Lays. Two or three of Shakspeare's historical plays came in her way; the history of England followed. She happened to meet with Ogilvie's translation of Homer's Iliad, and soon learnt to idolize Achilles, and almost to dream of Hector.'

At nine years of age, Elizabeth was sent to board, from Monday to Saturday, with a female friend at Stirling, for the purpose of attending a day-school. Here she applied with much assiduity, to writing, geography, and the use of the globes, to which, the ensuing year, were added, French, drawing, and music. It was a frequent subject of regret to her, in after life, that instead of devoting so much time to these accomplishments, she had not been allowed to learn the classics under so competent an instructor. On Saturday, the arrival of old Lochaber, the horse which was to convey her back to her home, was hailed with all the vivacity of youthful delight. Sunday is represented as having been a day of

tasks, a mode of religious instruction which Mrs. Hamilton, in the following remarks, seems to speak of as both injudicious and inefficient.

‘Often, she says, ‘did my dear and amiable instructress listen with mingled solicitude and delight, to my senseless, though accurate, recitation of passages, which excited in her mind a train of ideas very different from those raised in mine. Had she stopped here, had she contented herself, as many do, with this one mode of religious instruction, it is probable that the importance of religious principle would now have appeared to me in a very different light.’

It is, however, by no means clear, that because no immediate effect, of the nature of improvement, might attend the getting these lessons by heart, Miss Hamilton derived no advantage from the elements of religious knowledge which she thus passively imbibed. She was herself far from being of opinion that the memory ought never, during childhood, to be exercised upon words, of the meaning of which the child had no distinct ideas. On the contrary, she justly remarks, that such words ‘are afterwards to be made use of; they are the tools with which the mind is, at a future period, to work.’ It is very true, that the cultivation of this mechanical species of memory,—that branch of memory which relates to mere perceptions, will have little or no influence in expanding the powers of the mind; but it is allowed to have its use in subservience to other important objects of education, and it certainly does not cease to be of advantage, when religious instruction, instead of the rules of grammar is made the subject of the lesson. What is thus acquired by rote, does not as yet partake of the nature of *knowledge*, and if the religious education of the child is confined to this ‘one mode of instruction,’ it may possibly never come into use as the materials of knowledge; but where other modes are not neglected, the developement of the faculties will be attended by the quickening of these merely recollected perceptions, into intelligent ideas; and the mind will eagerly catch at the gradually discovered meaning of the terms which have been indelibly impressed upon the memory, and which, on account of their indefiniteness, the more easily connected themselves with the first indistinct feeling of awe and veneration. A judicious choice of the compositions to be thus committed to me-

mory, will, indeed, secure the promotion of both these objects,—the acquirement of terms and that of ideas; and it is by no means necessary that what children get by heart, should be dictated to them in the shape of lessons or tasks. A child of quick perception, will easily be brought to take pleasure in the spontaneous retention and recitation of compositions, which he can as yet but very imperfectly comprehend. 'The importance of religious principle' must, we are well persuaded, be taught by very different methods of instruction, but from the number of those methods, *sermons* do not appear, so far as we can find, to have been designedly excluded by any remarks of Miss Hamilton, and we cannot but lament that her biographer should have thought proper to insinuate such an opinion as her own. It would seem from the incautious manner—for we are unwilling to consider it as designed—in which Miss Benger expresses herself, that an attendance on public worship, constituted the alloy of the Sundays which Elizabeth enjoyed to spend with these excellent people. She herself makes no such complaint; and the exception implied in the remark of her biographer, that '*exclusive* of tasks and sermons, unsuited to the taste and capacity of childhood, religion assumed in this family a most engaging aspect, it does not appear to be warranted by the fact, any more than it is justified by propriety.

Mr. Marshall attended an Episcopal chapel; his wife conformed to the Kirk; and to their hospitable roof, it is said, the Episcopalian, the Nonjuror, and the Presbyterian, were equally welcome. Miss Hamilton represents her aunt as a woman, all whose views extended beyond this world. 'Her father's death had thrown her on the world, or rather on heaven, for to heaven all her thoughts were directed.' 'Never,' she says, 'have I met with a mind at once so gentle and so strong.' To the example, not less than to the precepts, of these excellent friends, she attributes the formation of her own religious character.

In her thirteenth year, Elizabeth was re-established at home, and it was at this period, that 'an intimate of the family, took some pains to shake the foundation of her religious principles.' In reference to so important a circumstance in her intellectual history as this, our readers must join with us in earnestly wishing that Miss Hamilton could have been her own biographer. Noth-

ing more satisfactory is afforded by Miss Benger, than the following statement:

‘The attack was the more dangerous as it approached in the form of ridicule; and she had from nature that quick sense of the ridiculous which often misleads its possessor. The sceptical arguments to which she listened were new, and therefore inflamed curiosity, while they perplexed experience; they had also the attraction of a certain specious liberality, always inviting to a youthful imagination; above all, they were seconded by the excessive strictness of the Kirk and its distasteful service. Still Elizabeth found it difficult to believe, that her aunt, wise and good as she was, could be the dupe of error. To terminate this state of doubt, which to her ardent temper was insupportable, she took the prompt resolution of reading the scriptures by stealth, and deciding the question from her own unbiassed judgment. The result of this examination was, a conviction of their truth; and she observed that the moral precepts connected with the doctrines of Christianity; were too pure to have been promulgated by an impostor.’

Although there frequently occurs a great deficiency of explicitness in Miss Hamilton’s own expressions in reference to her views of religious truth, we are yet happy at meeting with abundant indications in all her works, that the reading of the Scriptures which she continued, through life, to make her constant practice, did not suffer her to stop short in her convictions of the truth of Christianity, at this negative and most important conclusion. As to the excessive strictness and distasteful service of the ‘Kirk,’ too, so far from their having the tendency on her mind which Miss Benger imagines, we find her speaking of the forms of the Church of England, in contrast, as leaving less room for the warmth of ardour in ‘devotion which frequently awakes the heart, and calls forth all the powers of the soul.’ We hope we shall not be accused of captiousness. Miss Benger has gratified us too much by the general style in which she has executed the task so happily committed to her, for us to be disposed to criticise with severity any expressions which we may deem objectionable; but a biographer cannot be too careful to avoid communicating the effect of her own opinions, to the character she undertakes to portray; and there are indications, that on certain points, the sentiments of Miss Hamilton and those of her friend, were not formed in precisely the same school.

Another circumstance which had a very material share in forming Miss Hamilton's character, was, the epistolary correspondence with her brother, which commenced after their meeting in Scotland. In him, the object of her most enthusiastic feelings of affection, she found a director of her studies, and in his approbation an incentive to exertion. As her elder brother, he was naturally led to assume the tone of a paternal monitor, and her ingenuous sense of his superior talents and attainments, led her always to look up to him, as well as to their elder sister, whom she as yet knew only from his description, as a model which left no room for self-satisfaction with her own attainments. Of this 'beloved brother,' she thus speaks, eleven years after the loss of him had cast a shade over her prospects of happiness, which at the time did not seem to allow of the hope of its being dissipated.

'Eleven years have this day elapsed since, in the departure of my beloved brother, the bitterness of death passes over me. In him my affections were from infancy wrapped up: all the love, the admiration, the esteem, which other characters have separately excited, were in him united. Betwixt us, there was a sympathy of soul, a correspondence of sentiment and of feeling, of which few can form any conception. Our minds were cast in the same mould, operated upon by the same circumstances, excited by the same objects. It was by viewing my own character in him, that I acquired confidence in my own powers, respect for my own virtues, and a consciousness of my own infirmities. Endearred as he was by every tie of friendship, of confidence, and of affection, I considered him as the animating soul of my existence. With him, my every hope of happiness expired. I submitted to the dispensation of Providence without repining; but all possibility of further enjoyment in this life seemed at an end; for with every enjoyment his idea was so strongly associated, that I did not think the separation could ever be made. How little do they know, of the constitution of the human mind, who talk of indulging "eternal sorrow!" The goodness of the Great Creator has, happily, rendered it impossible. The mind, overburdened with affliction, is impelled to seek relief. During the violence of its first emotions, it indeed obstinately rejects every idea that is not in unison with the present feeling; but as no strong emotion can long exist in the extreme, but must necessarily lose its force, and become in some degree exhausted by its own efforts, ideas less and less connected with the object which excited it will gradually present themselves, suggesting trains of thought which cheat the mind into tranquillity. Long as it was before I experienced the full benefit of this relief which the God of nature has provided, I did expe-

rience it. As time advanced, new objects of interest arose; and though the memory of my dearest, my beloved brother, must ever be graven on my inmost soul, neither the strength of my affection, nor the deep sense of the loss I had sustained, could prevent sorrow from being changed into tender melancholy. Even melancholy itself in time was dissipated, and the natural cheerfulness of my temper resumed its tone. My lot has indeed fallen in pleasant places. My life has been a series of blessings and of enjoyment: my sorrows have been few; and though, from the keenness of my feelings, they have been severe, they have borne no proportion to my pleasures. The pleasures which my natural temper and the turn of my mind have ever rendered most delightful, are those which arise from the communication of sentiment, and which give a lively exercise to the sympathies of the heart, and the faculties of the understanding. In the society of my dearest brother those were first called forth; and in losing him, I thought I had lost them for ever. Blessed be God! this has not been the case. Since losing him, I have enjoyed the happiness of living in a very superior society, of forming intimacies with many of the best, the wisest, and the worthiest of human characters. I have commenced many friendships, which I hope and trust will neither cease in this world,* nor in the next, but which will continue to form a part of my happiness, when all imperfections shall have been done away.'

In the year 1780, Miss Hamilton had an opportunity presented by the death of her excellent aunt, of exhibiting all the firmness and amiableness of her well-regulated mind. Mr. Marshall was now at an age which required the soothing attentions of affection, and on his return from his morning walk round the farm, he looked for the youthful companion who now presided at his table, and whose absence no other individual could supply. Miss Hamilton accordingly adopted a resolution to refuse every invitation in which he was not included, and for the first six years after her aunt's death, scarcely absented herself from 'Ingram's Crook, unless her uncle accompanied her.'

'He treats me,' she writes to her brother, 'with the affection of a father, and all the confidence of a friend. He leaves every thing entirely to my management within doors, and expresses approbation of every thing I do. Indeed I never take a step without his advice. I exert my utmost power to make him easy and happy!'

In another letter to the same beloved correspondent, then in India, she describes the state of monotonous seclusion, which she had good sense and good spirits enough to make cheerful.

‘Here tranquillity holds an uninterrupted reign. From the time I get up in the morning, till my uncle makes his appearance at dinner-time, I have no more use for the faculty of speech, than the Monks of La Trappe: then, indeed, I get a little conversation in the style of the country, of the badness of the weather, the deepness of the roads, the qualities of manure, or *politica*, which we discuss to admiration. Had my uncle been commander-in-chief of the sea or land forces, or I prime minister at home, Cornwallis would have been victorious, and Graves had sent the French home with disgrace. After settling these important matters, my reverend companion takes his nap, and I rattle at the harpsichord, till our reading-time begins, (which is usually from seven till eleven;) and then I hold forth on various subjects. History and travels are our chief favourites; but with them we intermix a variety of miscellaneous literature, with now and then a favourite novel, to relish our graver studies. This is a picture of the last three months, and may serve as one for many more to come; and yet my spirits are unimpaired, and my vivacity almost what it was half-a-dozen years ago.

‘My uncle joins in offering his love to my dear Charles; and bids me assure you of the happiness it would afford him to see you seated at his heartsome *Ingle*.’

‘Happily nature,’ she says at another time, ‘has furnished me with a good flow of spirits, and an imagination that can find amusement within itself. Were this not the case, I should be apt to feel the effects of continued dulness; and still, in some cross moments, I can’t help thinking it a little hard, that with all the good-will imaginable towards the pleasures of society, I should be condemned to pass the best days of my youth in such a solitude, that I might, to all intents and purposes, be as well shut up in a monastery.’

Under these circumstances, it was inevitable that our romantic recluse should find out the means of amusing herself by making verses; but her artless effusions were long uncommunicated, and except from the apparent facility and freedom of her sportive productions, it does not appear that she was addicted to bestow much time on this employment. The following lines are extracted from a poem, entitled, “Anticipation,” which she wrote about this period. The author ‘supposes herself presented with a mirror, in which she is permitted to contemplate her friends as they should appear when changed and modified by the lapse of thirty years.’ She then turns to her own portrait.

‘With expectation beating high,
Myself I now desire to spy,

And strait I in the glass surveyed
 An antique maiden much decayed,
 Whose languid eye, and pallid cheek,
 The conquering power of time bespeak.
 • But though deprived of youthful bloom,
 Free was my brow from peevish gloom.
 A cap, tho' not of modern grace,
 Hid my gray hairs and decked my face.
 No more I fashion's livery wear,
 But cleanly neatness all my care.
 Whoe'er had seen me must have said,
 There goes one cheerful, pleased, old maid.'

In the year 1787, her beloved brother, returned from India, made one of the happy circle at Ingram's Crook, and Miss Hamilton no longer felt that she lived in seclusion. This auspicious season was an era in her history. While Mr. Hamilton was engaged in prosecuting his translation of the Hedaya, she was his almost constant associate, and caught from his conversation that taste for Oriental literature, and familiarity with the customs and manners of the East, which she afterwards turned to so good account, in her Hindoo Rajah. In the year 1788, she paid her first visit to London, in company with her brother, and tasted of the novel pleasures and excitements of polished society. After the death of her excellent uncle, which took place soon after her return to Ingram's Crook, she rejoined her brother and sister in the metropolis. The printing of the Hedaya being completed, Mr. Hamilton received the appointment of President at the Vizier's Court, and began to prepare for a departure which was never to take place. Unexpected circumstances deferred his embarkation, and, in the interval, a cold, contracted in his farewell visit to Ingram's Crook, terminated in a pulmonary complaint under which he lingered a few months, till at length, 'in the prime of his hopes, with the prospect of realizing all his early dreams of distinction,' he expired.

After this melancholy period, little remains to occupy the details of the biographer, besides notices of the several literary works which, in fulfilment of her revered brother's admonitions, Miss Hamilton was encouraged successively to undertake. Unable, after his death to force her thoughts altogether from the only subject that appeared worthy to engage them, she was led to conceive the design of writing a work in which she might perpetu-

ate some of the recollections, and indulge the feelings connected with the beloved object of her regret.

‘The Hindoo Rajah bears many traces of the melancholy that pervades the author’s mind: her individual feelings are embodied in Charlotte, and a beautiful tribute is offered to her lamented brother in the delineation of the character of Percy, who is not introduced to the scene as a living actor, but as one already reposing in the grave: to have brought him forward in person, invested with life and energy, to have detailed in conversation his opinions and sentiments, would have been too painful an effort to her, whose tears were still flowing over his ashes. There is, in deep-felt reality, a counter-power, to the sorcery of the imagination; and, in our waking, as in our sleeping dreams, it is long before the beloved image of one we have lost, is permitted to mingle familiarly with the visionary forms that float upon the mind; the master-chord of feeling is no sooner touched, than an impression is produced which dissolves the momentary illusion.’

This, her first publication, appeared in 1796, and its success encouraged her soon to engage in a second work, “The Modern Philosophers,” which was published early in 1800, and passed through two editions before the end of the year. In the same year, she laid the foundation of a work adapted to more permanent usefulness, which had long occupied her thoughts, the “Letters on Education.” The first volume appeared in 1801, and procured the Author the acquaintance of many celebrated individuals. Indeed, she was now every where rewarded with a flattering degree of distinction. The “Memoirs of Agrippina,” were undertaken with a view of illustrating, by a series of biographical examples, the speculative principles assumed in the “Letters on Education.”

‘Agrippina is preposterously classed with novels; and an opinion has been commonly entertained that it is in reality, a sort of biographical romance. No idea could be more unfounded. The author, directed by her learned friends, was indefatigable in collecting documents and procuring materials for an authentic work. Through the medium of translation, she had been conversant with the best historians, annalists, poets, and orators of ancient Rome; and she was guided by the most esteemed modern writers on the subject of antiquities, laws, and usages. When doubts or difficulties occurred, she communicated her scruples to the scholar or philosopher who was most competent to resolve them. Far from indulging in fictitious embellishments, she has not even attempted to fill up the chasm occasionally left in the narrative;

and she was careful to substantiate every fact by reference to classical authority. The only instance in which she allowed herself to deviate from this strict precision, is in the introduction of a conversation between Agrippina and the country-woman of Arminius, in which the chaste matrons of Germany are strikingly contrasted with the ladies of degenerate Rome.'

On her return to Edinburgh, in 1804, where she ultimately fixed her residence, Miss Hamilton learned that a pension from the crown had been conferred upon her, as an acknowledgment 'that her literary talents had been meritoriously exerted in the cause of religion and virtue.' About the same period, she was solicited by a nobleman to superintend, on very liberal terms, the education of his children, who had been deprived of their mother, and she consented for a limited time to reside in his family. At the expiration of six months, she relinquished her trust, though not her affectionate concern for the improvement of her pupils, of which she gave evidence in her subsequent publication, entitled "Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman."

Miss Hamilton, on her re-establishment at Edinburgh, became an active coadjutrix with the ladies who had formed there a House of Industry, and she composed for the use of the young persons educated there, the little work entitled "Exercises in Religious Knowledge," 'on a plan which obliges the pupil to prove, by answers to be given in her own words, her attention, and her conception of the instruction given by the teacher.' The "Cottagers of Glenburnie," was begun, 'in a happy interval from serious speculation, as the amusement of an idle hour; but finding that the first sheets, when read to a few friends, excited mirth, the Author extended her plan. The work took, and a cheap edition was brought out to meet the extensive demand, which circulated to the Highlands, and is to be found, we are told, in every village library: In Stirlingshire, it was read with so much avidity, that Isabel Irvine, the attendant of Mrs. Hamilton in her early years, 'made money by lending her copy at so much per head.' Few works have been more extensively useful in provoking a spirit of improvement. The Popular Essays, "On the Elementary Principles of the Human Mind," designed to be supple-

mental to the Letters on Education, appeared in 1812, at which period her health began visibly to decline. The last work which she lived to finish, was the small volume published in 1815, entitled, "Hints addressed to the Patrons and Directors of Schools," in which it was her object to recommend a partial adoption of the plan introduced in Switzerland, by Pestalozzi. As this work, at the time of its publication, escaped our notice, our readers may desire to be put in possession of its contents, by a brief analysis.

The author commences her Remarks on Schools, by adverting to the importance of laying the foundation of intellectual education, in the improvement, by means of perpetual exercise, of the primary faculties of perception and attention, as illustrated in her Letters on Education. 'Men who rarely attend to the minds of children, are apt,' she remarks, 'to forget by what a slow and gradual process the faculties of the understanding are opened, and therefore, in their schemes for education, take not into consideration the circumstances which may have impeded the progress, and prevented even the first power of intellect from coming into action.' The methods introduced by Bell and Lancaster, although their utility in this respect is not generally appreciated, are chiefly advantageous, as being admirably adapted to rouse the perceptions of the dull, and to fix the attention of the volatile; but much of their efficiency is shown to be absolutely dependent on the *administration* of the system, and each is shown to be, in some respects, materially defective. Miss Hamilton remarks upon the importance of directing the perceptions to the value of neatness and regularity as conducive to comfort, as the best means of producing an alacrity of obedience and subordination; she shows that indolence is the never failing concomitant of slow perception, and she insists upon her favourite principle, a principle of the first importance, that elementary education, to become extensively beneficial, must be made to influence the affections. The unreasonableness and fallacy of the sanguine expectations sometimes indulged with respect to the efficacy of instruction conducted in disregard of these principles, are placed in a proper light. The system of Pestalozzi is thus described, and as it deserves to be

fully and universally made known, we shall not apologize for the length of the extract.

‘ Upon farther investigation, it however appears, that the principle adopted and adhered to by Pestalozzi is in its nature universal, and may be universally applied. It is neither deep nor intricate, nor beyond the comprehension of the most ordinary capacity. In few words, it is simply attending to the laws of nature. By these it has been ordained, that the human understanding, though it may be gradually opened, and enabled to embrace a vast extent of knowledge, can be only opened gradually, and by a regular series of efforts. Pestalozzi perceiving, that when one idea upon any subject had been acquired by a child, the idea next in succession was no sooner presented than imbibed; and also observing, that when it was attempted to force upon children ideas having no connexion with any that had previously entered their minds, the attempt proved fruitless, took the hint from nature, and wisely formed his plan in conformity to her’s. Instead of making children repeat words that suggested ideas to his own mind, he set himself to observe what were the ideas that actually existed in their’s. He then, by questions adapted to their capacities, induced them to make such further exertion of their powers, as enabled them to add new ideas to their slender stock; and, by persevering in the process, expanded their faculties to a degree, which, to those best qualified to judge of the difficulties of the abstruse science he professed to teach, seemed little short of miraculous.

‘ But though it was the proficiency made by his little pupils in geometry that chiefly excited the admiration of the public, the success with which he applied the same principle to the more important purposes of communicating moral and religious instruction, is yet more worthy of our notice and applause.

‘ Pestalozzi dismissed from his service all the excitements of punishment and reward. The habits of the Swiss peasantry doubtless contributed to the success of the experiment, as it cannot be supposed that the children of those simple villagers stood equally in need of strong excitement, as children, who, from their situation, are compelled to associate with depravity in an overgrown metropolis. But making every allowance for the favourable na-

ture of the circumstances, still it must be acknowledged, that such nice notions and constant practice of moral rectitude; such a complete subjugation of every turbulent and selfish passion; and such cordial harmony and fraternal love, as is asserted to have been exemplified in the school of Pestalozzi, have been rarely exhibited even in situations the most favourable. The means employed by Pestalozzi to improve the heart and dispositions, as they have been described to me by those who have made inquiries upon the spot, seems to be extremely simple, and extremely obvious; yet, simple as they are, and infallible as is their operation, many and obstinate are the prejudices that must be surmounted, ere we can expect to see them generally adopted. The effect resulting from them, as exemplified in this school of morality, is what has been termed by our old divines, *the practice of the presence of God*. Other children are taught to say, that God is ever present; but the pupils of Pestalozzi are taught to know and to feel in their hearts, that in God they live and move and have their being. The conviction is impressed and rivetted in their minds, so as never to be for a single moment obscured.'

'According to his method, the mind of the pupil cannot be passive in receiving instruction. It is compelled to work its way to knowledge; and, having its activity properly directed, is led step by step to the perception of truth. Instead of repeating words on subjects so important as to demand the most serious consideration, but too far removed from the ideas which occupy the minds of children, to admit a possibility of their being easily understood, his pupils are made to proceed by a regular process from one idea to another, until the same proposition, which was in the former instance repeated by rote, seems to them the evident deduction of reason.'

The following method of teaching arithmetic adopted by Pestalozzi, is contrasted with the usual plan, and with the Lancastrian:

'Knowing that the first notion of numbers must necessarily be obtained through the medium of the external senses, it is by objects adapted to the senses of sight and touch, and not by words alone, that he gives the first ideas upon the subject to the infant mind. The teacher, taking a handful of beans, (or what else he

chuses to use as counters,) gives one to each of the little pupils placed round his table. This each lays before him, and pronounces to be *one bean*. Another *one* is then given, and the first and second *one* are placed together, and, when thus united, assume the name of *two*. Another *one* bean is added, and the whole put together become *three*. This process is continued until all are capable of distinctly counting to the number ten. Each is then desired to take from his heap two beans, and having placed them together on the table, puts then other two down at a small distance, and having named the separate quantities, two and two, is made to join them together; and if his notion of numbers obtained in the former part of the exercise has been sufficiently accurate, he will easily, by the exertion of his own perceptions, be enabled to give to the number its appropriate term. In this way a distinct notion of all the combinations of which the units are susceptible is introduced. A knowledge of the figures which are the signs of numbers is next given. And then, again, by means of counters, which answer for tens, and the beans, which have represented units, the process is carried forward as far as may be found necessary. All the rules of Arithmetic are taught by Pestalozzi on the same principle. I say nothing of his tables, and other contrivances for facilitating his purpose, as such apparatus, however useful, are by no means essential to the communication of clear ideas, which is the primary object in view.'

By an analogous method, this extraordinary man is represented to have succeeded in laying a solid foundation in the minds of his pupils, for the belief and practice of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, and in producing a susceptibility of moral feeling, which enabled him to dispense alike with the terrors of penal restraint and the incentives of reward. The 'interrogatory system of instruction' is coming into vogue, but to render it efficient, the admirable hints suggested by Miss Hamilton in this volume, cannot be too carefully attended to. Unless the essential principles on which it ought to proceed, are thoroughly comprehended, many who may pique themselves on the adoption of the theory, will fail in rendering its application subservient to any real improvement.

We must now draw this article to a close. Miss Hamilton did not long survive the publication of the work we have referred to. A series of afflictive events annihilated, in the year succeeding its publication many of her dearest hopes, and the melancholy state of her own health, induced her to quit her comfortable home at Edinburgh once more.

‘Proceeding by easy stages, she at first seemed to derive benefit from the change; and her sister began to indulge the hope, that the remedy would not be less effectual than it had proved on former occasions. She was, however, alarmed by appearances of weakness greater than had hitherto been observed; and before their arrival at Harrowgate which was to be their resting place, her heart suggested the most gloomy forebodings.

‘After two or three unsuccessful trials of the Harrowgate spa, Miss Hamilton, with her usual promptitude of decision, pronounced her malady mortal; and having adjusted all her worldly concerns, prepared, without a murmur, for approaching dissolution. During some weeks she lingered, perfectly sensible to the progress of decay. The piety she had so long cherished did not desert her in these awful moments; the few words she articulated were expressive of resignation to the divine will, of affection for her surviving friends, of aspirations for happiness and immortality. The torpor that was stealing over her mental faculties, had no power to touch her heart: “Give my love, ten times told,” was the last message she dictated to that incomparable bosom friend so often mentioned in these memoirs. The last moments of existence were exempted from severe suffering; she sunk into a slumber that prefigured death, and finally, without a struggle, breathed her last, on the 23d of July, 1816, having newly entered her 60th year.’

The selections from Miss Hamilton’s correspondence, comprized in the second volume, would afford many interesting extracts, but we can only recommend them to the perusal of our readers. The remarks on the Revelation were worth printing, chiefly as indicative of the deep attention with which the Author studied the sacred volume. From her private journal, we select the following reflections on ‘Her last birthday,’ as the most explicit and striking exhibition of her sincere and humble piety.

‘Again permitted to see a return of the day of my birth, let me offer to the Most High the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, and renew the vows I have so often made—of devoting the remainder of my life to his service. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not any of the mighty benefits which he has through life bestowed on thee. But how shall I number up blessings that

are innumerable,—mercies that are beyond my comprehension great! From the first hour of my existence, how wonderfully have I been preserved! how mercifully provided for in things spiritual and temporal! In all events that have befallen me, from infancy to the present day, I perceive the wisdom and goodness of an over-ruling Providence, distributing sickness and health, joy and sorrow, as were to me most needful for correction or comfort; and in every instance alike salutary and beneficial. By the glorious light of the gospel, the path to life eternal was early displayed to my view: to walk in it has been the serious purposes of my life. But, alas! how often have I been in danger of straying from it, turned aside by the passions and desires of my own corrupt heart! How often in such instances have I been recalled, as if by the voice of my Lord and master, in gentle accents, warning me of my danger! Though dark clouds have sometimes passed over me, never have they been permitted effectually to obscure the sun of truth. In the darkest hour I have still been enabled to say, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Not by my own strength have I been preserved, nor by the exertion of my own intellect enlightened. It is by the grace of God that I have been saved from destruction; and to it alone that I look for aid in working out my salvation by faith and holiness of life. But in taking a view of the goodness and mercy that have conspicuously followed me through the whole course of my life, I am inspired with confidence, and with the full assurance of hope, in regard to what remains. He, of whose love I have experienced such convincing proofs, will not forsake me when my strength fails. On him, then, let me cast my cares; and, firmly confiding in his wisdom and goodness, let me follow wherever his providence may lead; praying that he may so rule and govern the events before me, that if I change my place of residence, the change may be propitious to my eternal interests,—enabling me better to discharge the duties of declining life, and more fully to devote to God the sabbath of my days. One year more, and the period of six tens of years will be completed. One ten years more, is the date of human life: so near, so very near do I now approach to that awful and eternal change, to which the few years spent on earth are but the prelude. But glory be to him, who hath divested the grave of its terrors; and in and through whom I have the hope of everlasting life, the promise of eternal joy!" pp. 270—273.

Miss Benger has furnished a very pleasing and elegant specimen of memoir-writing, free from all affectation of sentiment, yet displaying much genuine feeling, as well as correct taste, and bearing all the marks of a cultivated and amiable mind.

ART. XI.—*English Synonymes discriminated.* By W. TAYLOR, Jr. of Norwich. London, 1813.

English Synonymes explained, in Alphabetical Order; with copious Illustrations and Examples, drawn from the best Writers. By GEORGE CRABB, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. London, 1816. [Boston, republished 1820. First American from the second London Edition; greatly enlarged and corrected.]*

MR. TAYLOR's preface contains a brief but instructive account of works on synonymy in various languages, with a respectful notice of preceding English writers, and speaks little of himself; Mr. Crabb, on the contrary, very largely recommends his own work, and in this sentence alone notices former authors:—

"It cannot, however, be denied that, whilst the French and Germans have had several considerable works on the subject, we have not a single writer who has treated it in a scientific manner adequate to its importance: not that I wish by this remark to depreciate the labours of those who have preceded me, but simply to assign it as a reason why I have now been induced to come forward with an attempt to fill up what is considered a chasm in English literature."

Now, except in mere quantity, and the labour which it supposes, we have not been able to discover any thing in Mr. C.'s book which justifies these pretensions. Of science we have discovered no traces; and though he has exercised much laudable, and frequently useful labour, his claims to notice as an original writer are so far below those of Mr. Taylor, (though his book, after all, may be the more useful production,) that we shall principally advert to the latter gentleman's work, both in the extracts we shall make, and the few remarks we may find occasion to introduce. We are the more induced to this, because we think Mr. T. has great reason to complain of the treatment he has re-

* The American publisher has furnished no means by which these alterations can be ascertained; an omission which is calculated to excite suspicions not very favourable to the promise contained in these captivating terms. Whatever may have been the reason for this concealment, it deserves reprehension as tending to invalidate the authority of the book, and injure the reputation of the author. If the American editor is not willing to communicate his name, we ought at least to know how much of his new wine has been poured into the old bottle.

ceived from Mr. C.: indeed, we could not easily find among modern writers so much disingenuous concealment following such great and manifold obligations to a shortly-preceding writer. Mr. T.'s book, it is apparent to us, could never have been out of Mr. C.'s hands. He now and then expressly quotes him, it is true; though he more frequently adds a "v. Taylor" below, leaving the borrowed and the original matter undistinguished. He is ever exerting himself to disguise what he has thus appropriated; but it is in the form of paraphrase that his obligations are most marked. Besides these positive indications, there are *negative* proofs of the influence of Mr. T.'s little book on Mr. C.'s mind, by a departure from his accustomed manner when Mr. T. has by chance fallen into it. Of these we shall furnish illustrations incidentally in the course of this article.

We are aware of the difficulty of following in so narrow a track as the etymology and definition of a word without treading in the steps of those who have gone before: on such a subject there must often occur involuntary coincidences of thought between writers; and we have ourselves not unfrequently been tempted to utter the author's imprecation—" *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.*" A liberal and gentlemanly acknowledgement would have relieved Mr. C. from all difficulties. This might the sooner have been expected, because Mr. T. and Mr. C. have devoted their talents to a walk of literature not very popular, and in which they have few fellow-labourers. Mr. T. is advantageously known as one of the best of our translators of classical German works. The fame of Göthe, Wieland, and Lessing has been spread by his versions: his *Iphigenia in Taurus* is an accession to our dramatic literature. Mr. Crabb has devoted himself to the humbler task of writing school-books: he has produced several on the German language: his present work is of higher pretensions.

It is unquestionably by German scholars that the English language most needs to be inquired into; like Parnassus, it has two heads; and the great cause of Johnson's now acknowledged inadequacy to the task he undertook of compiling a dictionary, was his utter ignorance of the Teutonic half of it. From the elder etymologists he copied the Saxon root, or origin of the

word, without pretending or caring to understand its meaning. Almost all preceding philologists have been guilty of the same egregious mistake: they were acquainted only with Greek and Latin, and assumed often the most absurd derivations from that source. Horne Tooke may be considered as the restorer of etymological learning among us, yet even he was not much acquainted with modern German; nevertheless he has rendered lasting service to his country by his etymological researches, though his metaphysics, or philosophy of language, will hereafter excite only a smile or astonishment.

The books now before us may be considered as the first fruits of the new but obvious discovery, that the English language being in its origin a dialect of the German, is capable of infinite illustration by a familiar acquaintance with its kindred dialects.

Of course all *fellow-names* are to be so explained, for etymology if it be not the polar-star, is at least the compass of synonymy. Mr. T. is the first writer who has been fully sensible of this truth, and as our own peculiar observations never fail to be estimated at their full value, and too often above; Mr. T.'s little work is almost exclusively etymological. *Girard*, the most popular French writer on synonymy, distinguished himself by a delicate *tact*, and observation of the subtle distinctions practised by fine writers and polite talkers. Of this subtlety and observation Mr. T. has very little: and he appears from his preface not highly to appreciate the exercise of them: on the contrary, he considers etymology as the only safe guide. And, inasmuch as etymology serves to restrain the vagrant tendency of speech, it is most important that it should not be forgotten. "So much of meaning" says Taylor, "as inheres in the radical and primary signification of a word is necessarily immortal; but that which has accrued from casual application, may die out and disappear." It is undoubtedly true that the influence of the origin of a word will be felt long after that origin is forgotten; and that whole races of men will continue to use words with delicate varieties of import, and imbibe niceties of feeling and thought from them, without being conscious of the reason.

A polite man, for instance, would say in argument, "you interposed an observation," rather than "you interrupted me by a

remark;" without recollecting that *rumphere* means to break, and therefore imputes violence, while *ponere* means simply to put. In this lies much of the grace of social conversation. They who frequent good company, or read the best books, will insensibly catch it there; a great deal may be learned in books of the present kind. Much half-obsolete refinement of distinction will be recalled to practice, and new distinctions sometimes originate in them.

Still the remark we quoted from Mr. T. is to be taken with its limitations; and as they who have imagination or invention enough to suggest the remark, are often unwilling to weaken it by restriction, ingenious men are always apt to overcharge their observations; of this, Mr. T. has given us an amusing instance.

" *School. Academy.*

" *Schola* was used of the lobby to a bath-house, of a piazza, and of other inclosed places, where philosophers occasionally gave lessons. *Academus* was a citizen of Athens, who kept a gymnasium, or a school of bodily exercises, and who finally bequeathed his house and garden to the public: it became a favourite walk for students. *School*, therefore, excites an idea of confinement, where the lessons are given between four walls; and *academy* an idea of liberty, where instruction is picked up on the saunter."

Surely the *therefore* is absurd; and in this kind of absurdity Mr. T.'s little book abounds. We suspect he is as aware of it as his readers can be, and we cannot severely condemn playful eccentricities of thought which are not calculated to mislead, and only amuse and stimulate. Mr. C. with more truth certainly, informs us that *schola* means, from the Greek, *leisure*, but we cannot applaud what he adds:

" Hence it has been extended to any place where instruction is given, particularly that which is communicated to youth, which being an easy task to one who is familiar with this subject, is considered as a relaxation rather than a labour."

There is more point in the definition adopted by Gesner: "*Schola* *af.* [*σχολα*] Literarum ludum significat; ad verbum *otium*, quia cæteris rebus omissis, vacant liberalibus studiis, qui eas frequentant." Such a definition is certainly applicable only to academies for *grown gentlemen*—not to receptacles for children, whose only business is to learn; and it must ever happen that where, from a change of manners and customs in nations,

the thing is altered, the primitive etymological meaning is overpowered by the actual present sense: hence varieties of import sometimes spring out of what is at first identical, as in other instances variety subsides in sameness where the diversity in fact is lost. It will also frequently happen that the primitive radical idea is lost in the accidental adjunct. Mr. Taylor is correct in deriving torrent from *torrere*, to dry up; and he is etymologically justified in asserting, that the overwhelming character is the accident, and the subsequent exhaustion is the essence; but how few have ever this fact in their mind!

A larger proportion of Mr. T.'s etymologies, however, are deduced from the German, frequently with great felicity, but oftentimes they seem advanced merely as a trial of skill. There is much ingenuity certainly—perhaps of whimsicality also, in these derivations.

“Gross. Bulky. Stout. Huge.”

“Gross excites the idea of coarse corpulency; it came to us from France with that association: it is originally the same word with the Low-Dutch *groot* and the English *great*, which are past participles of *to grow*; but as the Germans are a corpulent, and the Gauls a slender race, their word for grown means *fat*, whereas the French *grand* (also a participle of *grandir*) means *tall*.

“Bulky is from the substantive *bulk*, which is used for the *torso*, or trunk, of a man, as well as for size in general. Authorities derive it from *balg*, belly; but it is more likely to be the same word as bullock, or bull-ox, a castrated bull, a steer gelding. These animals being remarkable for growing fat and large, would naturally supply the descriptive adjective; a man-bullock for a corpulent man, a bullock-pack of wool for a large or bulky bale. Yet the sea-phrase, “to break bulk,” favours the derivation from belly.

“Stout is said by Johnson to mean *striking*: it describes an appearance characteristic of strength and vigour; it is metaphorically become a word of dimension. A stout cloth, for a thick strong texture; a stout timber, for a tree in its prime, which promises to grow large; a stout plank for a thick strong board; a stout vessel, for a tight strong ship. The ideas of thick and strong seem to have coalesced in the word. Adelung is not for referring this word, like Johnson, to the Gothic etymon *stautan*, to strike; but rather, with the Swedish *stolt*, and the German *stoltz*, to some root signifying to *up-swell*. Opitz has a passage: *Die stolze fluth verschwemmet ganz und gar*: the stout river swims quite away: where the fundamental idea *turgid*, not the fundamental idea *striking*, can be accommodated to the epithet.

On the other hand, the Flemings say of an ox that *tosses*, *Die os is stoetsch*; where *striking*, and not *turgid*, is applicable. Perhaps some such idea as *horny* lies at the bottom of this adjective. The Latins use *cornea corpora* for stout bodies; and the Hebrews use the derivatives of *horn* for *proud*, which is the meaning of the German *stolz*. *Stoestange* is a pitch-fork, which would be naturally named if the words signify horn-pole. *Stot* is old English for a bull. These indications being converged, it seems that some word, which in *mæso-gothic* would have been spelled *staut*, signified (1) a bull, (2) a horned beast, (3) a horn; and that from this sense was derived the verb *stautan* or *stossen*, to thrust, push or toss. Bull being the largest animal among the Goths, is often used by them for an augmentative; bull-finch, bull-fly, bull-rush, bull-trout, bull-weed: the adjective into which such a prefix would gradually be shapen must signify *large*. But if, by a process of abstraction, the word *bull* had acquired the meaning *horn* before it was employed as an epithet; the adjective into which such a prefix would gradually be shapen, might mean *strong*, *overbearing*, *proud*; or it might mean *tough*, *enduring*, *robust*; the Germans have employed it in the former, the English in the latter sense. And thus, by pre-supposing the etymon *staut* bull, all the significations of the allied words in the different Gothic dialects may be accounted for naturally.

"Huge is derived by Johnson from the Hollandish *hoog*, high; but this does not explain the use of the word.

Part, huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean.

Where is there any symptom that height makes a part of the idea of the word? A high tree is one whose stem is tall; a huge tree one whose trunk is large. High forests consist of tall trees; huge forests of spreading wood. The word is not applied to graceful, but only to awkward bulk and unseemly appetites: a huge whale, a huge mountain, a huge serpent; and Shakspeare, a huge feeder. *Hooch* is Welsh for a hog; and this is no doubt the true beginning of the adjective. A huge man, is a hog of a man; a huge mountain, a hog of a mountain; a huge feeder, a hog of a feeder.

"Bulky, stout, and huge, are all epithets borrowed from cattle; the ox tends to corpulency, the bull to strength, and the hog to awkwardness; and these accessory ideas are accordingly mingled with the general idea of large-sized, which they all convey."

We copy Mr. Crabb's article, for the sake of comparison.

"*Corpulent, Stout, Lusty.*

"CORPULENT, from *corpus*, the body, signifies having fullness of body.

"STOUT, in Dutch *stou*, is no doubt a variation of the German *stätig*, steady, signifying able to stand, solid, firm.

"LUSTY, in German, &c. *lustig*, merry, cheerful, implies here a vigorous state of body.

"*Corpulent* respects the fleshy state of the body; *stout* respects also the state of the muscles and bones; *corpulence* is therefore an incidental property, *stoutness* is a natural property; *corpulence* may come upon us according to circumstances, *stoutness* is the natural make of the body which is born with us. *Corpulence* and *lustiness* are both occasioned by the state of the health; but the former may arise from disease, the latter is always the consequence of good health; *corpulence* consists of an undue proportion of fat, *lustiness* consists of a due and full proportion of all the solids in the body."

Equally singular and strange is the imputed origin of two words, which the author was perhaps ambitious to exemplify as well as explain. Mr. Taylor thus explains *wit* and *humour*, having before noticed the popular distinction.

"*Wit* is etymologically connected with the old English verb *I weet, I wot, I have witten*; and *to weet*, or *to wit*, for it occurs in both forms, means to know, to perceive, or something like this. All abstract terms acquire a vague signification, when the sensible idea is forgotten of which they are the ghost. Is it in this instance irrecoverably lost? There is a German verb, technical among hunters, *wittern*, to smell. '*Das wild wittert den jäger*. The game smells the huntsman. *Wie schiffer pflegen, sieht er nach luft und wind, und wittert sturm und regen*. As sailors use, he looks at the sky and wind, and smells storm and rain.' *Wit*, then, is that faculty of the mind which answers to the sense of smelling; a sagacity somewhat imperceptibly exerted in detecting delicate and concealed phenomena, whose inferences are mostly stated in hints, or in pantomime, but which is not the less trust-worthy, from the difficulty, or inexpediency, of translating into language, and bringing to definition its perceptions.

"*Humour* means *moisture*. When snuff, mustard, or onions, are applied to the nose, an increased secretion is occasioned in the salival glands: they make the mouth water, as the phrase is. When the wit is occupied in coarse and stimulant discriminations, surely this same organic affection comes on insensibly—laughter cures thirst. However, this is an etymology which Plato would class among the illustrative. Historically speaking, *humour* was applied by physicians to designate the various fluids secreted and circulated in the human frame. The predominance of a choleric or phlegmatic, of a sanguine or melancholy temperament, was supposed to depend on a greater or less abundance of particular humours: hence *humour* came to signify disposition, character. By degrees it stood for prominent tendencies: he was called a *humourist* who indulged his genius. At length it

was applied to ludicrous peculiarity, and thus took its present station in English nomenclature."

Mr. Crabb has contented himself with deriving wit from *wissen*, to know; and with saying, that "humour is a species of wit which flows out of the humour of a person. Wit, as distinguished from humour, may consist of a single brilliant thought, but humour runs in a vein; it is not a striking, but an equable and pleasing flow of wit." Mr. C. deals much in this kind of explanation. In truth, humour appertains alone to character, and wit to thought. The exquisite traits of sentiment, in *My Uncle Toby* and *Sir Roger de Coverley*, or the Tory Fox-hunter, lose all their effect and charm unconnected with the individual; while the wit of Congreve, for instance, is so uncharacteristic, that it matters not in whose lips it is placed. Of course, the more capital specimens are compounded of both kinds.

As specimens of a more sober etymology, and of the laudable brevity of Mr. Taylor's style, we copy the following.

"Surprised. Astonished. Amazed. Confounded.

"I am surprised at what is unexpected; I am astonished by what is striking; I am amazed in what is incomprehensible; I am confounded with what is embarrassing.

"Surprised means *overtaken*; astonished means *thunderstruck*; amazed means *lost in a labyrinth*; and confounded means *melted together*. For want of bearing in mind the original signification of these words; our writers frequently annex improper propositions, such as are inconsistent with the metaphor employed."

Mr. C. supplies the Latin originals which Mr. T. had declined filling his sheets with; and is copious in his illustrations; but he ventures on one derivation, much more in Mr. T.'s style than his own.

"WONDER, in German *wundern*, &c. is in all probability a variation of *wander*; because *wonder* throws the mind off its bias." !!!

We must not, however, omit a few specimens of our Authors' respective modes of treating words which are the shibboleths of our religious, political, and literary parties.

Mr. T. in these, evinces a mind accustomed to arrive at its conclusions by its own exertions. Mr. C. on the contrary, seems proud of saying what he supposes the majority of his readers think already.

" Religion, Devotion, Piety, Sanctity.

" Religion is the bond which ties us to the Deity; it is the external contract, the alliance made by others. Devotion is the wish to become obedient to the Deity; it is the internal subjection of man to his God. Piety is that filial sentiment, which we feel for the Father of all. Sanctity is the habit of interior coercion, which a constant sense of duty to the Godhead inspires.

" He is religious who adheres to the ordinances of his country, or his sect. He is devout, whom this adherence has trained to allegiance. He is pious, who regards the Deity as his father. Sanctity is to piety what devotion is to religion—the state of mind which results from acquiescence in the feeling.

" Some men are pious, without being religious; and some are religious without being pious. For a worldly person it is sufficient to be religious: Those are devout whose purposes embrace their interests in other worlds. There is a fear of God observable in these times among Calvinists, which is no less hostile to piety, than that rude familiarity with the Almighty which is observable among Methodists. Yet all these sentiments grow out of religion.

" Religion is considered as a duty; piety as a merit; devotion and sanctity as equivocal excesses. This arises from the scepticism of the world, which questions the eventual retribution of the industry spent in devotion, or of the privations incurred from sanctity. One may infer a man's creed from his using the words devotion and sanctity with deference, or with a sneer." [TAYLOR.

" Holiness. Sanctity.

" HOLINESS, which comes from the northern languages, has altogether acquired a Christian signification; it respects the life and temper of a Christian.

" SANCTITY, which is derived from the Latin *sanctus* and *sancia*, to sanction, has merely a moral signification, which it derives from the *sanction* of human authority.

" *Holiness* is to the mind of a man what *sanctity* is to his exterior; with this difference, that *holiness* to a certain degree ought to belong to every man professing Christianity; but *sanctity*, as it lies in the manners, the outward garb, and deportment, is becoming only to certain persons, and at certain times:

" *Holiness* is a thing not to be affected; it is that genuine characteristic of Christianity which is altogether spiritual, and cannot be counterfeited; *sanctity*, on the other hand, is, from its very nature, exposed to falsehood, and the least to be trusted: when it displays itself in individuals, either by the sorrowfulness of their looks, or the singular cut of their garments, or other singularities of action or gesture, it is of the most questionable nature; but in one who performs the sacerdotal office it is a useful appendage to the solemnity of the scene, which excites a reveren-

tial regard to the individual in the mind of the beholder, and the most exalted sentiments of that religion which he thus adorns by his outward profession.

"Habitual preparations for the Sacrament consists in a permanent habit or principle of *holiness*. SOUTH.

"About an age ago it was the fashion in England for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much *searctity* as possible into his face. ADDISON. [CRABB.

As a favourable specimen, we are tempted to transcribe from Mr. Taylor, an interesting example of interweaving with discrimination, historic knowledge with verbal discussion.

"Lord's Supper. Eucharist. Communion. Sacrament.

"Shortly before his crucifixion, Jesus Christ celebrated with his disciples the anniversary Phasah feast, which consisted in supping on lamb and unleavened bread. After the repast, he took wine, and having returned thanks, drank to them an affectionate farewell; desiring, in like manner, to be remembered by them at their future meetings. This last supper of Christ has been imitated in different ways by different sects of Christians. The Corinthians were reproached with so celebrating it, as to make it subservient to intemperate pleasures of the table: they thought a *Lord's Supper* could not be too frequent, or too hearty, or too jovial.

"Other sects have supposed, not that the supper, but that the *returning thanks* (*ευχαριστία*) constitutes the essence of the rite; and that the psychological effects which Christians have derived from the execution and resurrection of Christ, are the fittest objects at that time of human gratitude. Such Christians naturally prefer the term *eucharist*, as drawing attention to what they consider as the chief part of the ceremony.

"Others have supposed, that brotherly love is in all cases the purest motive for conviviality; and was especially so in the incident related. These place in the *common participation* of christian feelings the utility of the rite; they would object to a solitary celebration, and insist on the duty of *communion*.

"Sacrament means *an oath*, and, in general, any religious pledge publicly given. The ceremony of marriage is a sacrament: Taking the oath of allegiance is a sacrament. Taking the test is a sacrament. The church of Rome has seven sacraments. Those who call their peculiar imitation of the Lord's Supper emphatically *the sacrament*, either regard that rite as the most important of the ceremonies enjoined by Christianity, or allude to its local selection by the magistrate, as the test of allegiance."

Mr. C. has adopted the substance of this article, and, which is unusual, abridged it. His more frequent practice is to amplify

and preach upon the text Mr. T. has furnished him with. The limits of our Review do not permit us to illustrate by further examples the observations which suggest themselves on a comparison of these books; and indeed, from the very nature of the works, it is not possible to give a character of them which might not apparently be contradicted by selections made under a different impression: As in a heap of dissimilar particles, an analysis of the one gives no information concerning the rest. However, to give the result of such an examination of these books as we have had leisure to make, and in the antithetical way which the writers themselves necessarily adopt and the subject seems to require, we should say, that Mr. T. appears to have written for the recreation of men of intelligence and scholars, Mr. C. for the use of ladies and his own pupils: Mr. T. therefore leaves his reader to supply the most obvious etymologies, while Mr. C. seldom omits copying the contents of the common dictionaries. Mr. T. seems to be carried away by his love of novelty, and the unconscious pleasure of exercising his own ingenuity; Mr. C. prefers familiar and common-place notions, and has recourse to what is far-fetched only when what lies nearer is appropriated by his predecessor. Mr. T.'s style is pithy and quaint; his words are rather oddly selected, but they are combined with effect; his discrimination is subtle, his proofs often unattempted, perhaps not cared about: Mr. C.'s style is very wordy; he delights in well-set phrases, but when strung together, they do not mean much; his distinctions are loose and uncertain, his illustrations manifold, but often not illustrative. Mr. T. has exercised on his little book an understanding and attainments of a higher rank and greater variety; but he has written carelessly, as if he had no object beyond filling a few columns of a magazine: Mr. C. has honestly and industriously applied such powers of thought and observation as he possesses, sitting down to his task with malice prepense to make a book, and maintaining a demeanor suitably grave and imposing. In each work we think we observe traces of the habits which the situation of the author has produced. In the Norwich gentleman, we detect the peculiarities of a provincial residence, the liberties which a man is accustomed to take who is the first of his little circle: In the Oxford scholar, we

have that laudable respect for authority, both in thought and diction, which they usually inculcate who are accustomed to assume it themselves. Finally, we recommend Mr. T.'s book to those who make a conscience of reading all they buy, and who wish to stimulate their minds to exertion: Mr. C.'s work is the more useful present for that class of juvenile readers who are glad to be spared the trouble of examination, and look rather to the quantity than the quality of the instruction presented to them.

ART. XII.—*Letters from the British Settlement in Pennsylvania.*

To which are added, The Constitutions of the United States, and of Pennsylvania; and Extracts from the Laws respecting Aliens and naturalized Citizens. By C. B. Johnson, M.D. 18mo. pp. 192. Philadelphia,* and London. 1819.

THE Author of these Letters, is one of those individuals whom Mr. Birkbeck's "Notes," was partly the occasion of tempting across the ocean; but who had the prudence to make preliminary inquiries at Pennsylvania, where he met with some of his countrymen who had returned from the Western wilderness, after a journey of nearly three thousand miles by land. The result of those inquiries, satisfied him and his friends, as to the decided advantages of a settlement on the eastern side of the mountains; and at a meeting of British emigrants held at Philadelphia, the purchase of lands in the Susquehanna country was ultimately resolved upon. These Letters are dated from the infant settlement, and are to be considered as published under the direction of the society. In a prefatory address, they state that

'The object of the Society has been to secure an eligible situation for their countrymen; and by obtaining a large tract of land, to enable them to settle together. As the Society disclaim all speculations, they invite their countrymen to the spot which they have selected, on the terms of their contract.' It is added: 'That the difference or saving of expence of a family of seven persons, young and old, which, together with the sundry articles taken with them, should weigh a ton and a half, going to Susquehanna country; and the same family going to the state of Illinois; is sufficient to purchase one hundred and twenty acres of land in Susque-

* This article is extracted from the *Eclectic Review*. The "Letters" were published at the *Port Folio Office*, last year.

hanna county, under the Society's contract. That the saving of a mechanic with a family of common size, between the expence of maintaining it in Philadelphia, or in Susquehanna county, will, in one year, purchase a hundred acres of land. That the work of the mechanic is proportionably more valuable. That the produce of the farmer will sell for double the amount it will bring in the Western states. That all imported articles are cheaper. That the settlement is removed from all danger in case of war.'

Besides other advantages; among which, not the least is that of turnpike roads to the two most important cities in the United States.

This publication will readily be seen to partake of the nature of an advertisement for settlers; and its statements will therefore require to be received with caution, and some 'grains of allowance.' To those, however, who have any intention of leaving their 'father's land,' it offers some valuable information; and it will at all events lead them to pause before they set off in search of Mr. Birkbeck's *prairies*. The following remarks upon the Letters from Illinois, are extracted from the "Village Record," 'a very ably conducted newspaper,' published at West Chester, near Philadelphia, by Mr. Miner, lately a member of the legislature.

'We have before noticed Mr. Birkbeck's letters from Illinois. His calculations, showing the rapidity with which independence may be obtained, and even wealth accumulated, are well contrived to lead the sanguine in flocks to his neighbourhood. Whether all who go will realize the happiness and prosperity which their fancies have pictured, our deliberate judgment leads us much to question. That the prairies of which he speaks are rich in soil, and will be prolific of produce, we entertain no doubt: but fine land and good crops are not the only considerations which a prudent man will take into the account; when he is about to remove his family, and to settle in a new situation. Health is better than riches; and the finest prairie in Illinois would poorly compensate for the sacrifice of half his family, and the reduction of the rest to debility and disease.

'New countries are generally healthy. When they are not so, when diseases make their appearance with the first settlers, the climate must be radically bad, and the situation extremely insalubrious. These observations have arisen from an impression left upon my mind by Mr. Birkbeck's book. In letter fourth, he speaks of *burials*—it is right enough, deaths take place every where—but when he adds, "These simple monuments of mortality, [graves over which trees have been felled] are not unfre-

quent in the woods," it strikes me as quite unusual, and indicates a sickness of climate justly alarming. To this, when it is added that he enjoins it on his friends again and again, as a thing of much importance, pressing, from its necessity, constantly upon his mind, that they should bring with them calomel and bark—Physic, physic, physic! I must confess that I am quite willing to give up all claim to his prairies, and to be content with plain Pennsylvania hills and valleys, uplands and bottoms, that will yield fifty bushels of corn, or twenty of wheat, to the acre.

'Another thing in Mr. Birkbeck's letters impressed me with no very favourable idea of his situation. He speaks of erecting a wind-mill on his prairie! What! are there no mill seats in Illinois? Is the land so low; are the waters so sluggish, that fall enough cannot be found to turn a mill? Such we have reason to think is the fact. Is it then to be wondered at, if fevers and ague—bilious fever—yellow fever, and fifty other diseases, should be rife where the lands are low and the waters stagnant.

'For my own part—perhaps it is the effect of prejudice, but I can't help it—I prefer the running stream—the pure, sweet, lively water that gushes from the hill side, and the occasional cataract, all foaming and bounding, like a flock of white sheep from the mountain, imparting cheerfulness and health. I wish I had room to extract from a late work entitled "*Rambles in Italy*," a description of a spot, the most beautiful to the eye, but fatal to the occupant. The summer and autumn it was abandoned, for the miasma that rose from its putrid waters blighted human life as the frost withers the leaves of the forest. Such, I apprehend, will be the future description of many a fair promising prairie in the west.

'Well, there is one consolation: There are new lands enough nearer home—excellent in soil, having pure water, and advantageously situated. How apt we are to look at a great distance for happiness, overlooking the advantages near us! Nearly one half of Pennsylvania is yet uncultivated. From a point, beginning a few miles north of Easton, run a line longitudinally so as to intersect the western line of the state, passing a few miles north of Pittsburg, we divide Pennsylvania into two equal parts. South of this line eighty-three members of Assembly reside; north of it fifteen. Suppose the state to contain nine hundred thousand inhabitants—seven hundred and fifty thousand live in the south half, and only one hundred and fifty thousand in the North. Yet the north part will admit a population greater than that which now exists in the south. There is ample room, therefore, for six hundred thousand inhabitants, or one hundred thousand families to settle in Pennsylvania, and lands can be obtained on terms quite as reasonable as in the west.

'Some parts of this territory are settling with great rapidity. Of Susquehanna county I can speak from personal knowledge, having been one among the first who made a settlement near where

the present seat of justice, (Montrose,) is established. It was, eighteen years ago, a wilderness; there was no road within eight miles of the spot which is now a handsome town. It has not, it is true, like some of the Alabama towns, increased two hundred houses in a season; such places, of unnatural growth, will go like Jonah's gourd, as suddenly as they came; I have no confidence in them. But the growth of Montrose and the settlement of the country in the neighbourhood, have been natural and healthful. This county, lying within two days journey of the Hudson, and three of Philadelphia, and being nearly in a direction between those cities and the fine and flourishing Genessee country, rendered it an object deserving attention. Robert H. Rose, Esq. took an active part in its settlement. Enterprising, liberal and intelligent, he has, with the aid of several other gentlemen, produced an astonishing revolution in those forests. Various turnpikes extend through the county—At the seat of justice are erected very handsome public buildings; a Bank of superior credit, which has been some time in operation, is there established, and at the last election, they polled upwards of two hundred votes, at Montrose.

'The soil is of an excellent quality, favourable for all sorts of grain; and particularly productive of grass, promising to be one of the finest grazing countries in the Union. The timber is chiefly Sugar Maple, Beech, Ash, Hemlock and Birch. In its hills and valleys the land lies much like that of Chester county: the water abundant, lively and clear. In this fine county, lands may be bought on the turnpikes for five dollars per acre; or at a less price some distance from them. Mill seats are numerous and excellent; and above all, in point of health it cannot be surpassed. With the advantages of good roads, schools and society, and land at a moderate price so near; what thinking man would remove, with a pack load of calomel and jalap at his back, to the fever prairies of Illinois?

'I have spoken particularly of Susquehanna county: but the description, as it respects soil, products, timber, water, &c. will apply to all the counties on the north line of the state. But I have no more room at present. This subject must be resumed. The settlement of this great extent of territory is a subject of the highest importance to the state, and ought to engage its most serious attention.'

It is assuredly a further recommendation, which will go a great way to decide the preference of every true Englishman, that

'no slavery is permitted in Pennsylvania; the toleration of which in the southern states is an incalculable mischief; and it is an evil which it is extremely difficult to get rid of; for even those who are opposed to slavery, dread the effects of an universal emancipation

of the blacks. A society has been established by some of the most distinguished men in the United States, for colonizing them, from whose efforts much may be hoped.—‘Mendicity (too) is so rare in this state, that, from my landing at Philadelphia to the present time, I have not seen a beggar.’

But we cannot follow Mr. — we beg pardon—Dr. Johnson, through his enumeration of all the advantages attending a settlement in Susquehanna county. We can readily believe that it holds out a more reasonable prospect of success than the Western counties. But we wish to make room for some general reflections suggested by the comparative perfection of the American navy.

‘You will remember the mortification we used to feel, at reading the accounts of the capture of our ships of war, and the great unwillingness with which we gave credit to the facts; but I can now readily see the causes of our defeats, and should be surprised if such had not been the result of the different actions. The American ships are larger than ours of the same grade; in most instances they have had a greater number of guns; and in all cases, were manned with selected crews. Many of the sailors on board American ships are British subjects, and of whatever country they may be, they have all gone on board voluntarily—for in this country our disgraceful system of impressment is unknown. We opposed all these advantages, by ships of a less size, fewer guns, and smaller crews; and even those, in most instances, were composed in great part, of persons who had been compelled to serve. In such cases, the result must ever be as it was. Wars are always unfortunate, and disastrous; but they are particularly so when they occur between nations of the same language, religion, habits and morals. The Americans deserve great credit for the urbanity and kindness which they displayed after victory; and this was not confined to the officers, but extended to the rough tars, whose hearts melted at the sufferings of their foe. When the *Peacock* was sunk by the *Hornet*, and the crew of the former vessel escaped with nothing but their clothes, the sailors of the *Hornet* presented each man with another suit from their purser’s stores. When the captured crews were landed on the shores of the United States, they were in many instances, permitted to mingle as they pleased with the citizens, and to become citizens themselves. The crew of the *Guerrier*, captured by the *Constitution*, was landed at New-London, and many of them proceeded immediately into the country, and became farmers or labourers of different kinds. A gentleman who was at New-London at the time they were landed, met a dozen of them some miles out of town, proceeding merrily along, with their bundles on their backs; he asked them, where they were going: “to see our uncles,” said

one of them laughing. Indeed, I fancy they found more "uncles" in this country, if hospitality could create a relationship, than they left behind them in Old England. Is it any wonder, therefore, that our sailors should not fight with their accustomed spirit against such a country as this, when they felt that a defeat might bestow upon them an invaluable blessing, by placing them on a soil which is emphatically the land of freedom?"

The Writer vindicates the conduct of Judge, *alias* General Jackson, from the charge of unnecessary severity against the Indians, of whose merciless ravages an 'Englishman,' he says, 'can form no idea;' an enemy whose mode of warfare 'is an indiscriminate massacre of every age, and to whom the mother and the infant plead alike in vain.'

'Jackson, 'tis true, retaliated severely; but his vengeance fell on the warriors alone; no woman or child was touched; and had he ordered otherwise, no American militia man would have been found to execute his commands.'

When General Packenham 'led the flower of the British army against New-Orleans as to a certain conquest;' a place without walls, troops, or cannon, this same General Jackson was sent there to confront him.

'He found a few militia, hastily collected; more were expected. In the scattered state of population, some had to come above a thousand miles. These were mostly volunteers, without skill or tactics, unable to form or to march by rule; but marksmen, whose aim was almost a fatal certainty. In this situation, which called for the most prompt decision, and when it was more than suspected, that there were persons in the city deeply in the British interest, Jackson did the only thing which could have saved the place; he seized the power of the bench, and placed the town under military law. At this moment the advance of the British army was landing, accompanied by custom-house and police officers, already arranged to organize a government of the place, in the good old way to which they had been accustomed in their warfare with other enemies.

'Without giving them time to pitch their tents, Jackson attacked them at night with the few troops he had. Our officers were surprised by such a reception, at a place where they had expected no resistance, and they halted till the rest of our troops joined them; by which time numbers of the militia had arrived. The cotton bags were taken from the warehouses, and placed round the town as a rampart. How this would have been ridiculed by a Cohorn or a Vauban! and probably it was equally ridiculed by our officers, accustomed to the entrenchments on the European continent. They led on their troops with the valour of British officers, under a heavy cannonade, and with clouds of rockets.

'Who could believe that the result should be the defeat of our troops, with the loss of nearly three thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners; and that the raw militia, behind the ramparts of cotton bags, should have only *thirteen* men killed and wounded! Yet so it appears to have been. Our troops retreated to the swamps, by which New-Orleans is surrounded, where they had another enemy to encounter, the diseases attendant on such a situation. When they were gone, Jackson restored to the judges their suspended power, (*cedunt arma togæ*), and was called before them and fined for suspending it. Before he could leave the court-house, the grateful citizens had paid the fine for their deliverer. He has been again lately called into activity. The Indians on the Florida frontier had begun their massacres. Jackson marched against them; they fled into the Spanish province; he followed them there; he found them protected; he did not hesitate, but attacked and captured the Spanish forts, and sent the governor and garrison off in transports, which he hired to receive them. 'At the same time he told the governor that when the king of Spain should send a sufficient force to quell the Indians and keep them in subjection, the province should be restored to him.' pp. 120—122.

The following remarks are highly important and seasonable, and we readily give them all the circulation in our power.

'It has been observed by Talleyrand, that there was a natural connexion between England and America, which must operate in favour of the former, and against France. This I believe to be strictly the case: and wars between Great Britain and America can only arise from an astonishing ignorance in the British ministry, of the feelings and habits of this country. The more I see of America, the more I am convinced, that instead of an absurd jealousy of the growing power of this country, we ought rather to *promote* it. It has been very correctly observed, by one of our statesmen, "that not an axe falls in an American forest, which does not put in motion some shuttle, hammer, or wheel, in England." This is truly the case. The amount of British manufactures consumed even in this place, so lately established, is wonderful. In the village of Montrose are already six or eight shopkeepers. One of these lately sent off nine wagons to bring in goods from one of the maritime cities: and these goods are principally of British manufacture, and to be consumed by backwoods-men! It is usual for the store-keepers to supply themselves twice a year, spring and autumn; therefore, it is probable that this storekeeper sells eighteen loads of goods in a year. Multiply eighteen by six, and you have one hundred and eight loads of goods sold in the village of Montrose alone; besides shops in other parts of the country. Instead of prohibiting the emigration of farmers and mechanics to this country, an enlightened ministry would urge it. A man who for want of employment with you,

is a burthen to the parish, here purchases a lot of new lands; his labour supplies his family with food and raiment, and the latter is principally British manufacture. As his children increase, his wealth increases, and his demand on the shops, or, as they are here called, stores, increases with it. These stores are supplied from Great Britain with the articles he consumes. The result is obvious; the man who is a weight on his fellow subjects at home, when abroad, becomes one of those who enhance the prosperity of his native country, by the consumption of its manufactures. These things are too plain to be mistaken; and a British minister must shut both his eyes and his ears, who does not perceive that the increase of population here, is of the utmost importance to the interest of the mother country. The concourse of idle and expensive paupers in England, if sent to this country, would become a fountain of wealth, pouring its fertilizing stream on you from a lavish urn. It is mortifying to know, that these sources of prosperity should have been prevented from flowing upon our country by the sneering letters of Canning, or the unbending pride of Castlereagh, and a host of others of the same character.

‘When the French decree denationalized the vessels of America, for suffering the search of a British cruiser, what a fortunate time it would have been for our country, had our minister been sufficiently wise to have seen that his true policy should have led him to protect and guard the American vessel; to do every act of kindness, and to afford every protection in his power, while our enemy was absurdly provoking the hostility of the nation, whose agriculture was at the very moment affording him the most important aid. What would have been the result of such conduct? Undoubtedly a war between France and America; and a league between the latter and Great Britain; between the parent and the child, as it ought to have been. In monarchical governments, if an injury is done by one to another, a calculation may be made coolly and deliberately, of the sum necessary to quiet all animosity. This is not the case in a government of the people. Here their voice is heard; it is all powerful: and if such a case had happened, as I have supposed, the people would have compelled the government to declare war against France. The flow of the heart of these people is naturally towards their English relations. An Englishman, if he behaves himself, has a thousand advantages, which no other countryman possesses; and if he is conscious of proper feeling towards the country of his adoption, he may at once consider himself at home among its citizens; by whom he will be received with every attention which cordiality and kindness can bestow.’ pp. 122—125.

‘Should not Great Britain,’ says the writer in concluding the chapter, ‘look with exultation on the gigantic growth of her offspring—at the extent to which her language and her code of laws are carried by Anglo-Americans?’

ART. XIII.—*Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (with a Portrait.)

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. an English writer of great eminence, was born in 1709, at Litchfield, in which city his father was a petty bookseller. He inherited from that parent, with a strong athletic body, a scrofulous taint which impaired his sight and hearing, and a disposition to morbid melancholy. He also derived from him those civil and religious principles or prejudices which distinguished the Jacobite party, at that time numerous in the kingdom. He received a school-education partly at the free-school of Litchfield, partly at Stourbridge in Worcestershire. Though his progress in literature was by no means extraordinary, yet a tenacious memory enabled him to lay up a store of various knowledge from desultory reading. This was increased by a residence of two years, after leaving school, at the house of his father, who probably designed him for his own trade. As he had already acquired reputation from his exercises, particularly of the poetical class, his father willingly complied with the proposal of a neighbouring gentleman, Mr. Corbet, of maintaining Samuel at Oxford as companion to his son. Accordingly, in 1728, his nineteenth year, he was entered a commoner of Pembroke college. His tutor, Mr. Jorden, was a man whose abilities could command little respect from a pupil who, doubtless, had begun to feel the powers of his own mind, and who was furnished with literary information not usually acquired in the trammels of an university-course. He seems to have been careless of his character with respect both to the discipline and the studies of the place; and the state of indigence into which he fell after the departure of young Corbet, threw him into a kind of despair, which he attempted to hide by affected frolic and turbulence. Yet he obtained credit by some occasional compositions, of which the most distinguished was a translation in Latin hexameters of Pope's *Messiah*, written with uncommon vigour, if not with classical purity. After struggling with penury till he had completed a residence of three years, he left Oxford without taking a degree; nor can he be reckoned among those whose literary character has been formed in that illustrious seminary. In reality, the furniture of Johnson's mind was chiefly of his own acquisition; and the advice of his cousin

Cornelius Ford, a dissolute but ingenious clergyman, to aim at general knowledge rather than fix his attention upon any one particular object of study, seems to have given the decisive turn to his pursuits. At this period of his life, as he himself related, he was first led to think in earnest of religion, by the perusal of Law's "Serious Call to the Unconverted," and it cannot be doubted that his feelings on this important topic received an indelible impression from the principles inculcated in that powerfully written book.

Soon after his return from the university to his native city, his father died in very narrow circumstances; and he found no better means of support than the place of usher to the grammar-school of Market-Bosworth, Leicestershire. This his impatience under the haughty treatment of the patron of the school soon induced him to quit; and he passed some time as a guest with Mr. Hector, surgeon at Birmingham, who had been his school-fellow. In that place he wrote some literary essays for Mr. Warren, bookseller and proprietor of a newspaper; and he translated and abridged from the French the account of a voyage to Abyssinia by father Lebo. This was printed at Birmingham, and was published in London in 1735, without the translator's name. It has no pretension to peculiar elegance; but the preface is strongly marked with the character of style and thinking which afterwards so much distinguished the author. Returning to Litchfield, he issued proposals for publishing by subscription the Latin poem of Politian, with his life, and a history of Latin poetry from the æra of Petrarch to the time of Politian; but such a project was not likely to meet with adequate encouragement in a country town, and the design was never executed. It may, indeed, be questioned whether Johnson had at this time sufficient access to books, and acquaintance enough with Italian literature, to have performed the task with credit. He next endeavoured to obtain some profitable employment for his pen by an engagement with Cave, the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This, however, was a small resource for a maintenance; and in 1735 he made a bold effort to improve his condition by a marriage with Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer in Birmingham. Johnson must surely have deceived himself in afterwards speaking of it as "a love match

on both sides;" for the lady was twice his age, and very far from being attractive either in her person or manners; and moreover, he had entertained a juvenile passion for her daughter. But she was possessed of £800, which in Johnson's estimation was at that time a magnificent object. His little acquaintance with the sex, and with polite life, probably softened all her defects to him, and he seems always to have regarded her with fondness. The immediate consequence of this connexion was that he took a large house at Edial near Litchfield, and advertised for scholars, to be boarded and taught the Greek and Latin languages. Though much esteemed for his morals and learning, the scheme did not succeed; and after about a year's trial, he gave it up, and resolved to become a literary adventurer at the great mart of the metropolis. Among his few pupils was David Garrick, afterwards the very celebrated actor. This youth became his companion in the search of fortune; and they were furnished with a recommendatory letter from Mr. Gilb. Walmsley, registrar of the ecclesiastical court of Litchfield; a man of letters and generosity, who had before patronized Johnson, notwithstanding a radical difference in political principles, which the great author has recorded in terms not very honourable to his gratitude.

In March 1737, the two adventurers arrived in London; Johnson with his unfinished tragedy of "Irene" in his pocket, and with all his other fortune in his head. The relics of his wife's property were probably left with her in the country. His engagement with Cave seems to have been his principal dependence; and at Cave's instigation he undertook a translation of father Paul's History of the Council of Trent, of which some sheets were printed, but the design was then dropped. Johnson's acquaintance with Savage was one of the most memorable incidents of his life at this period. That unfortunate and misguided man, to his literary talents added an easy politeness of manner, and elegance of conversation which had at least their full value in the eyes of a rustic scholar. Johnson sympathised in his misfortunes, and was captivated with his society, to such a degree as to become his companion in nocturnal rambles, in which he was a spectator of the vice and disorder of the metropolis, and a sharer in the hardships of penury and irregularity. It is said that this connexion

produced a short separation from his wife, who was now come to London; but the breach was soon closed; and whatever temporary stain the morals of Johnson might receive, it was obliterated by the permanent influence of rooted principles of piety and virtue.

He first attracted the notice of judges of literary merit by the publication, in 1738, of "London, a Poem," written in imitation of Juvenal's third satire. After being rejected by several booksellers, it was published by Dodsley, who gave the author £10; and Pope, who was then in the height of reputation as a satirist, gave a liberal testimony to its merit, and prophesied that the author could not be long concealed. The manly vigour and strong painting of this piece place it high among works of the kind, though its censure is mostly coarse and exaggerated, and it ranks as a party, rather than a moral poem. Whatever praise he might receive from this performance, he thought his prospects so little improved, that in this year he offered himself as a candidate for the mastership of a free-school in Leicestershire. As it was necessary, for occupying this station, that he should have the degree of M.A. the recommendation of Pope induced lord Gower to apply to a friend in Dublin to obtain it for him from that university, through the mediation of Dean Swift. His lordship's letter has been printed; and the following paragraph from it affords a striking picture of a man of genius in distress under the eye of a nobleman capable of feeling his merit! "They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey; and yet he will venture it, if the Dean thinks it necessary, chusing rather to die upon the road, than to be starved to death in translating for booksellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past." The application produced no effect; and from Swift's unwillingness to interfere in the matter, Johnson's permanent dislike of him has been deduced.*

His engagement in the Gentleman's Magazine gave occasion to the exercise of his powers in a new way. The parliamentary debates were given to the public in that miscellany under the fic-

* That Swift declined to meddle in the business is not improbable, for it appears by his letters of this date (August 1738) that he was incapable of attending to any business: but Johnson's Life of Swift proves that his dislike had a more honourable foundation.

tion of debates in the senate of Lilliput, and the speakers were disguised under feigned names. Guthrie, a writer of history, for a time composed these speeches from such heads as could be brought away in the memory. Johnson first assisted in this department, and then entirely filled it; and the public was highly gratified with the extraordinary eloquence displayed in these compositions, which was almost exclusively the product of his own invention. In process of time he came to consider this deceit as an unjustifiable imposition upon the world. It is probable, however, that he adhered in general to the tenor of argument really employed by the supposed speakers, otherwise they could scarcely have passed at the time for genuine. He owned that he was not quite impartial in dealing out his reason and rhetoric, but "took care that the whig dogs should not have the best of it." His attachment to the tory, or rather Jacobite party, was further shown by an humorous pamphlet in 1739 entitled "*Marmor Norfolciense*," consisting of a supposed ancient prophecy in Latin monkish rhymes, with an explanation. For some years longer, Johnson's literary exertions are scarcely to be traced except in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. For that miscellany he composed several biographical articles, in which he gave specimens of a species of composition very happily adapted to his manly cast of thought, and sagacity of research into the human character. His principal performance in this class was "*The Life of Savage*," published separately in 1744, and generally admired both as a most interesting and curious individual portrait, and as the vehicle of many admirable reflections on life and manners.

After a number of abortive projects, some deserted by himself, others coldly received by the public, Johnson settled in earnest to a work which was to form the base of his philological fame, and entitle him to the gratitude of a long succession of writers in his native language. This was his "*English Dictionary*," of which the plan was given to the public in 1747, in a pamphlet addressed to the earl of Chesterfield. The plan was an excellent piece of writing, which proved how much he was a master of the language he was about to fix and elucidate. It presented a very perspicuous and comprehensive view of the desiderata which he was to supply, and the mode he meant to pursue for that purpose. At

the present time, however, a person would be thought inadequately qualified for such a task, without a much greater knowledge of the congenerous dialects than Johnson possessed. The constellation of wits in the reign of Anne, who projected such a national work, were, indeed, perhaps less qualified in this respect; and none of them probably would have been capable of equal accuracy of discrimination. Nothing could be more dignified than the manner in which the writer bespeaks the attention and favour of his patron—if, indeed, that name can be applied to one who concerned himself very little with the success of the undertaking. No two men, in fact, could be more opposite in manners and principles than Johnson and lord Chesterfield; and their slight intercourse on this occasion terminated in mutual aversion. The booksellers were the substantial patrons of the work; and the sum offered by them (1500 guineas) was such as induced Johnson to leave his obscure lodgings, and take a house in Gough square, where a room was fitted up for the (six) amanuenses who were to execute the laborious part of the business. The intervals of this compilation, which has without reason been accounted a wonderful exertion of industry on the part of our author, were sufficient to allow of various literary avocations. In 1747 he furnished Garrick with a prologue on the opening of the Drury-lane theatre, which in sense and poetry has not a competitor among compositions of this class, except Pope's prologue to Cato. Another imitation of Juvenal, entitled "The Vanity of Human Wishes," printed in 1749, reaches the sublime of ethical poetry, and stands at the head of classical imitations. In the same year, his tragedy of "Irene" which had been rejected by the manager of Fleetwood, was brought on the stage of Drury-lane under the auspices of Garrick. It ran thirteen nights, but with no extraordinary applause, and it has never since appeared at the theatre. With splendour of diction and weight of sentiment, it is totally deficient in those vivid and natural expressions of emotion which alone can be relied upon for dramatic effect. Johnson felt that he was not formed to excel in this species of composition, and made no further trials.

The variety of topics on which he had exercised his thoughts and his pen probably suggested to him the next work in which he

engaged, and on which a large share of his reputation is founded. This was his periodical paper, entitled "The Rambler," which commenced in March, 1750, and was continued at the rate of two papers a week till March, 1752, for which he received four guineas a week. When it is considered that the contributions of other writers did not amount to more than ten papers, the reader will rather admire the fertility of the author's mind in producing so much that is excellent, than criticise the general sameness of style and matter, and the occasional triteness of sentiment, disguised by pompous diction. Johnson, in this performance, appears as the warm and steadfast friend of religion and morality; and the English language does not afford compositions in which practical ethics are treated with more acuteness of observation, richness of illustration, and dignity of expression, than in many of these essays. In the walk of literary criticism he has also displayed much sagacity and sound judgment. These are the points in which the excellence of the Rambler consists: whenever the writer aims at representing actual life and manners, he betrays the very limited sphere of his knowledge, and his incapacity of adapting his style to light and gay topics. The solemnity of this paper prevented it at first from attaining an extensive circulation; but after it was collected into volumes, it continually rose in the public esteem; and the author had the satisfaction of seeing a tenth edition. It has taken a secure place among the select works of its class, and will probably yield to none of them in duration.

A short time before the commencement of the Rambler, Johnson incurred some discredit by hastily adopting the imposture by which Lauder attempted to fix a charge of plagiarism upon Milton; nor will it be easily believed, that the political enmity with which he regarded that great poet, and which he afterwards so acrimoniously displayed in his *Life of Milton*, did not give him a bias towards a hostile credulity on this occasion. He decorated Lauder's attack with a preface and postscript, the style of which betrayed the writer. That he was really deceived in the matter cannot be doubted; and after Dr. Douglas's detection of the fraud, he drew up for Lauder's signature a recantation in the most express terms, which he insisted upon his making public. It may be regarded as an *amende honorable* that he wrote a prologue to

Comus when acted at Drury-lane theatre for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter.

The death of his wife, in 1752, was a severe affliction to him. He had been too little accustomed to elegant female society to receive disgust from her defects, and he seems always to have recollected her with tenderness and gratitude. To the end of his life she was a frequent subject of his prayers; for he agreed with the Roman-catholic church in conceiving that prayer might properly and usefully be offered for the dead. Not long afterwards he took into his house as an inmate Mrs. Anne Williams, the daughter of a physician in South Wales who had consumed his time and fortune in pursuit of the longitude. Her destitute condition, aggravated by blindness, with her talents for writing and conversation, recommended her to the benevolence of Johnson.

The "*Adventurer*," conducted by Dr. Hawksworth, succeeded the *Rambler* as a periodical work; and Johnson, through friendship to the editor, interested himself in its success. He supplied it with several papers of his own writing, and obtained the contributions of the reverend Thomas Warton. The year 1755 was distinguished by the first publication of his "*Dictionary*." As the author of a work of so much consequence, he thought it advisable to appear under a literary title, and accordingly, through the means of Mr. Warton, he procured a diploma for the degree of M.A. from Oxford. The approaching publication of this work had been favourably announced some months before in two papers of "*The World*," by lord Chesterfield. This civility was by Johnson regarded as an advance from that nobleman for the purpose of obtaining from him a dedication as patron of the work. Conscious that during its progress he had experienced none of the benefits of patronage, although, from his lordship's declared approbation of the undertaking, he might have expected it, Johnson determined to repel the supposed advance; and accordingly wrote a letter to lord Chesterfield, in which he employed all the force of pointed sarcasm and manly disdain to make him ashamed of his conduct. The *Dictionary* was received by the public with general applause, and its author was ranked among the greatest benefactors of his native tongue. It underwent some ridicule on account of pomposity and some criticism on account of errors,

but was in general judged to be as free from imperfections as could be expected in a work of such extent, conducted by one man. Modern accuracy has rendered its defects more apparent; and though it still stands as the capital work of the kind in the language, its authority as a standard is somewhat depreciated.

In a pecuniary light the author received only a temporary benefit from it, for at the time of publication he had been paid more than the stipulated sum. He was therefore still entirely dependent upon the exertions of the day for its support; and it is melancholy to find that a writer, esteemed an honour to his country, was under an arrest for 5*l.* 18*s.* in the subsequent year. It is no wonder that his constitutional melancholy should at this time have exerted peculiar sway over his mind.

An edition of Shakspeare, another periodical work entitled "The Idler," and occasional contributions to a literary Magazine or Review, were the desultory occupation of some years. Upon the last illness of his aged mother, in 1759, for the purpose of visiting her and defraying the expence of her funeral, he wrote his romance of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." According to his own account, he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and never re-perused it when finished. It is, however, one of his most splendid performances, elegant in language, rich in imagery, and weighty in sentiment; its views of human life are, indeed, deeply tinged with the gloom which overshadowed the author's mind, nor can it be praised for moral effect. It was much admired at home, and has been translated into several foreign languages. Such, at this period, was the state of his finances, that he was obliged to break up housekeeping and retire to chambers, where he lived, says his biographer Mr. Murphy, "in poverty, total idleness; and the pride of literature." From this unhappy state he was at length rescued by the grant of a pension of 1300 per annum from his majesty, in 1762, during the ministry of lord Bute. When the liberal offer was made, a short struggle of repugnance to accept a favour from the house of Hanover, and become that character, a *pensioner*, on which he had bestowed a sarcastic definition in his Dictionary, was overcome by a sense of the honour and substantial benefit conferred by it. Much obloquy attended this circum-

stance of his life, which, in the enjoyment of independence, he might well despise; nor, indeed, can any good reason be assigned, why he should not as a literary benefactor to his country, accept a reward from a public functionary, and issuing in effect from the public purse.

A fondness for liberal and cultivated conversation was one of Johnson's strongest propensities, and he had sought it in a club of literary men soon after his settling in the metropolis. His advanced reputation and amended circumstances now enabled him to indulge it in a higher style; and he became member of a weekly club in Gerard-street, composed of persons eminent for various talents, and occupying distinguished situations in society. He acquired an additional resource for enjoyment, both corporeal and intellectual, by his introduction, in 1765, to the acquaintance of Mr. Thrale, an opulent brewer, whose lady possessed lively parts improved by an enlarged education. In their hospitable retreat at Streatham, Johnson was for a considerable time domesticated, receiving every attention that could flatter his pride, and accommodated with every convenience and gratification that wealth could bestow. His shattered spirits were recruited, and his habits of life rendered more regular, in this agreeable residence; yet it may be questioned whether either his mind or body derived permanent advantage from the luxurious indolence in which he was led to indulge. His long-promised edition of Shakspeare appeared in 1765, and was ushered in by a preface written with all the powers of his masterly pen, and certainly among the most valuable of his critical disquisitions. His arguments against the existence of even a temporary illusion in the spectator during a dramatic performance, seem, however, to indicate that want of ductility to impressions on the organs of sense, which may be traced in his judgments on other attempts to act upon the imagination. The edition itself disappointed those who had conceived high expectations of his ability to elucidate the obscurities of the great dramatist. Sound sense was frequently displayed in comparing the different readings suggested by different critics; but little felicity of original conjecture, and none of that knowledge of the language and writings of the age in and near which Shaks-

peare flourished, which has since been found the only genuine source of illustration.

Although the pension conferred upon Johnson was burthened with no condition of literary service to the court or minister, yet it cannot be doubted that it was felt by him in some measure as a demand upon his gratitude. His innate principles of loyalty, too, after they had been reconciled with present power, would naturally dispose him to lean to the monarchical side in political contests. This loyalty, moreover, was enhanced by the uncommon honour he received of a personal interview with his majesty at the library of Buckingham-house, in which a just and handsome compliment was paid to his literary merit. The temporary application of his pen to the support of ministerial politics was not, therefore, extraordinary, nor can justly be accounted mercenary or profligate. The first of his productions in this department was the "False Alarm," published in 1770, when the constitution was supposed to have received a violent injury from the resolution of the house of commons, in the case of Wilkes, that expulsion implied incapacitation. It was followed in 1771 by "Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Island," designed to show the unreasonableness of going to war on account of the conduct of Spain relative to that barren possession. "The Patriot," in 1774, was composed on the eve of a general election, in order to indispose the people against the oppositionists. His "Taxation no Tyranny," in 1775, was a more considerable effort, directed against the arguments of the American congress relative to the claim of the mother country to tax the colonies at pleasure. All these are written with his characteristic vigour of conception and strength of style, but directed rather to malignant sarcasm, and dictatorial assumption, than to fair and conclusive argumentation. They were more irritating than convincing, and did little service to the cause they espoused. Johnson himself, however, seems to have thought highly of his powers for political warfare, and longed to try his force in senatorial debate: some of his friends entertained an idea of complying with his wish by bringing him into parliament; but the scheme met with no encouragement from above, and his reputation was probably no sufferer from its defeat.

A tour to the Western islands of Scotland in 1773, in which he was accompanied by his enthusiastic admirer and obsequious friend James Boswell, Esq. was a remarkable incident in the life of a man so little addicted to locomotion. Among his prejudices, a strong antipathy to the natives of Scotland in general had long been conspicuous; and this journey exhibited many instances of his contempt for their learning and abhorrence of their religion. When, however, he published, two years afterwards, the account of his tour, under the title of "*A Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*," more candour and impartiality was found in it than had been expected; and the work was much admired for the just and philosophical views of society it contained, and the elegance and vivacity of its descriptions. The greatest offence it gave to nationality was by the author's decisive sentence against the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian. The alleged translator, Mr. Macpherson, was so much irritated by the charge of imposture, that he sent a menacing letter to Johnson, which was answered in the tone of stern defiance; but nothing ensued from this declared hostility.

In 1775 our author was gratified, through the interest of lord North, with the literary honour which he greatly valued, that of the degree of doctor of laws from the university of Oxford. He had some years before received the same honour from Dublin, but did not then choose to assume the title. A short visit to France, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and Barretti, occupied part of the same year; he kept a journal of this tour, but it produced nothing for the public. When the unhappy Dr. Dodd lay under the sentence of an ignominious death, Johnson, either moved by compassion for the man, or desire to rescue his cloth from public disgrace, wrote two petitions to royalty in his name, and supplied him with a speech at the bar, and a sermon to be preached to his brother-convicts.

His last literary undertaking was the consequence of a request from the London booksellers, a body of men which he much esteemed, who had engaged in an edition of the works of the principal English poets, and wished to prefix to each a biographical and critical preface from his hand. Dr. Johnson executed this task with all the spirit and vigour of his best days. The publica-

tion of his "Lives of the Poets," began in 1779, and was completed in 1781. In a separate form they compose four volumes octavo; and have made a most valuable addition to English biography and criticism, though in both these departments he will generally be thought to have laboured under strong prejudices. The style of this performance is in great measure free from the stiffness and turgidity of his earlier compositions.

The concluding portion of Dr. Johnson's life was saddened by the loss of old friends, (among whom he particularly lamented Mr. Thrale,) by a progressive decline of health, and especially the prospect of approaching death, which neither his religion nor his philosophy taught him to bear with even decent composure. Indeed, it is evident that his piety, sincere and ardent as it was, received such a dark tinge either from temper or from system, that it was to him a source of much more awe and apprehension than comfort. A paralytic stroke in June, 1783, greatly alarmed him, but he had still sufficient vigour of constitution to recover from its sensible effects. Asthma and dropsical symptoms followed; and such was the tenacity with which he clung to life, that he expressed a great desire to seek amendment in the climate of Italy. Some officious friends endeavoured to render this scheme feasible by an application to the minister for an increase of his pension. It was made without his knowledge, but he appears to have been mortified and disappointed by its want of success. The circumstance, however, gave occasion to very generous pecuniary offers from two persons which it was honourable to him to receive, but might have been improper to accept. Indeed he had no medical encouragement to make the desired trial, and his best friends rather wished to prepare him for the inevitable termination. Still unable to reconcile himself to the thought of dying, he said to the surgeon, who was making slight scarifications in his swollen legs, "Deeper! deeper! I want length of life, and you are afraid of giving me pain, which I do not value," and he afterwards with his own hand multiplied the punctures made for this purpose. Devotion is said, however, to have shed its tranquillity over the closing scene, which took place on December 13th, 1785, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His remains attended by a respectable concourse of friends, were interred in Westminster abbey, and

a monumental statue has since been placed to his memory in St. Paul's cathedral. He left his property, a few legacies excepted, to a faithful black servant who had long lived with him.

Dr. Johnson at the time of his death, was undoubtedly the most conspicuous literary character of his country; nor is there, perhaps, an instance of a private man of letters in England whose decease was marked by the appearance of so many laudatory and biographical tributes to his public reputation. Of these, some are so abundant in anecdote, that they would furnish ready materials for an article far surpassing the limits we can allow to any degree of fame or excellence. In the preceding narrative, such facts are copied from these records as appeared most important to his character as an author. We shall add a few strokes to complete his portrait as a man.

Endowed with a corporeal and mental frame originally firm, powerful, and rugged, Johnson made his way erect and unyielding, through the obstacles and discouragements of penury, more laudable in the assertion of independence than censurable for the pride of superior talents. But when arrived at the pinnacle of reputation, the lavish admiration and submissive deference with which he was treated, nourished his self-consequence and positiveness to such a degree, that he became offensively dictatorial and impatient of contradiction. In conversation, he assumed a superiority which silenced all fair discussion; and when he condescended to argue, it was only for a victory made as humiliating as possible to his opponent. This disposition prevented him from making any progress in subduing that bigotry and intolerance of opinion with which he set out in life, and which in several respects adhered to him with more force than to any of his literary contemporaries. His arrogant rudeness often carried him not only beyond the bounds of politeness, but of humanity. Yet he had a fund of kindness and benevolence in his nature, which was continually displaying itself in acts of substantial generosity; and he was capable of a warmth of affection which did honour to his feelings. No man was more superior to artifice or disguise; if he was an enemy, he was an open one; and where he professed friendship, his sincerity might be relied upon. Though a rigid moralist in his writings, he was sufficiently indulgent to the failings of

his acquaintances: indeed, his familiarities were sometimes formed with too little discrimination. Society of some kind was too necessary to his existence to admit of nice selection. He was sensual in his habits of living, but could occasionally exercise great self-denial. His extreme indolence and dilatoriness would have precluded him from any great exertion, had he not been capable of bringing all his powers to immediate action upon a call, and of pouring forth his collected stores with equal copiousness and accuracy. But he required a strong stimulus to set him in motion, and his great works were the product of necessitous circumstances.

As a writer, he was more remarkable for the manner in which he presented his thoughts than for the thoughts themselves. His style has formed a kind of era in English composition, having been the pattern of imitation to most of his cotemporaries who have aimed at fine writing. It is distinguished by a preference of words of Latin etymology, by the frequent use of abstract terms, and by an ordonnance of clauses calculated to produce a sonorous rotundity of period. Johnson delivers moral maxims and dictatorial sentences with wonderful force, and lays down definitions with singular precision; he gives a keen point to sarcasm, and adds pomp to magnificent imagery. But he is utterly adverse to the easy and familiar, and occasionally falls into ridicule by loading petty matter with cumbrous ornament, and uttering trivial sentiments with oracular dignity. Yet, as he well understood the true signification of words, and aimed rather at perfection than innovation, he may justly be reckoned a real improver of the English language, which he left more rich, accurate, and majestic, than he found it.

His works were published collectively, with a copious *Life of the Author*, in eleven volumes octavo, by sir John Hawkins, 1787. A new edition, in twelve volumes, with a *Life* by Mr. Murphy, was given in 1792*. Of the conversations and oral dictates of

* When it was determined by the English booksellers, to discard Sir John Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, application was made to Mr. Murphy to furnish another; to be prefixed to the second edition of the works published in 1793. This Mr. Murphy executed under the title (which he had

Johnson, which are almost equally curious displays of his mental powers, a most copious collection has been offered to the world in the very entertaining volumes of Mr. Boswell, who minuted down all his *memorabilia* with the reverential fidelity of a disciple.

Mrs. Piozzi also, who, when the wife of Mr. Thrale, devoted much time and attention to her guest, has painted his domestic manners with a lively pencil.

ART. XIV.—*The Dream of Youth, a Poem.* By Barton Boucher, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. 93.

It has become a mode to style the poetry of the great Autocrat of the modern Parnassus, lord Byron, the *Poetry of Emotion*, and to consider no other as worthy of notice. For our parts, we consider the distinctive appellation, as limited to modern poetry, to be utterly without foundation; indeed to be absurd: for all poetry, to be good, must be also poetry which excites emotion. We consider the style and manner of lord Byron to be those of the sonnet, where the clause does not terminate the line; and we also consider that style and manner to lead more to perception and sentiment, than to illustrations from nature. Of this lord Byron seems to have been sensible; for it is reported, that during bad weather, his lordship has been known to leave his couch at midnight, hasten to a cliff impending over the sea, place his head on his hands, and brood, like an Incubus, over the grandeur of the storm, while his servant was standing by with a lantern, unwillingly studious of different emotions than those of the "eye in

used in the case of Fielding) of "An Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson;" but he had conceived a prejudice of jealousy of Mr. Boswell's fame, and notwithstanding the latter has strengthened his narrative by every possible proof, Murphy persisted in taking his facts from the very inaccurate narrative of Sir John Hawkins, and the more flippant anecdotes published by Mrs. Piozzi. In his Essay, therefore, it is not wonderful that many circumstances are grossly, and considering that proofs were within his reach, we may add, wilfully misrepresented.

Murphy's narrative was in truth little more than what was compiled in 1787, from Hawkins, by the Monthly Reviewers, whose style and reflections he has in general copied verbatim, without a word of acknowledgment.

fine frenzy rolling;" namely, those of shivering and shaking. Leaving, however this anecdote to the pencil of the caricaturist, we confess that we highly approve the principle, because we conceive a taste for the sublime and beautiful of nature to produce a luxury of sentiment similar to the oriental ~~is~~ sense: to produce, under the aiding influence of pity, a *divinification* of mind and character.

The *Dream of Youth* is a soothing, pensive and beautiful effusion, which will not please the less for being dressed in a Byronian form. Feeble writers gain by imitation, as do various subaltern actors and actresses: but nature is never a mannerist. She never makes two faces alike. We are allowed to derive instruction, but only in aid of taste, not for copying. We need therefore only produce the following stanzas to prove the justice of our remark, that Mr. Boucher owes no obligation to the great standard of poetical fashion, though he has chosen to adopt his manner occasionally. We select at random:

By Vaga's banks there is a scene of peace—
 A holy calm, that seems serene to brood,
 Like Halcyon on the waters—one light breeze
 Like the lone spirit of the solitude,
 Plays o'er the stream, that curls in gentlest mood:
 Glass'd in the tide, each varying image glows,
 Rock, turret, spire, wild mountain, waving wood,
 Wreath'd in all shapes—now lull'd in sweet repose—
 Conflicting—blending—mingling now, like mimic foes.

Tempe of England! what tho' classic Greece
 Can boast her vale of beauty, thine may vie,
 And proudly vie, with all she tells of peace
 And loveliness: here th' enamour'd eye
 May gaze on nature in her every dye
 Magnificent or fair—rock ridg'd on rock,
 Wood crowning wood; and here the careless Wye,
 How lounging, listless, like a summer brook,
 Now hurrying, foaming on, beneath some sudden shock."

We regret that our limits will not enable us to insert more of this exquisite description; as indeed we equally regret that the

* The author's residence is here alluded to.

author has been so much seduced from a subject of such extensive interest and beauty, to indulge a strain of private and personal melancholy, however recompensed by powers of skilful execution, which may well take a stand on the same shelf with Byron. We also reprobate the introduction of songs, which seem introduced like airs in a comic opera, and which only gain their pardon by their sweetness of melody. We subjoin a specimen of Mr. Boucher's rivalry of Moore.

Nay blame not the heart that in carelessness roves
 To sip, where each flower will afford a repast;
 And as fondly will vow to each fair that he loves,
 That each love will be constant and true as the last;
 Oh! 'twere chilling to stay e'en in sunshine above—
 To bask in one beam, be it ever so bright:—
 And the heart whose affections but one beauty own,
 Will wish to rove farther to vary delight.

Is the bloom of the rosebud less flagrant and fair,
 When it wafts all its odours unheedingly by?
 Is the gale, when its coolness refreshes the air,
 Less soft in its whispers, less pure in its sigh?
 Is the voice then that falters affection's fond tale,
 To each fair that will listen less dear or less kind?
 Oh! the heart's like that harp, which is play'd by the gale,
 And will give sigh for sigh for each moan of the wind.

Does the bee, that so busily roams on the wing
 To cull every sweet that will proffer its bloom,
 Does he revel less fond on the beauties of spring,
 Or light on a bud that denies its perfume?
 Oh! no, every flow'ret that sighs to the air,
 Lends its bloom and its beauty alike to each bee;
 And this heart must roam onwards to seek from each fair,
 Their looks and their smiles to beam kindly on me.

The following little *chanson* is in the best manner of *Anacreon*.

Love is but a gentle creature
 Innocence in every feature,
 Flora! kiss the boy!
 Let his lips, my Flora, press thee,
 Rose-leaves only round him twine,

Let his infant arms caress thee,
 Nestle there in Love's own shrine;
 Harm can never there distress thee,
 Flora! kiss the boy!

See his tiny arms implore thee,
 Must he kneel in vain before thee?
 Flora kiss the boy!
 Sweetly smiling, faintly blushing,
 Flora turn'd to where he sued,
 And each infant terror hushing,
 Gave the kiss for which he wooed;
 Then to hide her own cheek's flushing,
 Kiss'd again the boy.

ART. XV.—*On the Character of Hamlet.—From the German of Goethe's William Meister's Apprenticeship.*

You know the incomparable play of Hamlet; you received the greatest pleasure on hearing it read at the castle. We intended to act it; and I, not knowing what I did, undertook the part of Hamlet. I imagined that I was studying it when I began to get by heart the strongest passages, the soliloquies, and those scenes in which the powers have full play; where the perturbed mind can vent itself in affecting sentiments, I thought that I entered fully into the spirit of the part, by taking on myself the load of deep melancholy, and under its pressure following my original through his labyrinth of humours and peculiarities. Thus I went on practising, in the conceit of becoming more and more identified with my hero.

However, the farther I proceeded, the more difficult I found the comprehension of the whole. At length it appeared quite impossible to attain any distinct view. I now went through the piece without interruption, and then, alas! I found much that would not fit me. Sometimes the characters, sometimes the expressions, seemed contradictory; and I almost despaired of finding a tone in which to perform the whole part with its excentricities and shades. In this perplexity, I went on for some time, till, at length, I hoped to reach my end by a very peculiar path.

I hunted out every vestige of the character of Hamlet, previously to his father's death. I observed what this interesting

youth had been, independently of that melancholy event, and of the subsequent shocking occurrences, and what he probably would have been without them.

Delicate and stately advanced the royal acion under the immediate influence of majesty. The idea of what is just and of the highest dignity; the feeling of what is good and becoming, and of his own high birth, unfolded themselves together in his mind. Born to sovereignty he wished to reign only that the good might practice their virtues unmolested. Of an agreeable form, of a benevolent heart, and of a virtuous disposition, he was the pattern of youth, and was destined to become the delight of mankind.

Without any predominant passion, in his love to Ophelia he but anticipated the sweetest feelings of his nature. His ardour for knightly sports was not entirely original. It was necessary to strengthen this propensity by bestowing praise on another. His unsophisticated feelings enabled him to recognize the upright; and he knew how to value the repose which a sincere mind enjoys on the bosom of a friend. To a certain point he could estimate the good and fair in art and science. What was absurd disgusted him; and if hatred could exist in so humane a mind, it was only strong enough to despise and to sport with the light and hollow courtiers. He was temperate in his feelings, and simple in his demeanour; not self-approving in idleness, nor eager for occupation. He seemed to keep up at court a fashion of academical lounging. He had more merriment of humour than of heart; was a good companion, full of deference, modesty, and attention. He could forgive and forget an injury; but could never consort with the man who overstepped the bounds which justice, goodness, and propriety would observe.

Conceive such a prince as I have painted, loosing his father unexpectedly. Ambition, and the love of sway, are not his ruling passions. He could be well contented in being the *son* of a king:—but he is now for the first time, obliged to remark the distance that separates the sovereign and the subject. The right to the crown was not then hereditary in Denmark: yet, had his father lived longer his hopes would have been confirmed, and his expectations secured. Now, in spite of plausible professions, he sees

himself, perhaps for ever, excluded by his uncle. He feels himself poor in favour and in possessions, and a stranger to that which, in his youth, he could consider as his own property. Hence his mind takes its first melancholy tint. He feels that he is no more than any other nobleman, nay, not so much: he gives himself out for every body's servant:—it is not politeness, it is not condescension, but dejection and penury.

To his former situation he looks back as to a vanished dream. In vain does his uncle encourage him; in vain could he persuade him to view his state in a different light; the sense of his nothingness never forsakes him.

The second stroke bowed him lower, and wounded him more deeply. It was his mother's marriage. He had lost a father; but to the faithful and affectionate son a mother was yet left. He hoped, in society with the noble parent who remained, to have cultivated the memory of the illustrious departed:—but he loses also his mother; and loses her in a way much more cruel than if he had been robbed of her by death.

Now, for the first time he feels himself completely humbled; now completely forlorn. No good fortune can restore what he has lost. Conceive this young man, this prince. Make his situation present to you; and then observe him when he learns that his father's shade appears. Attend him on the dreadful night when the venerable spirit himself is visible to him. He is seized by profound horror; he addresses the miraculous form; sees it beckon him; follows and hearkens. The most dreadful charge against the uncle thunders in his ear—he is summoned to take vengeance—and this urgent request is repeatedly addressed to him! *Remember me!* When the ghost disappears whom do we find standing before us? Is it a young hero breathing revenge?—A prince born, who feels himself happy in being challenged to destroy the usurper of his throne?—No! Astonishment and sorrow overwhelm the lonely sufferer. He grows bitter against smiling villains; swears not to forget the departed; and finishes with the significant ejaculation,

“The time is out of joint; O, cursed spight!

“That ever I was born to set it right.”

In these words, I think, we find the key to Hamlet's whole conduct. I am clear that Shakspeare designed to exhibit a *great deed imposed upon a mind which was not fitted for the commission.*

An amiable, pure, noble, and highly moral being sinks under a burden which it can neither support nor relinquish. Every duty is sacred: but this duty is too difficult. Impossibility is required of him; not what is impossible in itself, but that which to him is an impossibility. How he turns, writhes, retreats, advances; is ever reminded, ever reminding himself; and at last, suffers his intention almost entirely to escape from his mind, without ever feeling relieved!

Of Ophelia much cannot be said. Her character is completed by a few master-strokes. Her whole essence consists in sensual feeling. Her inclination for the prince, to whose hand she is entitled to pretend, flows so entirely from this fountain; the good heart resigns itself so entirely to its desires; that father and brother both fear, and both warn in direct and even gross terms. Decorum, like the gauze on her bosom, cannot hide the emotions of her heart: it is rather a betrayer of these gentle emotions. Her imagination is infected; her still modesty breathes voluptuous desire, and should the convenient goddess Opportunity shake the tree, the fruit would fall forthwith.

When she sees herself abandoned, rejected, put to shame; when the mind of her insane lover is turned topsy-turvy; and instead of the sweet goblet of love, he presents her the bitter cup of sorrow, her heart breaks, the whole frame of her existence starts out of its joints. Her father's death then falls on it, and crushes the beautiful structure to atoms.

But should not the poet, it may be said, have put different songs into her mouth during her madness. Could he not have chosen fragments out of melancholy ballads? Why provide a noble virgin with double entendres, and indecent ditties?

In this I cannot abate a tittle. In these singularities, and in this seeming indecorum, there is profound meaning. We know at the outset with what idea the mind of the poor girl is occupied. She lived quietly to herself, but scarcely hid her wishes or her longings. The tones of wantonness secretly sounded in her soul;

and how often, like an improvident nurse, may she have tried to lull her feelings to rest with songs that seemed only to rouse them the more. At last, when she had lost all command over herself, and her heart dwells upon her tongue, that tongue becomes her betrayer; and in the innocence of insanity, she diverts herself, in the presence of the king and queen, with the echo of her beloved amatory airs; of the maid who was won; of the maid who steals to her lover's chamber.

I am far from censuring the plan of this tragedy. I rather believe that a nobler was never invented. We are so pleased, so flattered to behold a hero who acts for himself; who loves and hates according to the dictates of his heart; who undertakes and executes, bears down all hindrances, and arrives at a great end! that historians and poets would fain persuade us that so proud a lot can fall to man. Here we are taught otherwise. The hero has no plan:—but the piece is full of plan. Here no villain is punished in conformity with an idea of vengeance stiffly carried through. Not a monstrous deed is committed; it rolls forward in its consequences, and sweeps the innocent along; the perpetrator appears willing to escape the fatal precipice, and is hurled down at the very spot at which he thinks happily to escape the dangerous path. It is the property of crime to scatter evil over the innocent; as it is the quality of virtuous actions to benefit the undeserving; while the agent in each case may be neither punished nor rewarded. How wonderfully is this shown in our play! Purgatory sends forth its spirit to call for vengeance, but in vain. Every circumstance combines to forward vengeance—in vain. Neither earth nor hell can succeed in what is reserved for fate. The hour arrives; and the good fall with the bad. One generation is swept away and another shoots up.

On the most mature deliberation, I have been led to distinguish two things in the composition of *Hamlet*. First, the great internal relations of persons and events; secondly, the powerful effects arising from the characters and actions of the chief figures, these are singly excellent; and the series in which they follow each other is incapable of improvement. They could scarcely by any management be destroyed; scarcely be disfigured. These every

one desires to see, and with these no one dares to interfere; they sink deep into the soul, and have been, I understand, almost all introduced on our stage. Only, I conceive, a great error has been committed in regarding the second set of circumstances observable in Hamlet as too insignificant in speaking of it only incidentally, or entirely omitting it. I mean the external relations of the persons by which they are carried from place to place, or are connected in this or that way by certain casual occurrences. These threads are indeed small and loose, but they run through the piece, holding together what would otherwise fall asunder.

Among these external relations, I reckon the troubles in Norway; the war with young Fortinbras; the embassy to the old Uncle; the settlement of the dispute; the expedition of young Fortinbras to Poland, and his return at the end; also the return of Horatio to Wittenberg, Hamlet's wish to go thither; the journey of Laertes to France, his return, the despatching of Hamlet to England, his being captured by the pirates, and the death of the two courtiers in consequence of the treacherous letter; all these are matters which may furnish out a novel without end, but extremely injure the unity of a play in which the principal character has no plan.

These faults, however, are what props are to a building. They cannot be taken away without raising a solid wall.

ART. XVI.—*Life of Robert Morris.* (With a Portrait.)

THE important services which were rendered to the United States, by Mr. Morris, during the arduous struggle which terminated in our independence, entitle him to the grateful recollection of every American. For the following particulars respecting his life we are indebted to a memoir in the "Repository," published in this city by Mr. Delaplaine.

Robert Morris was born at Liverpool, in January 1733-4, O. S. Of his family, little is known, except that his father was a respectable English merchant. When he was thirteen years of age, he was brought to America by his parents. After receiving a suitable education he was placed in the counting-house of Mr. Charles Willing, in conjunction with whose son, Thomas, he subsequently carried on the business of a merchant. On the ap-

pearance of a rupture with Great Britain, he was elected a member of Congress from this state, at the close of the year 1775, and assisted very materially in those pecuniary arrangements which the operations of an army and navy required.

During the march of the British troops through Jersey, in 1776, Congress removed to Baltimore, but Mr. Morris was left in this city, for reasons of a commercial nature. At this crisis, a letter from the commander-in-chief was received by the government, in which it was stated, that while the enemy was accurately informed of all his movements, he was compelled, from the want of specie, to remain in complete ignorance of their designs, and a certain sum was demanded as absolutely necessary to the safety of the army. Information of this demand was sent to Mr. Morris, in the hope that, through his credit, the money might be obtained. In this expectation Congress was not disappointed; and Mr. Morris furnished also very large sums to general Greene, during his difficulties in South Carolina.

In the year 1781, the office of Financier was created, and this gentleman was unanimously elected to fill the station. To trace him through all the acts of his financial administration, would be to make this biography a history of the last two years of the revolutionary war. When the exhausted credit of the government threatened the most alarming consequences; when the soldiers were utterly destitute of the necessary supplies of food and clothing; when the military chest had been drained of its last dollar, and even the confidence of Washington was shaken,—upon his own credit, and from his private resources, Mr. Morris furnished those pecuniary means, but for which, all the physical force of the country would have been in vain.

One of the first acts of his financial government was the proposition to Congress of his plan for the establishment of the bank of North America, which was chartered forthwith, and opened on the 7th of January, 1782. At this time the States were half a million of dollars in debt on that year's taxes, which had been raised by anticipation, on a system of credit which Mr. Morris had created: and, but for this establishment, his plans of finance must have been entirely frustrated. On his retirement from office, it was affirmed by two of the Massachusetts delegates, "that it

cost Congress at the rate of eighteen millions per annum, hard dollars, to carry on the war, till he was chosen financier, and then it cost them but about four millions." He resigned his office in 1784.

Fatigued with political cares, which, from the time of his election to a seat in the senate of the first Congress, under the federal constitution, had so completely engrossed his mind, he was now anxious to retire to the relaxation of private life. That he was not avaricious of influence, may be sufficiently established from the fact of his refusal to accept the situation of Secretary of the Treasury, which Washington wished him to fill. On being requested to designate a gentleman for that office, he named colonel Hamilton; and on the expression of some surprise by the general who was not acquainted with the colonel's qualifications in that department, Mr. Morris declared his own knowledge of his entire competency, and he was accordingly appointed to that important post.

That his long continuance in the public service had caused some confusion in his private affairs, he assigned as a reason for declining to comply with the solicitations of the city of Philadelphia, to become its representative in Congress. It is true, indeed, that he was subsequently induced to resume his situation in that body, in compliance with his sense of political duty.

Mr. Morris died in this city in May 1806, in the seventy-third year of his age. That his plans for the support of the credit of the country in her greatest need, essentially conducing to the glorious termination of our struggle, was the opinion of the illustrious Washington; and, perhaps, it may be said of him, as it was of the Roman Curtius, that he sacrificed himself for the safety of the commonwealth.

ART. XVII.—*Extracts from Kotzebue's Observations on Society.*
From the German.

WE are apt to say, that when a person has, by reputation, riches, or promotion, acquired a high station in the world, he forgets his former friends, and ceases to have any regard for them; but, in fact, his former friends much oftener cease to have any regard for him; nay, even hate him, from motives of jealousy

and envy. Nevertheless, they, formerly, with great sincerity, wished him all the good fortune which he now possesses, and assisted him with all their power in obtaining it. Now, when he has obtained it, they hate him. How happens this? Vanity wore the mask of friendship; for we much oftener interest ourselves in behalf of an acquaintance through vanity, than through real regard. We wish to see him elevated to a certain height, in order that we may say, "He, who is so much exalted, is our friend." But as soon as his splendour begins to dazzle our eyes, we close them, and walk displeasedly away.

"He is a good kind of man,"—I have often heard people say, and when I asked the reason, I have always found, they only called him *a good kind of man* because he distinguished himself in no way whatever; in other words, because he was a cypher. The man most certainly to be esteemed, is he who, neither by the endowments of genius, nor of fortune, stands in the way of any other.

A person, without whom we cannot live, is very dear to us, but a person who cannot live without us, is much dearer; for he inspires the gratitude of vanity, and that is the most sincere of all gratuities.

The art of acquiring friends is often less necessary than that of avoiding enemies. The friend assists you in rising, and the enemy may not have been able to prevent it. But now you stand above, where it is more difficult to preserve the equipoise, than it was below upon safe ground. The enemy comes behind you, gives you a slight blow on the back, and down you fall.

Ten enemies are often created in obtaining one friend, whose friendship is envied by those ten. Then they are sure to pour forth a volley of accusations, to make every weakness a crime, every fault a vice, every single transaction a daily custom, every suspicion a certainty. If I have the unhappy talent of sometimes being severe at a blockhead's expense, I have a bad heart; if, by chance, among some jovial friends, I drink rather too freely, I am nothing less than a confirmed drunkard. A thousand times worse

is it, if, in the list of enemies, there are any of the increasing sectaries, who affect a higher degree of piety than their neighbours. Their pious dispositions are not content with love and hatred; they either adore or abhor. But, of all enemies in the world, the very worst is a learned woman. If, added to this, she be unmarried, and in her wane, the case is desperate, indeed; for, if I were to carry her in my arms to Rome, (as I have heard people say) and, after all my fatigues, lay her down at the gate not very softly, it would be sufficient to make her my enemy.

I have heard some people say they can wrap themselves in the cloak of innocence, and treat detraction with contempt; but this seems to me a very difficult thing. Slander is like a heavy shower, and though you may stand dry beneath the penthouse of your conscience, the world does not see it; and, what is still worse, will not see it. Men, in this respect, differ from angels; they have more joy over one fallen sinner, than over a hundred just persons.

He is wise who complains against no one, for he thereby avoids or choaks many animosities. If the enemy be not converted by patience, he is, at all events, disarmed.

"But," I hear some one say, "the man who has an unjust dislike of another, does not deserve to be spared." Right; but I am not arguing upon what *he* deserves. I am pointing out what is advantageous to *you*. You should appease his hatred for *your own sake*, not for his. And, truly, this is often easier to be done than is supposed. Be respectful towards your enemy, and he will feel flattered by that respect. Often has an inveterate slanderer been thereby converted to a warm defender.

The greater the acknowledged merits of any one, the more severe will be the sentence passed upon any of his defects, real or imaginary. In the work of a man of genius, and in the conduct of an upright man much trouble is taken to discover blemishes. On the contrary, many allowances are made for an author of inferior abilities, and a villain, because they have already beaten a broad track, on which they are allowed to range at large. We

are ready enough to find faults and blemishes in a man who has gained universal esteem, but we feel no difficulty in bringing to light the good side of a person who is universally decried. A decided fool, or a decided knave, has at least the advantage that he is either no longer, in the smallest respect, the subject of conversation, or that any little thing, which can be said in his favour, is loudly proclaimed; for every thing which can be said against him is already known, and consequently no longer interesting.

Envy is unfortunately one of the most natural passions which agitate the mind of man. If we do not envy another's *merit*, we envy, at least, his *reputation*, which is the consequence of that merit. We admire a reserved man of abilities, because we, at the same time, think we shall discover his hidden abilities, and because we thereby pay a compliment to our own penetration and judgment. Where the veil of reserve is wanting, to deserve esteem is often a hindrance to the attainment of it.

Why are the men of this age more polite to each other, and less polite to the ladies than in former times?

They are more polite to each other, because they have more sense and less courage, than they had two centuries ago. They feel that it is a folly to be engaged in eternal quarrels and combats: they therefore avoid them, by an increase of civility and respect. There are more reasons why they are less polite to the ladies. In the first place, the ladies (with all due respect be it said) are not quite so domestic, or virtuous as their great great grandmothers. Secondly, the former heroic attachment of knights, and the slavery attached thereto, are extinguished. We love in quite a different way. We have other things in our head. We think more of money than of fame in arms. The knights of former times had nothing to do, but to wield the lance and love their mistress; they therefore attended to these pursuits with all their ardour.

The world will sooner pardon a vicious than a ridiculous man; and, it is a dreadful truth, that almost every man had rather appear vicious than ridiculous, if the choice were in his power.

To think unlike the world, is courage of the mind. To avow such thoughts, is courage of the heart, and—folly.

There are many things which the fool believes he knows perfectly, and which the wise man despairs lest he should never know.

ART. XVIII.—*Cicero de Republica.*

THE following letter, which has recently been addressed by the principal Librarian of the Vatican to the Pope, giving an account of the discovery of Cicero's treatise *de Republica*, has excited great expectation, and though the writer may be too sanguine as to the possibility of decyphering the whole, there can be little doubt that what is actually gained will be a valuable addition to classical literature. Cicero composed his "*Republica*," to which the above letter refers, in imitation of Plato. It is alluded to and quoted by St. Augustin, Lactantius and others. The fragments that have come down to us were published by M. Bernardi in two volumes 12mo. 1807, with a dissertation on the progress of the arts and luxury of the Romans.

MOST BLESSED FATHER.—First kissing your *sacred feet*, I have the honour and satisfaction to inform your beatitude that my studies in the Vatican Library, in which I preside through your sovereign clemency, have been encouraged by signal success. In two re-written codices of the Vatican, I have lately found some lost works of the first Latin classics. In the first of these manuscripts I have discovered the lost books *De Republica* of Cicero, written in excellent letters of the best time, in three hundred pages, each in two columns, and all fortunately legible. The titles of the above noble subject, and of the books, appear in the margin: and the name of Cicero, as author of the book, is distinctly legible. A composition of the middle ages having been again written on this MS., the original pages have been misplaced, and even mutilated; notwithstanding this a great part remains. The moral and political philosopher, the legislator, the historian, the antiquary, and the lover of pure latinity, will naturally expect, with impatience, the publication of this important work of Cicero, so long lamented as

lost. I shall lose no time in preparing it for press, and submitting it to your holiness's inspection. The other re-written codex presents various and almost equally precious works. It is singular that this MS contains some of the same works which I discovered and published at Milan, and have here found what there was wanting. I perceived this at first sight, not only from comparing the subject, but also from the hand-writing, which is precisely the same as that of the Milan MS.

The contents are—1. The correspondence between Fronto and Marcus Aurelius, before and after he was Emperor. This is an instructive, affectionate, and very interesting collection; the first and second books, containing epistles to M. Aurelius, were published from the Milan MS.; that now found in the Vatican contains the third, and fourth, and fifth books, as well as the supplement to the second, and some other works by Fronto, in Latin and Greek.—2. The fine commentary of the inedited scholiast on Cicero, began to be published by me at Milan, and now to be increased by five other orations, with the supplements to those already printed at Milan.—3. A fragment of an oration by Q. Aurelius Symmachus, with the supplement of two by the same author, already published by me.—4. The supplements to the Homily, or Gothico-Ulphilan Commentary, a portion of which was also found at Milan, together with an essay of Ulphilas. These valuable works mixed into two volumes, which were taken for writing parchment in the middle ages, were sent partly to Rome and partly to Milan, from the convent of St. Columbanus at Bobbio. They will now be again united in a Roman edition, which I shall lose no time in publishing. I will not now request your attention, most blessed father, to some other fragments of those same codices, although they are worthy of publication, &c.

ANGELO MAI,

First Librarian to the Vatican.

ART. XIX.—*Songs of Judah; and other Melodies.* By WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, *Author of New England and other Poems.* Philadelphia, 1820.

As we know that the lofty oak does not reach maturity in a day, we never indulge the vain hope of beholding the towering summit

in the same hour that saw it spring from the surface of its most favoured soil. In like manner, we must wait for the nurturing hand of time, to bring poetry to perfection. It is the child of refinement, and refinement reaches not its climacteric without time and toil. If Columbia be not the birth-place of the poet, we know not in what happy spot of earth his cradle should be sought. If our government, our institutions, and the varied, bold, and beautiful face of our country, possess not the seeds of inspiration, there must be some preventing cause which we cannot now divine. Many years may indeed elapse before the Muse shall be crowned in our aspiring land, for, this is the common course of all experience. The fine arts are ever found in the train of agriculture, commerce, and intellectual wealth; but in what boasted age have they taken precedence? Compared with other nations, America is but emerging into existence, and the first wants of nature are not yet satisfied; but abundant evidence displays the germ of genius, in all its taste and energy. The chissel and the canvass will yet confess its power, and its voice will yet be heard from our mountain forests. The cataract of Niagara will yet sublimely swell the poet's song, and classic numbers immortalise our vales. Yet if it be conceded that poetry does but lisp amongst us—we may surely boast that she has lisped in "words that glow and thoughts that burn."

Amongst a great number of American poems of the minor sort, "*The Songs of Judah*" may be produced as specimens that breathe the soul of inspiration. Of these, perhaps, "*The Vision of the Hebrew*" is the best; though we should have preferred the more definite title of the *Vision of Habakkuk*; because the former would apply equally to almost every part of all the prophetic books.

He who would cultivate the latent germ, cannot do better than to imitate Mr. Tappan's example: to study the most poetical of all books, the sacred writings, and especially the book of Job, the Psalms, and the Prophets. The high antiquity of its times, the solemn grandeur of its scenes, the sublime pathos of its style, and the present state of Palestine, compared with its former condition, are all fruitful and imposing themes. What soul, possessing but a spark of the ethereal flame, would not be rapt in meditating on

the faded splendour of Jerusalem, or the lost glories of Tyre and Babylon; the stupendous flights of the Hebrew Seers, or the pious strains of the Royal Psalmist?

The Scriptures abound with materials for every kind of serious verse; and Mr. Tappan has proved their advantages, by placing in his volume some little pieces on subjects drawn from common life. The "Songs of Judah" are decidedly superior in strength and beauty.

ART. XX.—*Stories for Children, chiefly confined to words of two syllables.* By MRS. HUGHES, Author of "*Aunt Mary's Tales*," "*Ornaments discovered*," &c. London printed. Philadelphia, re-printed. 1820.

WHEN a lady places her book upon our table, we are obliged to take care that our gallantry betray us not into a dereliction of our duty to the public; and we are more than well pleased, when we can, as in the case before us, conscientiously yield to each, its just claim. The author of whom we are disposed to speak in these terms, conducted a seminary for young ladies in England, and has recently established a similar institution in this city.

Education is an object of such paramount importance, that society is indebted to every individual who contributes but a mite to its prime business: the implantation of correct sentiments in the minds of children. Very few parents, perhaps, neglect to cultivate the finer intellectual flowers which spring up spontaneously in their young families; but very many are the noxious weeds that are suffered unobserved to protract their growth, or obscure their native beauty. The odious vice, indeed, which at once erects its daring head, is corrected; but the lurking inclination, which, unchecked, becomes enormous, is, either through inattention; or fond indulgence, allowed to gather strength.

The moral education of a child is confessedly a task most complicated, and most difficult to attain. Were all parents discerning, wise, and resolute, and all children mild, and tractable, pleasure, only, would be the result of duty, on both sides; but alas! it is far otherwise. "Folly is bound up in the heart of a child;" and parents are sometimes incompetent to "drive it out."

Still the latter are more frequently defective in application, than in power. To some of the incipient evils above mentioned, Mrs. Hughes has judiciously directed her attention. By familiar tales, well adapted to the capacity of children, she has shown the miseries produced by disobedience and selfishness, by cruelty to animals, self-sufficiency and other faults, very natural to the corrupted heart of man. By the skilful management of her parents, the suffering child is made to work out its own reformation; so that her book, though unassuming, may afford a practical lesson to the old as well as the young.

Mrs. Hughes' morals are strictly orthodox; yet we cannot go the whole length of her sensibility, which would make flies "very welcome" to sip out of her own cup, because "very little *pleases* them." We would brush the whole species with one sweep into the Delaware, although we would discourage a boy from tormenting them.

The style of these "Tales," has all that colloquial ease which their subjects most imperiously demand, and the language is simple and correct; for we are not disposed to quarrel with this ingenious stranger, for using the adverb *nice*, in a sense not familiar to an American ear. With us, to be *nice*, is understood to be neat, clean, exact, whilst Mrs. H.'s little girl exclaims, "How nice it would be to play with her doll from morning till night." James cries, "How nice it will be to feed my birds;" and William thought the loan of his brother's top-string, "was not half so nice as having one of his own." In all these cases, we should substitute the words convenient, agreeable, delightful, &c.

Our very sensible author has made her dialogues the easy vehicle of some instruction in natural history. Upon the whole, we take pleasure in recommending them as a pleasant and useful present from a mother to her little ones.

ART. XXI.—*Innovations on the English Language. A Dialogue of the Dead.*

SWIFT, A BOOKSELLER, AND MERCURY.

BOOKSELLER. To enjoy *in future* the company of a gentleman whose *consequential* character in the literary line I have long

made up my mind upon, is a pleasure which I *set great store by*, though obtained by the loss of my existence.

SWIFT. Pray friend where did you learn your English?

BOOKSELLER. I was born and bred in London, and of such *marked regularity in my line of conduct*, that no man could charge me with a single act of *incivism*, or any thing that *went to the disorganization* of the society of which I was a member. I served an apprenticeship to a *tip-top* bookseller, and have often heard the most learned authors discuss points of literature. I have seen them, sir, for hours, *on their legs*, and *going into a variety of matter*. The deuce is in it if I do not speak English of the very newest and best pattern.

SWIFT. In what part of the town did your learned authors find kennels and dunghills to wade into the way you mention? Fleet Ditch, I am told, is now very decent; and has not half that variety of filthy matter, dead cats and dogs, drowned puppies, and stinking sprats,* which it formerly had. But first of all, friend, what was your last employment in the other world?

BOOKSELLER. *In place of negativing* your questions as *inimical*, though I own that at *this first blush of the business* they appear so, I shall be happy, *on the instant*, to *meet your ideas*, and *narrate* what you *desiderate*, not doubting of being *well heard*.

SWIFT. Sir, I am not deaf now, as I was in the other world; I shall hear you well enough, if you speak distinctly. I ask, what trade you followed?

BOOKSELLER. You mean, I suppose, in what *professional line* I was bred. I hinted already that my employment was to *bring forward* to the view of the public *at large* the *ideas* of the learned; in other words, I was in the *typographical and bookselling lines*; and am *free to say*, that in both *lines* my *line of conduct* was *indicative of exactitude to a degree*. I *netted*, Sir, although my *expenditures* were not small, so considerable a sum, that, on the *demise* of my wife, who *resigned her existence* about a year ago, I *sported sables* in my own *gig and pair*. I had in *contemplation* a seat in the *Commons*; but—

SWIFT. So; you were a bookseller. In my time, however, the idea of a learned man could have been comprehended by the *large*

* See Swift's Description of a City Shore.

public or the *public at large* (how did you call it, pray?) without the help of an interpreter. But, perhaps, I did not take your meaning.

BOOKSELLER. Dear Sir, what *unfounded ideas* you bring forward! You take me up on a ground entirely different from that on which I intended to meet you. I have formerly set store by you; having heard you held forth as one who had secured the marked approbation of many. You seem inclined to maltreat me, but have said nothing that militates against me as a professional man, or goes to substantiate any charge inimical to my character. And since you are pleased to be provocative, I am bold to say, that some of our best critics scout and reprobate your yahoos with the most marked energy; complain that they feel squeamish when they think of them, and have the idea that descriptions of that description can be agreeable to readers of no description. I have heard one author, whose name has long been *inregistered* in the annals of literature, affirm, that they are *disgusting to civilization*. A justice of peace of my acquaintance committed himself—

SWIFT. The deuce he did! The laws, as well as language, of England, must be greatly changed of late years. Go on Sir, perhaps I may at last understand you.

BOOKSELLER. I say, the justice committed himself, that he would prove your diction, as well as imagery, to be low and vulgar; that it has nothing of the *ton* in it, no long sonorous phraseologies, no appearance of your being *conversative* in ancient or foreign language; nothing, in a word, but what the common people may understand, as well as the most learned men in the kingdom.

SWIFT. Was there ever such a fellow? Hark you, sir, do you know whom you speak to, or what you are speaking?

BOOKSELLER. Most decidedly, sir; but *fellow me no fellows*, if you please. Your writings, however great their publicity may once have been, have had their day; they are now a *boar*, sir, a mere *boar*; I took more money last winter by the *Sorrows of Werter*, than I have taken by seven years' sale of the lucubrations of Swift.

SWIFT. *Werter!* What is that?

BOOKSELLER. Have you never heard of Werter? What an illiterate, out-of-the-way world is this! You can have no *fashion* among you; nothing *clever* or *sentimental*, nothing that *implicates reciprocity* of the finer feelings. Why, Sir, Werter is one of the most *eventual* and *impressive* of all our *novel novels*; the demand there is for it *out-bounds* your comprehension. You smile; but what I say is a *truism*. If you would *be agreeable* to hear, I would give you a *statement* of some particulars. Werter is a true hero, and in his *line of conduct*, as a person of the highest honour and fashion, most *correct*; though a German by birth, he must have kept the best company in France; and so extraordinary a scholar, that he actually carried a Homer, a Greek Homer, sir, in his pocket. But misfortune *ingurgitated* him in the very lowest ebb of distress. His affections were *captured* by a neighbouring gentleman's lady, with whom he wished to have a *sentimental arrangement*, a little *flirtation*—(you understand me) an *affair of gallantry*, I mean; and whose cruelty *fractured* the good young man's heart, and made him *temerariouly* put a termination to his *existence*.

SWIFT. (*to Mercury entering.*) You come in good time, Mercury. Our friend Horace says you were famous in your day for eloquence; perhaps you may be able to interpret some of this learned person's gibberish. He was speaking of one Werter.

MERCURY. I overheard all that passed, so you need not recapitulate. Those same Sorrows of Werter I have seen. Werter tried to corrupt his neighbour's wife, and not wholly without success; but finding the lady not quite so forward as he wished, he left her in a rage, blew out his brains with a pistol, and (if we may believe some men of rhyme, who have been whimpering on the occasion) went incontinently to heaven.

SWIFT. Is it possible that so silly a tale can be popular?

MERCURY. It is possible, for it is true: or, as this gentleman would perhaps say, is a *truism*.

SWIFT. I am glad I am out of that vile world. It was in my time so bad, that I foolishly thought it could not be worse; but now it must have renounced both common honesty and common sense. But whence comes it that I understand so little of this man's English.

MERCURY. Would you have Englishmen of the present age speak the language of queen Anne's reign?

SWIFT. Certainly. Why did Addison, and I, and some others, take so much pains to improve and fix the English tongue? Should we have done that, think you, if we had imagined that, in so short a time, it would be so miserably altered and debased? But who are they who thus take it upon them to disfigure the language, and, by so doing, to discredit the literature of England? Not surely, the most respectable part of the community. Men of true learning and good judgment are anxious to preserve the purity of language. Those barbarous idioms I take to be the manufacture of illiterate and affected persons, who mistake grimace for elegance, and assume the appearance of learning because they know nothing of its reality.

MERCURY. You are a pretty good guesser, my old friend. But you must know there is now, in the world you left, a most vehement rage of innovation in language, government, religion, and every thing else. That a thing is new, is now a sufficient recommendation, however inconvenient it may be, however unnatural and unseemly; nay, the more unnatural it is, the better chance it has of coming into fashion. On the British stage, with infinite applause, young and beautiful actresses perform sometimes the parts of highwaymen; and some singing actors squall in an affected voice, resembling, and intended to imitate, that of women: the most humorous dramatic pieces are frittered away into songs; and I should not be surprised to hear, that henceforth *Miranda* and *Juliet* are to be personated by grim-visaged grenadiers seven feet high, and *Falstaff* by a slender Miss just entered her teens; that *Hotspur* and *Henry of Monmouth* are to fight to the tune of *Lillibullera*; and that *Hamlet* and *Cato* will sing their respective soliloquies in a dance accompanied with a Scotch bagpipe. Similar remarks I could make on other public exhibitions. The pulp—

SWIFT. We will, if you please, defer those to another opportunity. In the mean time, I wish to hear more particulars of the degeneracy of the English tongue, and of the principles on which it seems to have been conducted. It is a subject, you know, which engaged my attention not a little while I was on earth.

MERCURY. Would you have me give you the arrangement and natural history of chaos? However, though I cannot pretend to enter minutely into so complex a business, I shall offer a few directions, which will enable you, if you were so disposed, to make English *of the newest and best pattern* as well, nearly, as this learned bookseller.—My first rule is a very comprehensive one: “Avoid short words as much as possible, however significant and well-sounding, especially if they be of English or Saxon original, and universally understood; and in order to raise admiration of your learning, use in their stead, longer words derived from the Greek, Latin, or French. Instead of life, new, wish for, take, plunge, &c. you must say, *existence, novel, desiderate, capture, ingurgitate*, &c. as,—a fever put an end to his *existence*—

SWIFT. But that would mean—annihilated him both body and soul.

MERCURY. True; but language is not now thought the worse for being ambiguous; and ambiguity of manner is not in less request than ambiguity of phrase: it is considered as a proof of consummate urbanity, when a writer, even a writer of history, and of ancient history too, so disguises himself, that his reader cannot find out whether he be in jest or earnest. Besides, I need not tell you, that by many genteel people death and annihilation are supposed to be the same thing.

SWIFT. Proceed, if you please.

MERCURY. Instead of a new fashion, you would do well to say—a *novel* fashion; for this looks like French, and this, by the common people, will not be understood. For the same reason, and to show your skill in the Latin tongue, say, not—I wish to be quiet, but—I *desiderate* quietness, or rather *quietude*: and you must, on no account, speak of taking the enemy’s ships, towns, guns, or baggage; it must be *capturing*. About twenty years ago, when this word was imported, I heard a surly English ghost remark, that since his countrymen had learned to talk of *capturing* ships, they seemed to have lost the art of taking them; but Rodney and Howe have since proved that he was mistaken.

SWIFT. You mentioned *plunge* as an unfashionable verb.

MERCURY. *Ingurgitate* is more genteel; because it is long, uncommon, and sonorous, and to those who have no Latin, utterly

unintelligible. He was *ingurgitated in the lowest ebb of distress* is fine language.

SWIFT. *Ebb*, that must mean *abatement* of distress.

MERCURY. Formerly it might have been so; but you may now see *lowest ebb* used for *greatest depth*; and it is thought elegant, because new. I know not whether I mentioned *sort* and *kind* as unfashionable nouns: they are quite vulgar: *description* being longer, and of Latin original, is thought much better than either, whatever harshness or confusion it may occasion. Our friend the bookseller gave a good example, when he said, of your description of the yahoos, that descriptions of that *description* can be agreeable to readers of no *description*. But of this part of the subject we have had enough. Proceed we now, therefore, to rule the second, which is this: "Always, when you can, prefer figurative to proper expression, and be not nice in the choice of your figures, nor give yourself much trouble about their consistency."

SWIFT. That is just the contrary of what I used to recommend. A few examples, if you please.

MERCURY. Instead of—He spoke an hour on various topics, you must say—*He was an hour upon his legs, and went into a variety of matter*: an idiom which is now very common, and much admired; because it is *figurative, verbose, and ambiguous*: three qualities of style, which are now among fashionable writers and speakers, indispensable. Instead of—He undervalues his enemies, say—*He sets no store by his enemies, or rather he sets no store by those who are inimical to him*. *Inimical* is a great favourite, though they who use it are not yet agreed about the pronunciation of it. It came in at the same time with the verb *capture*, and from the same quarter. Unfriendly and hostile must both give place to *inimical*; the former, because it is mere English, the latter because, though of Latin original, it is universally understood. Instead of—At first view, you must say—*At the first blush of the business*. *Hold out* is a figurative phrase of very general use: every imaginable conception of the human mind is now supposed to have hands and arms for holding out something. Letters from Spain *hold out* an *inimical appearance*. This plan, or idea, *holds out* great advantages. Distress of mind is *held out* by physicians as the cause of his bad health. But I see you grow

impatient, and I shall go on to my third rule, of which I gave a hint already: "Avoid conciseness, and use as many words as possible." When you speak of a man's conduct, you must always call it, *his line of conduct*; and instead of an authentic narrative—you must say, a narrative *marked with authenticity*. Indeed, the words *line, meet, marked, feel, go*, and some others, may be used on all occasions, whether they have meaning or not; as—He was received with *marked* applause, *marked* insult, *marked* contempt, *marked* admiration: *meet* your wishes, *meet* your arguments, *meet* your support, *meet* your ideas, *meet* your feelings, *meet* you on any ground, &c. Then as to *line* every thing is now a *line*. You must not say—He is in the army, but—he is in the *military line*, or in the *army line*: nor—he is bred to business, but—he is bred in a *professional line*. So, instead of—he is a hair-dresser, clergyman, printer, perfumer, merchant, fisherman, &c. you will be laughed at if you do not say—he is in the *hair-dressing line*, in the *clerical line*, in the *printing line*, in the *perfumery line*, in the *mercantile line*, in the *fishing line*, &c. *Feel* has become so fashionable, that your old English substantive verbs *am* and *be* are in danger of being forgotten. Instead of—I am anxious, I am afraid, I am disappointed, I am warm, I am sick, he is bold, they are ashamed, the room is damp, the day is cold, &c. you must say—I *feel* anxious, I *feel* afraid, I *feel* disappointed, I *feel* warm, I *feel* sick, he *feels* bold, they *feel* ashamed, the room *feels* damp, the day *feels* cold, &c. His arguments *went to prove*, &c. Accounts from Spain *go to say*, that, &c. This, because more verbose, is thought more elegant than—Accounts from Spain say—his arguments proved, &c.

SWIRR. Those people seem to be put to hard shifts to make their books and speeches long and enigmatical. But surely such affectation cannot be universal.

MANCOURT. It is not. In the British senate, and in some British pulpits, you might hear strains of eloquence that would do honour to Demosthenes, and transcend the abilities of Tillotson and bishop Taylor. You formerly admired Bolingbroke as a speaker; but were you to hear Mr. P——.

SWIRR. Bolingbroke was a shallow fellow, though I own he imposed on Pope and me; but on a better, wiser, and more learned

man, than either of us, I mean Arbuthnot, he did not impose: the Doctor understood him well. Bolingbroke's ostentation kept his ignorance out of sight; and because he was positive, we thought him penetrating. He could turn a sentence so as to make it sound well; but it was all *words, words*, as Hamlet says. For my part, you know I never valued those modulated periods, as I think your critics call them; brevity, simplicity, and proper words in proper places, form, in my opinion, the perfection of eloquence. But I interrupt you.

MERCURY. I mentioned the necessity which an English writer, who aims at popularity, is now under, of using long words: I ought to have added, that it is also thought genteel sometimes to shorten ordinary expressions. For *reformation* every body now says *reform*; this being French, and the other vile old English: instead of—for the future, it is fashionable to say—in *future*; and beautiful (or ugly) *to a degree*, instead of—to a great degree. The last example has also the advantage of being elegant on account of its ambiguity: as the following very fashionable phrases have, of being not merely ambiguous, but unintelligible: he *sported sable*, *scouted the idea*, *netted a cool thousand*, *has not made up his mind*, &c.

SWIFT. These, indeed, are such jargon, that I can make nothing of them. But I suppose they hardly deserve interpretation.

MERCURY. In Elypium they do not deserve it; but in Great Britain you would be stared at as a prodigy of ignorance and rusticity, if you should seem ignorant of their meaning. I know not whether I told you of a rule, which in the fabrication of this new dialect is much attended to: "Affect uncommon terminations as much as possible." Instead of—reference, preference, commitment, approbation, &c. say—*referral*, *preferral*, *committal*, *approval*, &c. and the *transferral* of property instead of the transferring of property. But above all, to show your great learning, affect terminations of a Greek form, as—*ism* and *ist*; as *truism* for truth, *agriculturalist* for husbandman. Since boxing became a fine art—

SWIFT. Boxing is a blackguard art: Who made it *fine*, pray? There were said to be only four fine arts; and one of them *fiddling*. I could never prevail on myself to honour that with approbation. I acknowledge only three, poetry, painting, and architecture.

MERCURY. There are many fine arts now: dancing, tumbling, wagering, gaming, legerdemain, horse-racing, face-painting in both sexes, cock-fighting, are all fine arts; and hair dressing is a very fine art. But, as I was saying, since boxing became a fine art, it is quite vulgar to call a professor of it a *boxer*. Some learned innovator having heard of the Latin *Pugil*, thought of introducing it; but *pugil* was too diminutive a name for a thing of such magnitude; and therefore, clapping to it a part of a Greek termination, he made it *pugilist*; which being instantly adopted by the *dilettanti* (or admirers) of boxing and new words, gave rise to the adjectives *pugilistic* and *pugilistical*, as in this example: "We hear it is in contemplation to run up a novel and superb pavilion at Newmarket for *pugilistical* exhibitions." *Pugilisticism* and *pugilisticity* have not appeared, but are every hour expected; and I will venture to insure them a favourable reception.

SWIFT. Nay, good Mercury, I am afraid you are now going too far, and at your old trade of putting tricks upon travellers. However, I thank you for your information, though you have made me sick of the subject. I see my friend Addison coming this way; it will require an hour even of his conversation to wear out the disagreeable impressions left in my mind by this abominable detail of vulgarity, pedantry, and barbarism.

ART. XXII.—*Anecdotes of Victor Alfieri.* From the Translation of his Life and Writings, written by himself.

WHILE assiduously occupied in correcting my four Greek translations, and buried in studies, undertaken perhaps at too late a period, the French again took possession of Tuscany, on the fifteenth of October. On this occasion time was not allowed me to retire to the country: besides, I had succeeded in obtaining, as a foreigner, from the municipality of Florence, an exemption from what I conceived the greatest of all misfortunes, having soldiers billeted in my house. As soon as my mind ceased to contemplate such an event, I resigned myself to circumstances. I shut myself up in my own house, and never went abroad, unless to take an airing for two hours in the morning. This exercise, which my health rendered indispensable, I took in the most solitary places, and always without any attendants. But

though I religiously shunned on all occasions the society of the French, they evinced not such a disposition towards me. Unfortunately the French general at Florence was attached to literature. Wishing to become acquainted with me, he called several times at my house. I determined, however, to be visible to no one; and instead of returning his politeness, I took not the least notice whatever of his calls. After an interval of a few days, I received from him a verbal message, requesting to know when he might be permitted to wait on me. Finding that he persisted in his intentions, and unwilling to intrust a servant with a verbal message, which might not be faithfully communicated, I despatched the following note:—"If the General in his official capacity commands his presence, Victor Alfieri, who never resists constituted authority of any kind, will immediately hasten to obey the order; but if on the contrary he requests an interview only as a private individual, Alfieri begs leave to observe, that being of a very retired turn of mind, he wishes not to form any new acquaintance, and therefore entreats the French general to hold him excused."

To this the general immediately returned the following laconic reply: that having read my works, he had been desirous of becoming acquainted with their author; but as that appeared not to be consonant to my wishes, he would no farther importune me on the subject. In fact, he left me to myself, and I was thus freed from an interview, which must necessarily have proved no less embarrassing than painful to my feelings.

In the mean time, Piedmont having been revolutionized, and wishing to ape their masters in every thing, transformed their Royal Academy of Sciences into a National Institute, modelled on the plan of that of Paris, in which the belles lettres were united to the fine arts. It pleased these gentlemen, whose designations I am unacquainted with, since my friend Caluso had been dismissed from his office of secretary to the academy, to nominate me one of its members. This circumstance was immediately notified in a letter addressed to me on the occasion. Having been previously informed by the the abbé of the honour they meant to confer on me, I returned the letter unopened, and caused them to be informed that I was little solicitous of matriculation, either in

their society or any other; and, in short, that I would never enroll myself among any body of men who had excluded such characters as Cardinal Gerdil, Count Balbo, and Chevalier Morozzo, merely because they were sincere royalists.

Because I have never been a royalist, it by no means follows that I must belong to the class who style themselves democrates. Their republic is not conformable to my fancy; and I declare that I am, and shall ever be, hostile to all their opinions. The irritation I experienced on this occasion once more caused me to infringe my vow, and I composed fourteen verses, which I transmitted to my friend Caluso. I did not keep a copy of them, nor ever shall preserve those which resentment or any other passion may impel me to write.

I did not display equal resolution in the month of September, 1799, in resisting a newly awakened impulse, or, more properly speaking, an old one revived, which I experienced during several days, and to which I at length found myself forced to yield. Having always entertained the idea of trying my powers in the composition of comedy, I sketched the plan of six all at once. These I determined to augment to twelve; but repeated disappointments, chagrin, and particularly my unremitted study of a language so extremely copious as the Greek, had so exhausted my powers of conception, that I believed it would thenceforward be utterly impossible to compose any work requiring much mental exertion: thus I abandoned the idea. I know not how my mind was led to enter on this species of composition, during the most sorrowful period of my life, when we had fallen into a state of the most abject slavery, from which it was impossible to escape; at a period too when both time and opportunity were denied me to execute what it was my wish to undertake. Suddenly a poetizing spirit animated my mind, and in one of my excursions I almost simultaneously conceived my four first comedies, which, in the ground-work, form only one, since they all tend to the same object by different means. On returning home, I sketched them, and on the following day I essayed my strength in others of a different kind. I conceived the plan of two others, the first of which had no relation to Italian manners, while the second was truly an Italian comedy of the present day. I wished to demon-

strate by this piece that I was competent to delineate the manners of the present age. But since these change, it is necessary that he who wishes his comedies to be handed down to posterity, should confine himself to depict the follies of man in the aggregate, and not those of men of any particular country, or existing at any particular period; otherwise, the spirit of comedy, and the fame of an author, must evaporate with the characters and manners he has described. Hence, these six comedies may be divided into three different kinds. The four first are adapted to every age and country; the second is a production altogether fanciful and poetical; while the sixth may be considered as a *true Italian* comedy of the present day. To write such as the last, nothing more is necessary than to imitate the trash we see every day published. They afford little amusement, and are productive of still less utility. Our age, which is far from fertile in imagination, seems disposed to derive tragedy from comedy, and has converted the drama into what may be termed the *Epopee of the Frogs*: while I, on the contrary, with greater probability, in my opinion, have derived comedy from tragedy. This appears to me better adapted to amuse, to be productive of greater utility, and more compatible with truth. We often witness grandees and nobles who make us smile, but citizens, such as bankers and lawyers, we regard as objects of wonder, because they are rarely seen. Mean and grovelling sentiments ill accord with the dignity of tragedy. However this may be, time will evince whether I ought to preserve these trifles, or whether I ought to throw them into the fire.

ART. XXIII.—*Description of Moscow.* From Dr. Clarke's Travels.

THERE is nothing more extraordinary in this country than the transition of the seasons. The people of Moscow have no spring: winter *vanishes*, and summer *is*! This is not the work of a week, or a day, but of one instant; and the manner of it exceeds belief. We came from Petersburg to Moscow in sledges. The next day snow was gone. On the eighth of April, at mid-day, snow beat in at our carriage windows. On the same day, at sun-set, arriving in Moscow, we had difficulty in being dragged through the mud

to the Commandant's. The next morning the streets were dry, the double windows had been removed from the houses, the casements thrown open, all the carriages were upon wheels, and the balconies filled with spectators. Another day brought with it twenty-three degrees of heat of Celsius, when the thermometer was placed in the shade at noon.

We arrived at the season of the year in which this city is most interesting to strangers. Moscow is in every thing extraordinary; as well in disappointing expectation, as in surpassing it; in causing wonder and derision, pleasure and regret. Let me conduct the reader back with me again to the gate by which we entered, and thence through the streets. Numerous spires, glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain, for several versts before you reach this gate. Having passed, you look about, and wonder what is become of the city, or where you are; and are ready to ask, once more, How far is it to Moscow? They will tell you, "This is Moscow!" and you behold nothing but a wide and scattered suburb, huts, gardens, pig-sties, brick walls, churches, dunghills, palaces, timber-yards, warehouses, and a refuge, as it were, of materials sufficient to stock an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages. One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow: and under this impression the eye is presented with deputies from all countries, holding congress: timber huts from regions beyond the *Arctic*; plastered palaces from *Sweden* and *Denmark*, not white-washed since their arrival; painted walls from the *Tyrol*; mosques from *Constantinople*; Tartar temples from *Bucharia*; pagodas, pavilions, and virandas, from *China*; cabarets from *Spain*; dungeons, prisons, and public offices, from *France*; architectural ruins from *Rome*; terraces and trellisses from *Naples*; and warehouses from *Wapping*.

Having heard accounts of its immense population, you wander through the deserted streets. Passing suddenly towards the quarter where the shops are situated; you might walk upon the heads of thousands. The daily throng is there so immense, that, unable to force a passage through it, or assign any motive that might convene such a multitude, you ask the cause; and are told

that it is always the same. Nor is the costume less various than the aspect of the buildings: Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, English, French, Italians, Poles, Germans; all parade in the habits of their respective countries.

We were in a Russian inn; a complete epitome of the city itself. The next room to ours was filled by ambassadors from Persia. In a chamber beyond the Persians, lodged a party of Kirgisians; a people yet unknown, and any one of whom might be exhibited in a cage, as some newly discovered species. They had bald heads, covered by conical embroidered caps, and wore sheep's hides. Beyond the Kirgisians lodged a *nidus* of Bucharians, wild as the asses of Numidia. All these were ambassadors from their different districts, extremely jealous of each other, who had been to Petersburg, to treat of commerce, peace, and war. The doors of all our chambers opened into one gloomy passage, so that sometimes we all encountered, and formed a curious masquerade. The Kirgisians and Bucharians were best at arm's length; but the worthy old Persian, whose name was *Orozai*, often exchanged visits with us. He brought us presents, according to the custom of his country; and was much pleased with an English pocket-knife we had given him, with which he said he should shave his head. At his devotions, he stood silent for an hour together, on two small carpets, barefooted, with his face towards Mecca; holding, as he said, intellectual converse with Mahomet.

Orazai came from Tarky, near Derbent, on the western shore of the Caspian. He had with him his nephew, and a Cossack interpreter from Mount Caucasus. His beard and whiskers were long and grey, though his eye-brows and eyes were black. On his head he wore a large cap of fine black wool. His dress was a jacket of silk, over which was thrown a large loose robe of the same materials, edged with gold. His feet were covered with yellow Morocco slippers, which were without soles, and fitted like gloves. All his suite joined in prayer, morning and evening; but the old man continued his devotions long after he had dismissed his attendants. Their poignards were of such excellent iron, that our English swords were absolutely cut by them. Imitations of these poignards are sold in Moscow, but of worse

materials than the swords from England. When they sit, which they generally do during the whole day, they have their feet bare. Orazai was very desirous that we should visit Persia; and taking out a reed, and holding it in his left hand, he began to write from right to left, putting down our names, and noting the information we gave him of England. Afterwards he wrote his own name in fair Persian characters, and gave it to me, as a memorial by which he might recognize me if we ever met in Persia.

Upon the journey, they both purchased and sold slaves. He offered an Indian negro, who acted as his cook, for twelve hundred roubles. An amusing embarrassment took place whenever a little dog of mine found his way into the ambassador's room, in search of me. The Persians immediately drew up their feet, and hastily caught up all their clothes, retiring as far back as possible upon their couches. They told us, that if a dog touches even the skirt of their clothing, they are thereby defiled, and cannot say their prayers without changing every thing, and undergoing complete purification. His slaves sometimes played the *balalatska*, or guitar with two strings. The airs were lively, and not unlike our English hornpipe. The ambassador's nephew obliged us by exhibiting a Persian dance; which seemed to consist of keeping the feet close together, hardly ever lifting them from the ground, and moving slowly, to quick measure, round the room. They drink healths as we do; and eat with their hands, like the Arabs, all out of one dish, which is generally of boiled rice. If they eat meat, it is rarely any other than mutton, stewed into a soup. The young man used to drink the Russian beverage of hydromel, a kind of mead, and sometimes, but rarely, smoked. The ambassador never used a pipe; which surprised me, as the custom is almost universal in the East. Their kindness to their slaves is that of parents to children: the old man appearing, like another Abraham, the common father of all his attendants. The dress of their interpreter, who was of the Cossacks of the Volga, though stationed on Mount Caucasus, in the territory of the Circassians, was very rich. It consisted of a jacket of purple cloth lined with silk, and a silk waistcoat, both without buttons; a rich shawl round his waist; very large trousers of scarlet cloth; and a magnificent sabre.

Ambassadors of other more Oriental hordes drove into the court-yard of the inn, from Petersburg. The emperor had presented each of them with a barouche. Never was any thing more ludicrous than their appearance. Out of respect to the sovereign, they had maintained a painful struggle to preserve their seat, sitting cross-legged, like Turks. The snow having melted, they had been jolted in this manner over the trunks of trees, which form a timber causeway between Petersburg and Moscow; so that, when taken from their fine new carriages, they could hardly crawl, and made the most pitiable grimaces imaginable. A few days after coming to Moscow, they ordered all the carriages to be sold, for whatever sum any person would offer.

But it is time to leave our Oriental friends and fellow-lodgers, that we may give an account of the ceremonies of Easter; during the preparations for which we had the good fortune to arrive. The people of Moscow celebrate the *Pâque* with a degree of pomp and festivity unknown to the rest of Europe. The most splendid pageants of Rome do not equal the costliness and splendour of the Russian church. Neither could Venice, in the midst of her Carnival, ever rival in debauchery and superstition, in licentiousness and parade, what passes during this season in Moscow.

It should first be observed, there are no people who observe Lent with more scrupulous and excessive rigour than the Russians. Travelling the road from Petersburg to Moscow, if at any time, in poor cottages where the peasants appeared starving, I offered them a part of our dinner, they would shudder at the sight of it, and cast it to the dogs; dashing out of their children's hands, as an abomination, any food given to them; and removing every particle that might be left entirely from their sight. In drinking tea with a Cossack, he not only refused to have milk in his cup, but would not use a spoon that had been in the tea offered him with milk, although wiped carefully in a napkin, until it had passed through scalding water. The same privation prevails among the higher ranks: but in proportion as this rigour has been observed, so much the more excessive is the degree of gluttony and relaxation, when the important intelligence that "*Christ is risen*" has issued from the mouth of the archbishop.

During Easter, they run into every kind of excess, rolling about drunk the whole week; as if rioting, debauchery, extravagance, gambling and drinking, were as much a religious observance as starving had been before; and that the same superstition which kept them fasting during Lent, had afterwards instigated them to the most beastly excesses.

Even their religious customs are perfectly adapted to their climate and manners. Nothing can be contrived with more ingenious policy to suit the habits of the Russians. When Lent fasting begins, their stock of frozen provisions is either exhausted, or unfit for use; and the interval which takes place allows a sufficient time for procuring, killing, and storing, the first provisions of the spring. The night before the famous ceremony of the Resurrection, all the markets and shops of Moscow are seen filled with flesh, butter, eggs, poultry, pigs, and every kind of viand. The crowd of purchasers is immense. You hardly meet a foot-passenger who has not his hands, nay his arms, filled with provisions; or a single *droski* that is not ready to break down beneath their weight.

The first ceremony which took place, previous to all this feasting, was that of the *Pâque fleurie*, or Palm Sunday. On the eve of this day all the inhabitants of Moscow resort, in carriages, on horseback, or on foot, to the Kremlin, for the purchase of palm-branches, to place before their Boghs, and to decorate the sacred pictures in the streets, or elsewhere. It is one of the gayest promenades of the year. The governor, attended by the *Maitre de Police*, the Commandant, and a train of nobility, go in procession, mounted on fine horses. The streets are lined by spectators; and cavalry are stationed on each side, to preserve order. Arriving in the Kremlin, a vast assembly, bearing artificial *bouquets* and boughs, are seen moving here and there, forming the novel and striking spectacle of a gay and moving forest. The boughs consist of artificial flowers, with fruit. Beautiful representations of oranges and lemons in wax are sold for a few *copeeks** each, and offer a proof of the surprising ingenuity of this people in the arts of imitation. Upon this occasion, every person who visits the

* The *copeek* equals in value an English halfpenny.

Kremlin, and would be thought a true Christian, purchases one or more of the boughs, called palm-branches; and, in returning, the streets are crowded with *droshkis*, and all kinds of vehicles, filled with devotees, holding in their hands one or more palm-branches, according to the degree of their piety, or the number of Boghs in their houses.

The description often given of the splendour of the equipages in Moscow but ill agrees with their appearance during Lent. A stranger, who arrives with his head full of notions of Asiatic pomp and Eastern magnificence, would be surprised to find narrow streets, execrably paved, covered by mud or dust; wretched looking houses on each side; carriages drawn it is true by six horses, but such cattle! blind, lame, old, out of condition, of all sizes and all colours, connected by rotten ropes and old cords, full of knots and splices: on the leaders and on the box, figures that seem to have escaped from the galleys: behind, a lousy, ragged lackey, or perhaps two, with countenances exciting more pity than derision; and the carriage itself like the worst of the night-coaches in London. But this external wretchedness, as far as it concerns the equipages of the nobles, admits of some explanation. The fact is, that a dirty, tattered livery, a rotten harness, bad horses, and a shabby vehicle, constitute one part of the privation of the season. On Easter Monday the most gaudy but fantastic buffoonery of splendour fills every street in the city. The emperor it is true, in his high consideration for the welfare and happiness of his subjects, deemed it expedient to adapt the appearance to the reality of their wretchedness; and, in restraining the excessive extravagance of the people of Moscow, evinced more wisdom than the world have given him credit for possessing.

The second grand ceremony of this season takes place on Thursday before Easter, at noon, when the archbishop washes the feet of the apostles. This we also witnessed. The priests appeared in their most gorgeous apparel. Twelve monks, designed to represent the twelve apostles, were placed in a semi-circle before the archbishop. The ceremony is performed in the cathedral, which is crowded with spectators. The archbishop, performing all and much more than is related of our Saviour in

the thirteenth chapter of St. John, takes off his robes, girds up his loins with a towel, and proceeds to wash the feet of them all, until he comes to the representative of Peter, who rises; and the same interlocution takes place between him and the archbishop, which is said to have taken place between our Saviour and that apostle.

The third, and most magnificent ceremony of all, is celebrated two hours after midnight, in the morning of Easter Sunday. It is called the Ceremony of the Resurrection, and certainly exceeded every thing of the kind celebrated at Rome, or any where else. I have not seen so splendid a sight in any Roman Catholic country, not even that of the Benediction by the Pope, during the holy week.

At midnight the great bell of the cathedral tolled. Its vibrations seemed the rolling of distant thunder; and they were instantly accompanied by the noise of all the bells in Moscow. Every inhabitant was stirring, and the rattling of carriages in the streets was greater than at noon-day. The whole city was in a blaze; for lights were seen in all the windows, and innumerable torches in the streets. The tower of the cathedral was illuminated from its foundation to its cross. The same ceremony takes place in all the churches; and, what is truly surprising, considering their number, it is said they are all equally crowded.

We hastened to the cathedral, which was filled with a prodigious assembly of all ranks and sexes, bearing lighted wax tapers, to be afterwards heaped as vows on the different shrines. The walls, ceilings, and every part of this building, is covered by the pictures of Saints and Martyrs. In the moment of our arrival the doors were shut; and on the outside appeared Plato, the archbishop, preceded by banners and torches, and followed by all his train of priests, with crucifixes and censers, who were making three times, in procession, the tour of the cathedral; chaunting with loud voices, and glittering in sumptuous vestments, covered by gold, silver, and precious stones. The snow had not melted so rapidly in the Kremlin as in the streets of the city; and this magnificent procession was therefore constrained to move upon planks over the deep mud which surrounded the cathedral. After completing the third circuit, they all halted opposite the great

doors, which were shut; and the archbishop, with a censer, scattered incense against the doors, and over the priests. Suddenly those doors were opened, and the effect was beyond description great. The immense throng of spectators within, bearing innumerable tapers, formed two lines, through which the archbishop entered, advancing with his train to a throne near the centre. The profusion of lights in all parts of the cathedral, and, among others, of the enormous chandelier which hung from the centre, the richness of the dresses, and the vastness of the assembly, filled us with astonishment. Having joined the suite of the archbishop, we accompanied the procession, and passed even to the throne, on which the police officers permitted us to stand, among the priests, near an embroidered stool of satin placed for the archbishop. The loud chorus, which burst forth at the entrance to the church, continued as the procession moved towards the throne, and after the archbishop had taken his seat; when my attention was for a moment called off, by seeing one of the Russians earnestly crossing himself with his right hand, while his left was employed in picking my companion's pocket of his handkerchief.

Soon after, the archbishop descended, and went all round the cathedral; first offering incense to the priest, and then to the people as he passed along. When he had returned to his seat, the priests, two by two, performed the same ceremony, beginning with the archbishop, who rose and made obeisance with a lighted taper in his hand. From the moment the church doors were opened, the spectators had continued bowing their heads and crossing themselves; insomuch, that some of the people seemed really exhausted, by the constant motion of the head and hands.

I had now leisure to examine the dresses and figures of the priests, which were certainly the most striking I ever saw. Their long dark hair, without powder, fell down in ringlets, or straight and thick, far over their rich robes and shoulders. Their dark thick beards, also, entirely covered their breasts. On the heads of the archbishop and bishops were high caps, covered with gems, and adorned by miniature paintings, set in jewels, of the Crucifixion, the Virgin, and the Saints. Their robes of various colour-

ed satin were of the most costly embroidery; and even on these were miniature pictures set with precious stones.

Such, according to the consecrated legend of ancient days, was the appearance of the high-priests of old, Aaron and his sons, holy men, standing by the tabernacle of the congregation in fine raiments, the workmanship of "Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah." It is said there is a convent in Moscow where the women are entirely employed in working dresses for the priests.

After two hours had been spent in various ceremonies, the archbishop advanced holding forth a cross, which all the people crowded to embrace, squeezing each other nearly to suffocation. As soon, however, as their eagerness had been somewhat satisfied, he retired to the sacristy; where, putting on a plain purple robe, he again advanced, exclaiming three times, in a very loud voice, **CHRIST IS RISEN!**

The most remarkable part of the solemnity now followed. The archbishop, descending into the body of the church, concluded the whole ceremony by crawling round the pavement on his hands and knees, kissing the consecrated pictures, whether on the pillars, the walls, the altars, or the tombs; the priests and all the people imitating his example. Sepulchres were opened, and the mummied bodies of incorruptible saints exhibited, all of which underwent the same general kissing.

Thus was Easter proclaimed: and riot and debauchery instantly broke loose. The inn in which we lodged became a Pandæmonium. Drinking, dancing, and singing continued through the night and day. But, in the midst of these excesses, quarrels hardly ever took place. The wild, rude riot of a Russian populace is full of humanity. Few disputes are heard; no blows are given; no lives endangered, but by drinking. No meetings take place of any kind, without repeating the expressions of peace and joy, **CHRISTOS VOSORESS! Christ is risen!** to which the answer always is the same, **VO ISTINEY VOSORESS! He is risen indeed!**

On Easter Monday begins the presentation of the Paschal eggs: lovers to their mistresses, relatives to each other, servants to their masters, all bring ornamented eggs. Every offering at this season is called a Paschal egg. The meanest pauper in the street, presenting an egg, and repeating the words *Christos vos-*

cress, may demand a salute even of the Empress. All business is laid aside: the upper ranks are engaged in visiting, balls, dinners, suppers, masquerades; while boors fill the air with their songs, or roll drunk about the streets. Servants appear in new and tawdry liveries; and carriages in the most sumptuous parade.

In the midst of this uproar I made myself as much like a Russian as possible, and went in a *casian* to one of the public balls of the citizens, given in our inn. It was held in a suite of several apartments; and a numerous band of music, composed of violins, wind instruments, and kettle-drums, had been provided. The master of the inn had also taken care to invite a company of gipsies, to entertain the company by their dancing. A single rouble was demanded as the price of admission. All fears of appearing like a foreigner vanished upon entering the principal ball-room; for I found an assembly as various in their appearance as characters in a masquerade. On the benches were squatted Turks, with their usual gravity and indifference, looking on with a solemn vacant stare, unmoved by shouts of joy or tumultuous songs, by the noise of the dancing, or the thundering of a pair of kettle-drums close to their ears. In another part were a party of Bucharians, with flat noses, high cheek-bones, and little eyes; their heads shaved, and a small conical embroidered cap on the crown of their skulls; in red morocco boots, long trousers of blue cloth, with a girdle and a poignard. Besides these were Chinese merchants, Cossacks, and even Calmucs, all of whom appeared as spectators. In the middle of the room the Russian boors and tradesmen were dancing with prostitutes, while their own wives and daughters were walking about. A party of gipsies were performing the national dance, called *Barina*. It resembled our English hornpipe: but never was displayed more ferocious licentiousness by voice and gesture. The male dancer expressed his savage joy in squeaks, contortions, and sudden convulsive spasms, that seemed to agitate his whole frame; standing sometimes sullen; then howling, whining tenderly, or trembling in all his limbs to the music, which was very animating. This dance, though very common in Russia, they confess to have derived from the gipsies; and it may therefore seem probable that our hornpipe was intro-

duced by the same people. Other gipsies were telling fortunes, according to their universal practice, or begging for presents of oranges and ice. This extraordinary people, found in all parts of Europe, were originally one of the *castes* of India, driven out of their own territory, and distinguished among Indian tribes by a name which signifies Thieves.* They have a similar appellation among the Fins, and with the same signification. They preserve every where the same features, manners and customs, and, what is more remarkable, almost always the same mode of dress. The extraordinary resemblance of the female gipsies to the women of India, was remarked by our officers and men in Egypt, when General Baird arrived with his army to join Lord Hutchinson. The seapoys had many of their women with them, who were exactly like our gipsies. In their dress, they lavish all their finery upon their head. Their costume in Russia is very different from that of the natives: they wear enormous caps, covered with ribbons, and decorated in front with a prodigious quantity of silver coins, which form a matted mail-work over their foreheads. They also wear such coins as necklaces, and have the smallest to be met with in the empire for pendants to their ears. The Russians hold them in great contempt, never speaking of them without abuse; and feel themselves contaminated by their touch, unless it be to have their fortune told. They believe a gipsy not only has the wish, but the power, to cheat every one they see, and therefore generally avoid them. Formerly they were more scattered over Russia, and paid no tribute; but now they are collected, and all belong to one nobleman, to whom they pay a certain tribute, and rank among the number of his slaves. They accompany their dances by singing, and loud clapping of the hands; breaking forth, at intervals, with shrieks and short expressive cries, adapted to the sudden movements, gestures, and turns of the dance. The male dancers hold in one hand a handkerchief, which they wave about, and manage with grace as well as art. The dance, full of the grossest libidinous expression,

* See the Commentary of Professor Porthan, of Abo in Finland, upon the Chronicle of that University. His works are not sufficiently known. He has given the history and origin of the Finland Tribes; and a very erudite dissertation concerning the gipsies.

and most indecent posture, is in other respects graceful. Nothing can be more so than the manner in which they sometimes wave and extend their arms: it resembles the attitudes of Bacchantians represented on Greek vases. But the women do not often exhibit those attitudes. They generally maintain a stiff upright position, keeping their feet close, and beating a tattoo with their high heels.

When the Russians dance the *Bartna*, it is accompanied with the *Balalaika*. Formerly they were great admirers of that simple and pleasing instrument; but now, imitating the manners of France and England, it has been laid aside. Many of them are still able to play it; but as they deem such an accomplishment a sort of degradation in the eyes of foreigners, they are seldom prevailed upon to use it; like the ladies of Wales, who, scarce able to speak English, affect ignorance of their native tongue.

Collected in other parts of rooms opened for this assembly were vocal performers, in parties of ten or twelve each, singing voluntaries. They preserved the most perfect harmony, each taking a separate part, though without any seeming consciousness of the skill thus exerted. The female dancers and assistants in this ball were many of them prostitutes; but the wives and daughters of the peasants and lower tradesmen mingled with them, dressed out in their full national costume, and apparently not at all displeased with such society.

The ball of the nobles admits a very different description. It took place every Tuesday; and, it may be truly said, Europe has not beheld its equal. I never was more struck by the appearance of an assembly convened for the purpose of dancing. The laws of the society exclude every person who is by birth a plebeian; and this exclusion has been extended to foreigners; therefore we felt grateful in being allowed admission. Prince Viazemskoi, who married an English lady, kindly procured tickets for us; although it was considered dangerous at that time to have the character of hospitality towards Englishmen.* If his highness be now living

* I wish to lay particular stress upon this circumstance, as almost all travellers have celebrated Russian hospitality, and particularly that of the inhabitants of Moscow. "L'hospitalite des Russes," say the Authors of the *Voyage de Deux Francais*, "parois ici dans tout son jour."

he is requested to pardon this testimony of his generous condescension. I feel sensible that a congeniality of sentiment will render any apology superfluous for the sacrifice I have elsewhere made in the cause of truth.

The *coup d'ail* upon entering the grand saloon is inconceivable. During ten years that I have been accustomed to spectacles of a similar nature in different parts of the continent, I have never seen any thing with which it might compare. The company consisted of near two thousand persons; nobles only being admitted. The dresses were the most sumptuous that can be imagined; and, what is more remarkable, they were conceived in the purest taste, and were in a high degree becoming. The favourite ornaments of the ladies were cameos, which they wore upon their arms, in girdles round their waists, or upon their bosoms, a mode of adorning the fair which has since found its way to our own country, and which was originally derived from Paris; but the women of France and England may go to Moscow, in order to see their own fashions set off to advantage. Their drapery was disposed chiefly after the Grecian costume, and they wore their hair bound up round the head. The modes of dress in London and Paris are generally blended together by the ladies of Moscow, who select from either what may become them best; and, in justice to their charms, it must be confessed, no country in the world can boast superior beauty. When, in addition to their personal attractions, it is considered, that the most excessive extravagance is used to procure whatever may contribute to their adornment;* that a whole fortune is sometimes lavished on a single dress; that they are assembled in one of the finest rooms in the world, lighted and decorated with matchless elegance and splendour; it may be supposed the effect has never been surpassed.

In such an assembly, we had every reason to suppose a couple of English travellers might pass without notice. We had, moreover, a particular reason for hoping this would be the case; as,

* It is related very generally, in the higher circles of the city, that a princess of Moscow, who had purchased a wig to imitate the colour of her own hair, confined her hair-dresser in a closet, fed him always herself, and allowed him only to come out during her toilette, in order that her false tresses might not be detected.

in obedience to a decree of the emperor Paul, we had collected our short hair into a cue, which appeared most ridiculously curtailed, sticking out, like any thing but that which it was intended to represent; and most remarkably contrasted with the long tails of the Russians. Unfortunately the case was otherwise; and the curiosity to see the two Englishmen becoming general, to our great dismay we found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of persons, some of whom thought proper to ask, "*Who cut our hair?*" Such questions, it may be conceived, did not add to the evening's amusement: but our astonishment was completed the next day, in receiving the thanks and blessings of a poor ragged barber, who had powdered us at the inn, and whose fortune he assured us we had made; all the young nobles having sent for him, to cut and dress their hair in the same ridiculous manner.

I should not have mentioned such a trifling incident, if it had not ultimately taken a very serious turn; for the police officers interfering, the young men, who had thus docked themselves, were apprehended in the public walks, severely reprimanded, and compelled to wear false hair; and we were obliged to use the utmost circumspection, lest we should also be apprehended, and perhaps treated with more rigour.

The dances were called Quadrilles, Polonese, and English. The Waltz, once their favourite, had been prohibited. But whatever name they gave them, they were all dull; consisting merely in a sort of promenade. Neither the men nor the women evinced the slightest degree of animation while dancing, but seemed to consider it an apology for not sitting still. Every person wore full dress; the men appearing either in uniform, or coats of very rich embroidery.

ART. XXIV.—*Memoirs of the Vicomte De Chateaubriand.*

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTUS DE CHATEAUBRIAND was born in 1769, at Combourg, in the neighbourhood of Frugeres, and is descended of an ancient family of Bretagne. He embraced the military profession by entering the regiment of Navarre, (infantry) in 1786, and next year he was presented to his Majesty Louis XVI. His eldest brother, the Count de Chateaubriand, was married about that period to Mademoiselle de Rosambo, daughter of the presi-

dent of that name, and grand-daughter of the illustrious Malesherbes.

At the commencement of the revolution, when the army began to mutiny, he left his native country and came to America. This was in the year 1790. Being an enthusiastical admirer of the beauties of nature, he buried himself with delight in the forests of the new world. We may easily conceive the powerful impression which the scenes to which he was now transported must have produced upon an imagination of so lively a nature as that which he possessed, and it is impossible to doubt that to that impression we ought chiefly to attribute the bent of his extraordinary genius. In describing the emotions which he then felt, M. de Chateaubriand has himself informed us, that while he was studying with avidity the character of the strange tribes which roam through the wilds of America, and while he was contemplating with the most enthusiastical admiration the beauties of nature in her wildest state, he occupied himself with arranging his ideas, and classifying his observations.

It was during that period that the first germs of his eloquent writings developed themselves. He informs us that he finished a poem in prose, entitled *Les Natchez*, in which he described, along with the country, the customs and manners of the savage people which had afforded him their hospitality. By some accident the poem has been lost; the Episode of Attala has alone been preserved; and indeed no better specimen can be fixed upon than this, to prove that it was by his sojourn in America that its author was inspired with the fire of poetry. We observe in it those brilliant images to which nothing similar existed before in our literature;—thoughts of the most elevated order, but often, wild and disorderly, and in defiance of common rules. In one word, we discern in it that new species of poetry, which has afforded so fine an occasion for the critics to open their batteries, but which has excited in a very high degree our wonder and admiration. M. de Chateaubriand, after having remained in the wilds of America for two years, returned to Europe, enriched with many new observations. His original intention was to have traversed the continent of America in its whole extent, from the North to the Pacific Ocean; but having learned that the war was commencing in

Europe, he thought it his duty to place himself under the colours of the French princes. At the siege of Thionville, 1792, he was struck by a bomb-shell, and the wound which he thus received, together with an attack of illness, which, for three years, threatened to terminate his life, made him quit the service. He then passed over to England, where he had to endure all the evils of poverty and neglect. It was during that unfortunate period of his life that he became tainted with misanthropical feelings, and gave vent to them in a work, which he published in London in the year 1797, entitled, "An Essay on the Revolutions of Ancient and Modern Times." In that work while we often discern the most profound political views, we cannot help occasionally perceiving, in conjunction with these, sentiments which will not stand the test of a strict scrutiny. But these errors he has, with a candour which does honour to his character, acknowledged, although this has not been sufficient to put his enemies to silence. "The enemies of christianity," says M. de Chateaubriand, in the preface of his great work, "have often attempted to throw suspicions upon the sincerity of those by whom it is defended. This method of attack, which is employed to destroy the usefulness of a religious work, is well known, and I question if I, who am chargeable with having fallen into errors, will escape it. My sentiments with regard to religion were not always the same as they are at present. While I always was aware of the necessity of a religion, and while I admired the christian system in general, I despised particular parts of it. Being struck with the abuses of some of its institutions, and with the vices of some of its defenders, I allowed myself to be betrayed into sophisms and declamations. I might lay the blame of these upon my youth, upon the frenzy of the times, and upon the company I frequented; but it is better for me to condemn myself than to seek excuses for that which is in fact inexcusable. It may, however, be of advantage for me to state the means by which, through the good providence of God, I was led to a better way of thinking and of conducting myself. My mother was thrown at the age of seventy-two years, into a dungeon, where she witnessed the death of several of her children, and at last expired upon her couch after pining for some time. The consideration of my habits was a principal source of distress

to her in her last illness, and she gave a dying charge to one of my sisters, to intreat me to return to that religion in which I had been educated. My sister communicated to me the last wish of my mother, and by the time that the letter had crossed the ocean to me my sister herself was no more, having perished also in consequence of her confinement. These two voices coming from the tomb affected me strongly. I betook myself to serious thought—conviction forced itself upon me—I shed tears and believed.”

During the same period in which he was deprived of his mother and sister, his only brother suffered death on the scaffold.

While M. de Chateaubriand remained in England, he formed an intimacy with M. de Fontanes, whom he had known at Paris in 1789; and it was that enlightened individual who first advised him to publish the “Genius of Christianity.” That work was already nearly printed, when the author thought he perceived several defects in it, and he instantly adopted the resolution of destroying all that had been done, and commencing the book anew. In the year 1800, when the affairs of France assumed a more quiet appearance, he went to Paris, along with M. de Fontanes, and was introduced by him into the society of those who were most distinguished for their talents and for the wisdom of their opinions.

In 1801 he published the *Episode of Attala*, and such was the popularity of that poem, that the publication of his “Genius of Christianity,” was looked forward to with much impatience; and he had already, for the second time, sent that work to the press, when, as formerly, he discovered some imperfections in it, and, although it was nearly half printed, he did not hesitate again to commit it to the flames. The loss which he thus suffered was more severely felt by him, as his own private fortune and all the property of his family were taken away during the revolution. The third attempt, however, was more successful than the two which preceded it. At last, in the year 1802, the “Genius of Christianity” was given to the public; and the unparalleled success which attended it was an ample recompense for all the losses which the destruction of the other editions had occasioned. On this occasion, however, the author was not free from annoyance,

for he had to struggle with the revolutionary spirit of the time, which, although it had abated in its violence, had not improved in morality. M. de Chateaubriand was pitched upon as an object of profane ridicule and satire, for those whose principles he had attacked, and it may easily be conceived what courage was necessary in such circumstances. It is fair, however, to mention that the government which then subsisted, although directed altogether by the irreligious spirit of the revolution, treated M. de Chateaubriand with much greater generosity than could have been expected. Bonaparte had then entered into his agreement with the Roman Pontiff. Surrounded as he was by so many atheists and revolutionists, by whom he had been placed upon the throne, it certainly could not have been his wish to restore to the French people the ancient religion, and still less could he have desired to inspire them with sentiments which might prove conducive to the re-establishment of their ancient monarchy; nevertheless he treated M. de Chateaubriand with the greatest toleration, and the first productions of that author were printed and announced by the journals with the most perfect freedom. Bonaparte without doubt entertained the idea of gaining him over to his interests, and the first step which he took in that expectation was to appoint him secretary to his uncle Cardinal Fesch, whom he had just named as his ambassador to Rome. Being warmly intreated by all the clergy of France, M. de Chateaubriand accepted the appointment, and took up his residence in that city. The capricious temper of the new cardinal, however, along with the nature of the instructions which he received from Paris, soon compelled him to resign a situation so much at variance with his character and opinions. Accordingly, he once more returned to his native country, and had not been a year in Paris when Bonaparte, who had not yet given up the hope of gaining him, named him his minister in the Valais; but scarcely had M. de Chateaubriand accepted of that appointment when the usurper stained his character with the most atrocious of crimes, the assassination of the Duc d' Enghein. From that time it was impossible to be deceived by his professions, nor, after such an event, could a royalist enter into his service without betraying his conscience. Accordingly, M. de Chateaubriand did not hesitate a moment, but gave

in his resignation on the very day of the murder, 21st March, 1804. Nobody was ignorant of the cause of this step, and Bonaparte, who was quite aware of it, dissembled his feelings and delayed his vengeance, not wishing to offend against the public opinion without a strong motive.

M. de Chateaubriand was once more his own master, and had no other resource for a subsistence than his own talents. That resource would no doubt have served him well, had it been in his power to employ his talents in their full scope as he wished; but whatever subject presented itself to his imagination, he was prevented from entering upon it, by the fear of being obliged to offer incense to that idol which he loathed. Bonaparte again renewed his attempts to gain M. de Chateaubriand to his party. Considerable sums of money were offered to him, and he was told he might employ them as he chose; but honour was dearer to him than fortune, and he preferred the path of duty to that of ambition. Refusing every offer which was presented to him, he lived in retirement on the fruit of his literary labors. At last he formed the resolution of extending his knowledge by visiting other countries. Egypt was a principal object of his destination, and he set out for that country in July, 1806. Greece was the next country to which he repaired—then Turkey; from which he passed into Egypt, and finally arrived at Jerusalem, which indeed was the principal object of his journey. He afterwards visited the coast of Africa, and recognized the site of ancient Carthage.

In May, 1807, he returned to his native country by the way of Spain, and wrote in the "*Mercury*" the famous articles on the travels of M. de la Borde in Spain. In these he drew the character of Tiberius, which, it was easily seen, was intended for the oppressor of France. The latter saw the intention of the author, and threatened to have him put to death before him in the Court of the Tuilleries. M. de Chateaubriand was now compelled to give up the "*Mercury*," which was his only remaining support. Some time afterwards he published the "*Martyrs*," a work in which it was easy to recognize the hand of the author of the "*Genius of Christianity*," but which nevertheless drew down the heaviest censures from the critics; and the disgrace into which M. de Chateaubriand was thus brought, emboldened the most

contemptible wretches, who are ever ready to range themselves on the side of power and recompense, to join in attacking that worthy and distinguished person. Nor was that the only cause of annoyance to which M. de Chateaubriand was exposed, for at the same period his cousin Armand de Chateaubriand was apprehended on the coast of Normandy, and found with instructions from the king. In spite of all the exertions which were made to save him, he was put to death; and M. de Chateaubriand, who had not the opportunity of visiting him in prison, repaired to the plain of Grenelle on the day when the sentence was to be executed, but, unfortunately he arrived too late; his cousin had already suffered.

During the period of his travels his friends had inserted in the "*Mercury*" several letters, in which he related the principal circumstances which attracted his notice during his journey; but the public was not to be satisfied but by a full and particular narration, and indeed M. de Chateaubriand was willing to comply with the public wish, and had already announced a more complete work. From this, however, he was for a long time deterred by the imperial police, which insisted that he should insert an eulogium upon the character of Bonaparte. At last he yielded to the repeated solicitations of his bookseller, and published, in the year 1811, "*The Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem*," which is full of the most admirable sentiments, and at the same time occasionally speaks in high terms of military glory, to which the author had always shown himself to be remarkably attached.

The police of the time, whatever were their motives or instructions, treated him with much politeness. Bonaparte had, without doubt, abundant cause to dislike him, but he was so prudent as to sacrifice the gratification of personal resentment to the public opinion, and it is also probable that he had not yet entirely lost the hope of gaining him. In the year 1810, M. de Montalivet, the minister of the interior, received orders to inform the Institute of the Emperor's astonishment that the "*Genius of Christianity*" had never appeared among the works for which prizes had been decreed; and it was resolved, by a committee assembled by the same minister, that if the work referred to could not obtain a prize

from the Institute, it was deserving of the particular notice of the government.

It appears, however, that that decision was not agreeable to Bonaparte, and was one of the causes which suspended the distribution of prizes. Some time after, M. de Chateaubriand was offered a place in the Institute, with the alternative, in case of refusal, of being banished from France.

It was certainly impossible for him to despise the honour of belonging to so distinguished a body; but the place which he must fill was that of Chenier, in taking possession of which it was necessary for him, not only to compliment his predecessor in the same office,—a man who had frequently attacked his writings in the most ungentlemanly manner, but also the usurper of the throne of his lawful sovereign. He attempted, with considerable reluctance, to perform that difficult task, but after having bestowed some praise upon the talents of M. Chenier, he censured without reserve his political conduct. The discourse, according to practice, was read before a committee of five members, which decided that it could not be delivered in public. Bonaparte, to whom its contents were communicated, declared that if the speech had been pronounced, he would have shut the gates of the Institute, and thrown the author into a dungeon. M. de Chateaubriand was invited, however, to compose another speech, but that was a request with which he absolutely refused to comply, and preferred having nothing to do with the Institute. It is well known to what danger such conduct exposed an individual at that period. The police, however, were satisfied with having him banished from the city, and meantime events occurred which took away the attention of Bonaparte from circumstances of, comparatively speaking, trivial importance.

The period soon arrived which freed M. de Chateaubriand from the restraint which had been imposed upon him, and enabled him to express openly the opinion which he entertained of Napoleon and his attachment to the cause of Louis, the lawful king.

It was in the beginning of the month of April, 1814, that he gave his ideas to the public with so much eloquence in the work entitled, "Bonaparte and the Bourbons;" a book of which a vast number of copies was printed by order of the provisional govern-

ment, and which produced the most incalculable effects upon the public mind. In this work his sentiments in regard to the Bourbon family were sufficiently expressed, but he was anxious to have an opportunity of showing the wisdom and moderation of his opinions; he therefore published, towards the end of the same year, a new work, and which was generally supposed to express the feelings and sentiments of the king. The work was entitled, "Reflections on some political pamphlets which have lately appeared." But the generous sentiments which it sought to inspire could not find a place in the heart of those to whom it was addressed, and the evils which it was its object to avert were not long of arriving.

M. de Chateaubriand had been appointed by his Majesty to be his minister plenipotentiary at the court of Stockholm, but he had not yet taken possession of his place, when the king took his departure for Belgium, towards the end of the unfortunate month of March, 1815. Thither M. de Chateaubriand accompanied his Majesty, and remained with him at Ghent.

The report which he addressed to the king upon the situation of France was published at Paris, without any obstacle from the police of Bonaparte, and immediately after the restoration of his Majesty, M. de Chateaubriand was created a peer of France, appointed a minister of state, and president of the electoral college of the department of the Loiret, which he opened with an admirable address.

On the 12th of October he was chosen by the chamber of Peers to be one of its secretaries. In the discussion relative to the immovability of the Judge, he delivered a long speech in which he described the virtues of the ancient magistracy. On the 6th of April, 1816, he spoke in favour of the bill regarding elections, which was proposed by ministers, but which was opposed by most of his colleagues, although it had just passed unanimously in the Chamber of Deputies.

Upon the re-organization of the Institute, M. de Chateaubriand was appointed a member of the French Academy, in March 1816. In the beginning of September of the same year, he published a work, entitled, "*De la Monarchie selon la Charte*," a few days after the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. He was forth-

with seized by order of the minister of the police, and judiciary proceedings were commenced against the printer by the procureur of the king; but that officer came to the decision that there was no ground of accusation against him. By a royal ordonnance of the 5th of September, however, M. de Chateaubriand was declared to be no longer a minister of state.

ART. XXV. *On softening Steel by heating and quenching it, and on the hardening and tempering it at one Operation. By Thomas Gill, Esq.*

It is well known that unless steel be heated to the proper degree, it will not harden on being quenched in water, or other proper fluid: but it has escaped the general observation, *that steel heated rather below the hardening point and quenched will be softened thereby*, and in a much superior manner than by the usual methods of annealing it, insomuch that it can be more readily filed, turned, &c. and is entirely free from pins or hard spots; and as it is not at all liable to be injured by this process, and can be softened thereby in a much shorter time than by annealing it, so it ought to be universally adopted.

Steel springs are usually hardened and tempered by two distinct operations, being first heated to the proper degree, and hardened by quenching in water, oil, &c. and then tempered, either by rubbing them bright and heating them till they acquire a pale blue or gray colour, or by burning or blazing off the oil, &c.

It is, however, now found that both operations may be advantageously performed at once, in the following manner:

The steel being heated to the proper degree, is to be plunged into a metallic bath composed of a mixture of lead and tin, such for instance as plumbers' solder, and which is heated by a proper furnace, to the tempering degree, as indicated by a pyrometer or thermometer placed in the bath, *when the steel will be at once hardened and tempered*, and with much less danger of warping or cracking in the process than if treated in the usual way.

It would be a further improvement to heat the steel in a bath of red-hot lead to the proper degree for hardening, previous to quenching and tempering it in the other metallic bath, as it would thereby be more uniformly heated, and be in less danger of oxida-

tion; and, indeed, it is an excellent method of heating steel, either for softening it, as in the first described process, or for hardening and tempering it at once, as in the last mentioned one, or even for hardening it in the usual method.

ART. XXVI.—*Public Instruction. Report of Mr. Maxcy in the Senate of Maryland, 1st February, 1820.*

THE Committee to which was referred so much of the Governor's message, as relates to education and public instruction, have had the same under consideration, and beg leave to report—

That at an early period after the settlement of the State, the promotion of useful learning was deemed an object highly worthy of the attention of the legislature. At a session of Assembly, at the city of St. Mary's, in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-two, an act was passed for its encouragement. In sixteen hundred and ninety-six, the Free-School of King William was established at Annapolis; and in seventeen hundred and twenty-three a school was erected in each of the twelve counties, into which the State was then divided, and the funds provided by previous act for the support of county schools were distributed equally amongst them. By various other acts, schools have been established in each of the seven counties subsequently formed, and most of them have enjoyed at different times a portion of legislative favour and encouragement.

Many of these schools are now in a flourishing condition. In some instances it has been found expedient to unite the schools of two or more adjacent counties, their revenue derived from the public bounty and private patronage being insufficient for their separate support. But the funds of some, your committee regret to say, have been diverted from their original object, and applied to purposes entirely foreign to the education of youth and the advancement of useful knowledge.

In most of these schools, besides reading, writing and common arithmetic, are taught English grammar, geography, the higher branches of arithmetic, and the Latin and Greek languages. With moderate additional assistance from the State, these schools might be made highly respectable academies or seminaries of learning of the second grade, and, with the addition of one or two others, conveniently located [situated] and properly endowed, would form a sufficient number of institutions of this class for the accommodation of the State.

Your committee beg leave further to report, that in seventeen hundred and eighty-two, a college or place of universal learning was established on the eastern shore, under the name of the Washington College; and in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-four, another, under the name of St. John's College, was established on the western shore. Both were liberally endowed by the General Assembly, and united under the name of the Uni-

versity of Maryland. While they continued to enjoy the patronage of the State, they were flourishing and highly respectable. They have been particularly fortunate, in sending forth into the world, many of our most virtuous, able and celebrated men, who have been in their various stations at once the ornaments and supports of the State. The funds, however, were many years since withdrawn from these institutions, which afterwards languished for a while for want of support, and at length settled down from seminaries of the first class to respectable academies, or schools of the second grade. Our youths of talent, who have the means of defraying the expense, are now obliged to resort to other States for the completion of their education; while, such as cannot afford it, whatever may be their natural endowments, are compelled to be satisfied with the limited advantages afforded by our grammar schools. While many, therefore, of our most promising youths, for the want of means, are obliged to forego the benefit of a complete course of collegiate study, others, more favoured by fortune, carry more wealth out of Maryland, for the purposes of education in other States, than would be necessary for the most liberal endowment of a university upon the largest scale, which would be accessible to treble their numbers. It is therefore manifest, that while this parsimony in relation to our colleges is totally distinct from true economy, it has diminished throughout our counties, in a lamentable degree, the number of those who would otherwise have been qualified, by their knowledge, their talents and their virtue, to be the intelligent and trust-worthy guardians of the people's rights.

While for these reasons therefore, your committee look back with deep regret upon the policy, that has been pursued in relation to our colleges, they lament it still more on other accounts. It has rendered a system of general education of the people in a great measure impracticable. It has injured, it is true, that class in the community, whose means would have enabled them to give their children the advantages of a learned education, but it has injured still more, though not so directly, and therefore not so manifestly, that portion of our community, who must have the means of instruction brought home to them, or be compelled to bring up their children in ignorance. A general system of elementary schools, that would have brought knowledge to every poor man's door, has been, from the first settlement of the State, considered an object of the first moment. And, indeed, in a government formed upon the broad basis of universal suffrage, what object can appear of greater magnitude to the sound mind of a reflecting and experienced statesman? If the elements of society be dark and confused, without any pervading principle to hold them together, or direct their motion, what but disorder can ensue? Knowledge must enlighten and reduce the chaos to order, before liberty can be stable, or virtue secure.

The only means, by which this knowledge can be effectually diffused throughout the mass of society, are common schools,

established in every part of the country. Schools may be created by law, and a fund established for their support; but the work will be useless and of no avail, unless competent and suitable teachers are provided. These are not to be had in our State, and are only to be supplied by academies and colleges. The policy which destroys the superior institutions of learning, therefore, is fatal to the primary schools. The poorer classes of the community are even more interested in the establishment and endowment of colleges and grammar schools within our State, than the rich; because the latter can procure teachers for their children at home, or can send them abroad for their education; while, on the other hand, the children of the poor must rely for their education upon the primary schools *located* near them; and such schools cannot be had, until a competent supply of teachers can be furnished by seminaries of a higher order.

Your committee are therefore of opinion, that the permanent welfare and true interest of the State, call loudly for the establishment of one seminary of learning of the highest class, where the highest branches of literature and science may be taught, and where a number of poor young men, selected for peculiar genius from the academies, may be educated at the public expense, and who may be required, in consideration of the benefits derived by them from the public, to become teachers in the academies or seminaries of the second grade.

Your committee also most earnestly recommend a continuance of the fostering care of the government to such academies as at present derive assistance from the public, and the establishment of such additional institutions of this class, as may be found necessary for the accommodation of all parts of the State. In each of these academies provision ought to be made for the education of a certain number of boys, who may be selected from the primary or common schools for their peculiar merit, out of those who have not the means of defraying the expense of a more complete education, and who in return may be required to become teachers, for a certain time, in the primary or common schools.

Your committee beg leave further to report, that they deem it a matter of the first importance, that common schools should be established in every neighbourhood throughout the state, in which the children of such persons, as cannot pay for it, may receive instruction at the public expense, for a term of three years. The best mode of contributing the public aid to schools of this class, in the opinion of your committee, would be to provide by law, that whenever a neighbourhood shall have erected a school-house, and collected a certain number of pay-scholars, a part of the salary of a teacher shall be paid from the treasury of the State, on condition of the master engaging to instruct gratis the children of such poor persons, as shall be ascertained to be unable to pay therefor. This plan, which makes individual exertions a prerequisite to public patronage, offers the best evidences of zeal,

and pledges for fidelity, in administering the funds, which the schools may derive from the State.

Your committee are fully aware, that while the present pecuniary embarrassments of the country continue, it would not be proper to impose any burthen upon the people of the state for the immediate attainment of these important objects; but they have thought it their duty to call your attention, and that of the public, to this outline of a system, which provides plain but useful educations for all the poor, and for the further advancement of such of them as are found to be possessed of extraordinary talents, and at the same time affords an opportunity to our youth, in all situations in life, to be educated in their native State: a system, which, if matured by further reflection and carried faithfully into execution, would, they have no doubt, be productive of results most important to the prosperity, the character, the dignity, and happiness of the State, and essential to the permanency and stability of republican institutions. But while they are fully sensible, that this is not the time to expect any further appropriations to literary purposes, out of the funds of the State, they beg leave to call your particular attention to a subject of the first moment, not only to Maryland, but to all the original States of the union.

The public lands, though *located* in the west and south, are the common property of all the United States. Each State has an equal right to a participation, in a just proportion, of that great fund of national wealth. By laws passed by Congress at different periods, one thirty-sixth part of those lands are [is] set apart for the endowment and support of common schools in the States and territories that have been and shall hereafter be formed out of them; and many whole townships, containing 36,000 acres each, are appropriated for the support of seminaries of learning of a higher class. Your committee can discern no reason, why the people, who have already settled in, or who may hereafter remove to, those States and territories, which have been formed out of these public lands, should enjoy any peculiar and extraordinary advantages from this common property, not possessed by those who remain in the original States. They are far from censuring that enlightened policy, which governed Congress in making the liberal appropriations just above mentioned for the encouragement of learning in the new States and territories. They, on the contrary, most heartily applaud it. But at the same time, they are of opinion, that the people of the original States of this union, by whose common sword and purse those lands have been acquired, are entitled, upon principles of the strictest justice, to like appropriations for the support and endowment of literary institutions within their own limits.

Your committee therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved by the General Assembly of Maryland, That each of the United States having an equal right to a participation in

that great fund of national wealth, the public lands, the original States of the union, are entitled to appropriations of land for the support and encouragement of learning and literary institutions within their limits, corresponding, in a just proportion, with those, which have been made, for the same purposes, within the limits of the new States and territories.

Resolved, That our senators and representatives in Congress be requested to use their exertions to procure the passage of an Act, to carry into effect the just principle set forth in the foregoing resolution.

Resolved, That the Governor of this State be requested to transmit copies of the foregoing resolutions to each of our senators and representatives in Congress, and also to the governors of the several States of the union, with a request that they will lay the same before the legislatures thereof, and solicit their co-operation in obtaining the object of these resolutions.

ART. XXVII.—*An Investigation of the Principal Causes which have led to the Condemnation of Novels.*

WE do not pretend to enter into this discussion with unbiassed feelings; on the contrary, we are warm partizans of that degraded and persecuted tribe of authors, who are known by the name of novelists, and think that no writers have contributed more than they have to the amusement and instruction of society. Labouring in a field, which has been so long the common property of every dabbler in letters, they are making it produce, day after day, new and succulent plants, in order to gratify the pampered palate of an indolent public. Labouring too with a success, which has never known a moment's diminution, they have on that account, brought down upon their heads the ruthless vengeance of all the other practitioners in literature. Theologians, historians, moralists, and philosophers, are all animated with the same spirit of hostility; and, however they differ upon other points, are unanimous in conferring the most offensive terms upon these light-hearted children of pleasure and imagination. Not, however, content with directing the venom of their malice against the composers, they must even endeavour to fling it upon us, who are merely the readers of such publications. The theologian assures us, that the time spent in these idle pursuits would be better employed in meditating on more important and less worldly objects: the historian informs us, that, in withdrawing our attention

from the incidents of real life, to those which never did, and never can occur, we are weakening the mind, and misleading the judgment; whilst the moralist asserts, that, as we only live to read, instead of reading how to live, we are perpetually developing those passions, of which the influence, as it is most dangerous, ought to be kept under the severest controul. What other charges may be denounced against us, we are at a loss to discover: if there be any, in all probability they will be of a similar nature, and may, therefore, for the present, remain unnoticed. Before the conclusion of this article, we will examine the grounds on which all such accusations rest; because, by so doing, we shall make it evident to all our readers, that the *perusal* of a *good novel* is neither a misapplication of time, nor a study calculated to warp the understanding, or foster an improper portion of enthusiastic feeling.

Previously to taking up the gauntlet in defence of novel-readers, it may be necessary to state explicitly, that we are not desirous of recommending to any person, in any station of life, an indiscriminate perusal of every novel or romance which emanates from the Minerva or Apollo press, and which is, therefore, predoomed to occupy a place on the shelves of our circulating libraries. We are as well aware, as individuals can be, that nothing exceeds the trash which defiles the pages of some of these productions: but there are others, in which the great truths of morality and religion are advocated in such powerful and impressive language, as would not disgrace the austere philosopher. Like the character, which Martial gave to his own epigrams, some are good, some bad, and the majority moderate. From a collection of this nature, where the different particles are known to us, more or less, through the medium of common conversation, a judicious selection may be easily made: and the reading of such works, in this department of literature, as have met with general approbation, so far from being prejudicial to the mental faculties, is actually favourable to their further development. For reflection, as Madame de Stael has well observed, finds much more to discover in the details of society, than in any general idea, which you may throw out regarding it: and nothing is so well calculated to excite reflection, especially in the minds of the young, as the

fictional narratives of which we are speaking. For to them such works serve as living pictures of manners as they rise, and by exhibiting in strong and vivid colours, the imbecilities and follies of mankind, impart the first rudiments of that knowledge of the human heart, which is so necessary to insure our happiness, and which is so difficult, and so dangerous, and so tedious to acquire, if it is to be gleaned from the great book of nature. Thus affording what is said to be the result of age alone, experience, they make youth acquainted with the vices and profligacies of the world, at the same time that they withdraw it from the sphere of their contamination. Nor are these advantages confined only to the younger branches of the community; they extend also to the more advanced in life: for to them they recall (and the recollection, whether in the noon or evening of existence, is and ought to be pleasant,) the pursuits, distresses, and enjoyments of their earlier years: they rekindle in their bosoms those milder and gentler feelings of our nature, which time and toil, and vexation and anguish, are perpetually tending to extinguish in us all: and though much stress may not be placed upon the observation, they often supply those useful hints for the conduct of individuals in society, and for the internal regulation of families, which are not likely to be found in the multifarious volumes, which learned divines have put forth for the amendment of the age, nor in any of those ingenious discourses on morality, which philosophers have indited for its edification from the combined love of fame, money, and mankind.

It has been thought proper to mark out thus distinctly the limits, within which we defend novel-reading, in order that we may be released from the necessity of combating those objections, which apply only to such works of this description, as are in themselves indecent and improper. We shall now proceed, after making this limitation, to state how far, and under what circumstances, we advocate the cause of novel-writers. As long then as they are contented with merely *not* transgressing the boundaries of morality and decency, and with merely showing an *external* compliance with the established forms and institutions of society, as long as they think that their duty is fully performed, if they do not throw a gorgeous veil over the deformities of vice, and do not

apply their talents to defend an erroneous system of philosophy, so long they are only entitled to the faint and negative praise of doing no harm. Before they aspire to a higher meed, they must zealously inculcate the precepts and the practice of virtue: and, so far from being satisfied with standing on the defensive, when morality is attacked, they must be ever ready to run all hazards in behalf of its ordinances. No sarcasm, therefore, however poignant, no witticism, however brilliant, must tempt them to admit into their writings the shadow of a syllable, derogatory to natural or revealed religion. They must show, as well by argument as by example, that if the very first inroads of vice be not strenuously resisted, transgression will so produce transgression, that the difficulty of reformation will increase with each succeeding minute: and that the momentary gratification of any illegal passion, whether it be revenge, ambition, avarice, lust, or any other improper appetite of the mind, will be followed by many a long year of tribulation and anguish.

Not that in order to promote this laudable purpose, an author should pursue the plan, which is adopted by Mrs. West, Miss Hannah Moore, or their imitators;—far from it. The system which these ladies unfortunately follow, the system of dedicating a certain number of pages in each chapter of their work to a dissertation on one of the moral virtues, is more calculated than any other to counteract the effect which they are so desirous of producing. A novel never can succeed, in which the fable merely serves as a vehicle for tedious disquisitions on theoretical ethics, or still more tedious ebullitions of mawkish sentimentality. These essays, considered as essays, may be very good, but unfortunately they are not at all entertaining: and novel readers insist on being amused, in the first place, and merely submit to be instructed in the second. They will be satisfied with publications of this sort, if in their perusal they experience delight without reaping benefit, but not, if they are to reap benefit without experiencing delight. The moral must, therefore, be the *invisible power*, which directs the events of the story, because, if it becomes the *actuating and visible power*, it destroys the dramatic effect, and consequently, the illusion of the fiction. In such a case, as the author has two objects in view, to make us feel a moral truth, and

to charm by the recital, which is to prove it, he generally loses one of them in the necessity which he feels of obtaining the other. He either represents the abstract idea vaguely, in order to preserve the probability and connexion of his incidents, or he sacrifices truth and nature, to be mathematically precise in his philosophical speculations. In either case he is unfortunate: in the first, he cannot *amuse*, because every sentiment which he utters, and every situation which he describes, is considered as merely figuring towards the ethical result, and of little importance to the denouement of the tale: in the latter, he cannot *instruct*, because the language of the passions will sometimes glance across the coldness and spoil the wisdom of metaphysical exactness. Each chapter is thus a kind of allegory, in which the events can never be looked upon in any other light than so many different emblems of the little pithy adage, which is to be placed at their conclusion: and the whole narrative creates that species of disgust and disbelief, often experienced by the instructors of youth, who fail to convince their pupils, because they refer every thing that happens to prove the maxim which they may be inculcating at the time. A fiction so constituted, to borrow an observation of Madame de Stael, will "like allegory, always march between two rocks: if its end be marked out too clearly, it tires; if it be concealed, it is forgotten; and if it endeavours to divide the attention, it no longer excites interest."

If these arguments shall not appear convincing to the novel-writer, there is a fact, which proves more than a thousand volumes, how satisfactory they are to the novel-reader. This method of foisting morality on his attention, very soon becomes evident to him, however negligent a peruser he may be; a certain tact informs him, where this sermonizing begins, and he will very soon find out where it is to conclude; it will, therefore, be omitted, as regularly as it occurs, and what is worse, be treated with contempt and derision, as an unseasonable interruption of the story, and a superfluous introduction of piety and virtue. We should almost be ashamed to acknowledge how frequently this has been our own practice, if we were not aware that there are many others equally averse to such works of supererogation, and who, like ourselves, leave these realms of prosing unexplored, and proceed

onwards to the first passage where the narrative is resumed. Not that either they, or we, think that the morality of a publication is of trifling import, but that it is too much to have a long strain of philosophical observations, which are afterwards to be reduced into one terse and emphatic sentence, thrust into our notice upon every transaction and occurrence in life. We know that such things do not occur in the world—that they are not natural—and they, therefore, occasion either our anger or our contempt. *Sæpe jocum, sæpe bilem movent.*

Besides, too often the *moral effect*, a very different thing from the moral of a work, is overlooked by the author: on account of this consideration, Richardson, the amiable Richardson, affords a very strong instance of the position we are advancing. The virtuous personages of this drama moralize so regularly, so gloomily, so tediously, and so pedantically, that they are not half so attractive as his vicious ones, who thus engage on their side those affections of the mind, which should belong to virtuous characters, and to virtuous characters alone. This, beyond a doubt, was not his intention; but there is not a single individual, who has perused his works, that does not at the bottom of his heart, prefer a Lovelace to a Grandison, though, perhaps, he will not openly acknowledge such a predilection. The novels of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Marmontel, show also very strongly that there is not a more sure and certain way of spreading infidelity and immorality, than through novels filled with moral speculations: and yet *their* moral speculations were, perhaps, all in themselves correct, though the tendency of the actions founded upon them was quite the reverse. To every rule of right they found exceptions: and on these they fixed the public attention, by adorning them with all the splendid decorations of eloquence, so that the rule was despised or forgotten, and the exception triumphantly established in its stead. They put extreme cases, as Miss Edgeworth has well observed, in which virtue became vice, and vice virtue; they exhibited criminal passions in constant connection with the most exalted and most amiable virtues; and making use of the best feelings of human nature for the worst purposes, they engaged pity and admiration perpetually on the side of guilt. It was thus, whilst they were talking eternally of philosophy and philanthropy,

terms which they only borrowed to perplex the ignorant and seduce the imaginative, that they produced a catastrophe so tremendous, as not merely to involve themselves and their deluded followers in ruin, but to convulse the whole world to its innermost centre. It was not by attacking openly the strong fortifications of reason and religion, but by sapping and undermining them in this insidious manner, that the doctrines which they advocated, obtained their extensive circulation. Unfortunately too for suffering humanity, they were all gifted with the highest literary talents and accomplishments; there was no species of writing which they did not attempt, and none, which they attempted, that they did not adorn: equally versed in all the refinements of metaphysical subtlety, and all the meretricious eloquence of sentiment and passion they moved in those rugged regions of science, which are placed far above the ken of ordinary mortals, with the same grace and facility as they did in the pleasing fields of imagination, when in pursuit of the fleeting colours of transient emotion. Thus enabled to oppose intellect to principle, they employed every artifice which intellect could afford them, to carry into execution their nefarious projects. Knowing that the first point of art is to conceal art, and that insinuations and surmises are much more difficult to encounter than assertions and arguments, they never brought forward in express dissertations their abominable sophisms, which, so produced, would have been easy to combat, and not difficult to overcome. They endeavoured to convince mankind, by a sort of exemplification of their system, that, by acting on certain principles, which, though erroneous, were tricked out in all the livery of virtue, their objects would be acquired with greater ease, and retained with less difficulty than under the present institutions of society; and that, if resolution could once be mustered to break from the trammels in which custom had enchained them, they would possess a more perfect happiness, and a more unbroken series of enjoyments than had ever yet befallen the human species. The consequence was, that their respect and reverence for all established regulations gradually diminished, till at last nothing remained but the desire of overturning them. If we were called upon to point out one story more than another, in which the most sacred ordinances are thus

dangerously, and, as it were, covertly attacked, we should instance the story of Lubin and Annette in Marmontel's *immoral Tales*, which by some sad misnomer, are more generally known by the title of Marmontel's *moral Tales*. In reading this story, which is but a short one, not a word is said professedly against marriage; on the contrary, the highest commendations are passed upon it; and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, the conclusion of the tale shows distinctly, that its whole object is to decry that most sacred and necessary institution. Still, we must confess, that from the beginning of the narrative to its close, the thoughts, the expressions, the descriptions, are all limpid purity. There is not a single sentence in it, which, when taken unconnectedly, can be convicted of immorality, nay, so considered, every sentence is undoubtedly of excellent tendency: it is the manner in which the whole are blended together, that excites our disgust, and demands our reprehension. It is not any deduction, which the writer himself makes, which is productive of danger; it is the deduction which is unmade, which is left to be made by the reader's understanding, which, like the dew of the poison tree, is secretly, and silently, and unobservedly, instilled into his heart, and into his brain, that is so highly detrimental in its future consequences. An error insinuated in this manner into the recesses of the mind, is infinitely more difficult to eradicate, than an error which owes its birth to either ignorance or fraud, or violent prejudice. Ignorance may be enlightened; fraud may be detected; prejudice may be removed: but an impression thus created, will be found reason-proof, because it will appear to every individual as an important truth which he has himself discovered, and not as a specious falshood "invented by the enemy." He will thus make a point of honour not to be disabused, and will rather fall into a hundred fresh mistakes than confess this one.

From these observations, some people may imagine that we take away from the writers of fiction all power of being useful as moral instructors. But this is by no means the fact; we only wish to regulate the use of it. Against the greater vices, it is useless to declaim from either the pulpit or the press, because no man commits them ignorantly, or is unacquainted with their consequences: but against those smaller vices, which make up

the profligacies of an individual, and the corruption of a people, the novelist may direct his attacks with the fairest prospects of ultimate success. But it will not be by magnifying petty delinquencies into enormities, or by making appeals in express dissertations to a man's conscience against practices which are sanctioned by all around him, that such prospects will be fulfilled, and such purposes accomplished. An attempt of such a nature would be considered as ascetic cant and hypocrisy, or else, as we have before stated, a stupid preachment proceeding from despicable ignorance of the world. The true method is so to interweave the moral with the story, that any endeavour to separate them, would tear to pieces the contexture of the whole, and if not entirely destroy, very much depreciate the value of the parts. No portion of the narrative which is necessary to the one must be unnecessary to the other: if the moral ever is seen, it must come like a flying cloud, to throw a shadow over the current, not like a miry infusion, to sully its clearness. Pursuing this system, you will have a chance of being heard with attention: and when that point is once gained, you have only to mix up your reasons and your ridicule in just proportions, to make your instances rapid and amusing, and to concentrate your proofs into striking and interesting groups, in order to produce the most salutary effect upon all those who are worth reforming. It is by having fully executed this plan that we look upon Miss Edgeworth as having done more good in her age and generation, than all the superannuated governors and governesses who have ever written to improve and amend it. She attacks with ridicule, and not with reprobation, and with all the amenity of Horace makes you smile at your faults, before she imposes on you the task of correcting them. Without selecting any particular maxim under the name of a moral, she perpetually keeps the reader's feelings excited in behalf of virtue, by painting it in every situation lovely, commanding, and triumphant. A writer, who thus blends amusement with instruction, is entitled to the very highest applause and admiration; whilst no less severe and unbounded reprehension ought to be awarded to those literatuli and philosophists, who apply the talents which God has granted them, and which education has improved, to the propagation of doctrines, execrable when mere-

ly considered as opinions, and doubly execrable when reduced to practice, as they operate most prejudicially in ordinary life both to individuals and to communities. Thanks be to Providence, the race of such beings seems at present extinct: they never were the natural growth of our soil, and are now discarded as an unnatural and monstrous progeny by every other country. If however there be any miscreants, so depraved as to take pleasure either in the reading or writing of such infamous compositions, we envy them not their grovelling and unholy delights, we consign them to their own guilty imaginings, and leave them to enjoy in tranquility, if enjoy they can, their own detested and detestable Pandæmonium.

Let us now examine some of the principal objections, which are urged against novel reading, a pursuit, which when followed in a proper and rational manner, has never been attended with the slightest consequence of evil. Much has been said in all ages regarding the danger, which results from giving the reins to the imagination; and to the impotent malice of mediocrity; and the morose temper of ascetic philosophy, no subject has formed a more fruitful topic of verbose declamation. We shall not stop either to collect or to refute every argument, which has been adduced by this misdirected ingenuity. Such a task, though easy to execute, would not be of the slightest utility, when accomplished, because not all the powers of reasoning, adorned by all the pomp of words, will ever persuade one part of mankind to renounce the delight, which they receive from compositions that represent fictitious adventures, or the other to sacrifice the distinction, which is acquired, or the pleasure, which is derived from happily reducing into form and consistence those volant images of love and beauty, which hover around them in some favoured moments. To all the invectives of all the cynics in the world, both parties will turn a deaf and inattentive ear—the first will be glad to escape from the dull uniformity of life, and the cold unfeeling tameness of real character, into those regions of fancy, where they can luxuriate in ever-varying combinations, and can gratify the high aspirings of the mind by the contemplation of ideal virtues and ideal perfections: whilst the latter, rejoicing in the pleasure which they create, and proud of the influence, which they are establishing over the tastes and interests of mankind, will

continue to spend the redundance of their genius in giving life and substance to thought, as long as they find in the sympathy and curiosity of the public that success, which is the constant object of their hopes and endeavours, and which, when acquired, repays them for all the toil and trouble which they experience in their attempts to obtain it. For this reason we shall only combat those objections, which bear the stamp of plausibility, and which, on account of their general circulation, deserve greater notice than we can bestow on the mass of their fellows.

There is one sect of Christians, for whose doctrines *collectively* we profess some little respect, which totally prohibits the perusal of works of this description, partly on account of their fictitious nature and partly and chiefly on account of their general immorality. These are the Quakers, who, according to Mr. Clarkson's portraiture of their creed and discipline, condemn ALL novels, as calculated to produce an improper excitement of mind, and to alienate the attention from objects of serious importance. These are good reasons against the reading of immoral novels, and against making them our sole or our principal study, but not against limiting and selecting those, which we allow to be read. "But even those," say our adversaries, "attract us from spiritual to temporal affairs, and cause us to think more of the pleasures of the present, than the enjoyments of a future existence." Are we then to be called upon perpetually for religious thoughts and religious conversations? Are we to be expected to ride, to walk, to row, to wrestle, and to dine out religiously? Does every thing, which tends merely to exhilaration, contain within itself a taint of criminality? And is man put into this world for no other purpose than to mortify himself into a proper condition for the next? On a point like the present, we might appeal, from the judgment of the over-righteous Pharisees, to those who think that the Creator did not form man to be the slave of an austere and overbearing religion, but to follow its precepts, as he would the advice of an affectionate monitor. We might claim to be permitted to choose individuals entertaining such sentiments for our judges: and from their sentence we feel convinced that we should have no reason to shrink. But we waive this privilege, because we do not see in what manner the argument applies more against this than against any

other innocent amusement. For in pursuing it, what positive rule, either of divine or human institution, are we transgressing? If we are imbibing doctrines inimical to the constitution of society, or if we are propagating principles injurious to the interests of morality then condemn this occupation; but, if we are doing neither the one nor the other, if we are engaged, as in the limited case upon which we are now arguing, in what is in itself perfectly virtuous, why are we to place that under interdict, which is adapted so admirably to charm away the approach of melancholy, to alleviate the calamities incident to mortality, and to deceive, what some find the heaviest of all burdens, the burden of existence? Surely they do not mean to assert, and yet their language seems to warrant the conclusion, that a gloomy wayward and dissatisfied keeper, that tears and sighs, and groans and complaints are the proper offerings for man to make to that Deity, who has covered the earth with gay colours, and scented it with rich perfumes, and who has shown, by scattering over his creation a thousand joys, which are totally unnecessary to our mere subsistence, that he has given us something better than a bare existence even in this sublunary abode of trial and misery. If they do intend to advocate such dogmas, and if it be, not the abuse, but the interspersion, of pleasure in the concerns of life, however guided by good sense or moderation, which they attack, they are not adhering to the true principles of religion, but are actuated by some hidden motives unworthy of that beneficent Being, whose service they appear so desirous to promote. We say so boldly, and upon mature deliberation, because it is only a false spirit of religion, which would diminish the number of human gratifications, and would substitute in their place fasts and penances and mortifications. It was this false spirit, which, in the first ages of Christianity, led many to commit such acts of self-denial as border on insanity, which prompted Simon Stylites to think that he was doing God a grateful service, in standing night and day upon a pillar in the wilderness, and which inspired thousands of infatuated enthusiasts to seclude themselves in darksome caves and gloomy solitudes, from that society which man is born to enliven by his talents, and benefit by his exertions. It was this false spirit, which in a period nearer to our own times induced the Puritans to condemn all

poetry, save that of Sternhold and Hopkins, as contrary to morality; to interdict all harmony, save the harmony of their nose-grunted psalmody, as a profane elevation of the voice; to prohibit all dancing, save to the scriptural instruments of sackbut and timbrel, as an unnecessary exercise of the limbs, indecent in its gesture, and improper in its tendency; and to deem all garments, save those requisite to the covering of nature, as an idle adornment of the person, and a badge of servitude to the powers of darkness. It is this self-same false spirit, disguised indeed under a different name, but still retaining all its wonted severity, which sees infidelity at present triumphing in the productions of the theatre, and immorality repluming her crest in those publications of the press, which this article attempts to defend and vindicate.

It has been said, that novels give a false idea of man and of manners. This is as true with regard to ill-written and ill-conducted novels, as a similar charge is with regard to those miserable daubs, which degrade nature, by misrepresenting it: and proves as strongly, that we ought never to look at a fine painting, because there are some wretched sketches, as that we ought never to read a well-drawn representation of human character, because on the one hand there are some tame and feeble, and on the other some glowing and overdone delineations of it. But even supposing this objection to hold good in its utmost latitude, what is the result? A delusion, so long as it wears the mask of the truth, may be dangerous, but can never be productive of harm when that mask is withdrawn, when the furtive plumage is stripped off, and the delusion is at once known, avowed and hackneyed. Besides, the dramatic effect, which it is requisite to add to the pictures which we copy from life, so far from rendering them unnatural, only makes them strike with redoubled effect and energy, by recalling with greater ease to the mind the events which they are intended to resemble. You may retort, that the modesty of truth is notwithstanding violated: violated however as it is, we would gladly give in exchange for one novel of antiquity, if antiquity dwell in such publications, all the prosings and mystifications of Plato, Aristotle, Zeno and company, upon the monads, duads, and triads of their respective systems. For one such work would let us more into the domestic economy and initiate us more

deeply in the fire-side habits of the ancient Greeks and Romans, than all the grave histories, which have come down to us of their actions, and all the ponderous tomes of learned and laborious annotations, which the Wasses, the Kusters, the Spanheims, and the Schweighaussers of classical literature have compiled to explain them.

It was our intention, on commencing the present remarks, to have concluded them with a short review of the most distinguished writers in this province of the republic of letters: but the great length, at which we have already trespassed on the patience of our readers, compels us, however reluctantly, to defer such a discussion to a more favourable opportunity. When that event occurs, we will gladly resume the subject of our present labours; and will point out the various genera, into which novels are divided, according as they depend upon the *nature* of the events which they record, or the *form and method of narration* in which those events are recorded. We shall then be led to contrast the advantages and disadvantages of each particular system as considered by itself, and as compared with others; and from such a comparison, be able to exhibit in the clearest light the beauties, into which they have at some times seduced, and the faults, into which they have at others betrayed, genius and talent of the most exalted order. For the present we shall take leave of our readers, by recalling to their observation, what all of them will have previously observed, but what few of them will have taken the trouble to account for, the superior ability which women display over men in every qualification which is requisite in works of this description. In the representation of those fine and fugitive impressions, which constitute the soul and essence of sentiment, the fair sex are universally allowed to shine with unrivalled lustre. They delineate them more sensibly, because they feel them more forcibly; and pourtray them more gracefully, because they discern them more distinctly, than we do. This phenomenon arises, not more from the difference of their education in childhood, than of the nature of their occupations in more advanced existence. From his very cradle, man is taught to scorn those refined sensibilities, which woman instinctively fosters with the warmest affection. He is told, that they are inconsistent with

that Roman dignity of character, which he is recommended to emulate; he perceives, that they are little suited to those tumultuous scenes in which he is to mingle as a busy actor; and he discards them, as delusive weaknesses, not less to be shunned than dreaded. Woman, on the contrary, naturally disposed, by her conscious inferiority of personal strength, to imbibe them with eagerness, cherishes them with redoubled energy, as soon as she discovers them to be the sources of all those gentle emotions, which cast over all her words and actions a magic spell too mighty to be resisted, and which render her at once the pride, the ornament, and the presiding genius of society. In man, if this refinement of feeling were not extinguished by the force of education, it never could survive amid the increasing intercourse with the world, which is forced upon him with increasing years, but would inevitably decay and perish under the pressure of the toils, vexations, and vicissitudes of fortune, which he is unfortunately heir to: in the other sex, should it never have previously existed. it is certain to be elicited during that dangerous period of their lives, which intervenes between childhood and puberty, when released from their grammars and their samplers, escaped from the frowns, and threats, and petty vengeance of their governesses, no longer children, and not yet quite women, they labour under a redundancy of new born hopes and ideas, which keep in perpetual play the powers of the imagination. Once elicited, it receives immediate support and nourishment from the influence, which love almost simultaneously begins to exercise in their bosoms. This passion, which forms but an episode in the history of man, composes the main story in that of woman, and by forming one of the constant objects of her solicitude, heightens and refines her sensibilities to such a degree, that the most languid frame of mind would be preferable to their intensity, and, in many cases, would be considered as a welcome refuge from it. The pleasing cares, which flock around her on becoming a wife and a mother, instead of diminishing, increase and augment them: they may indeed be changed in the points to which they are directed, and limited in the objects on which they are bestowed: but all that you effect, by narrowing the channel, is to make the tide flow in the space, over which it does flow, with a richer, a deeper, and a stronger

current. To sensibility, sentiment is nearly allied; they are children of the same house, and cannot well exist apart from each other. The original elements, of which woman is composed, render her the creature of sensibility; and sensibility soon transforms her into the slave of sentiment, whilst that slavery, by giving to her thoughts that constant employment, which is not to be found in the sameness and quietude, and frivolous inanity of her usual occupations, appears of so seductive a nature, that its trammels are preferred to the most absolute and unconditional freedom. "*Δουλείῳ διδίδασκται.*" She gives herself up to it without deliberation and without reserve; she makes it the subject of her daily thoughts and of her nightly dreams; and indulges in it, not according to her usual system, by fits and starts, but with such a regular and continued ardour, that her perception of it gradually ripens into instinct, and her habitual felicity in expressing it seems the effect of inspiration. Whatever be the occasion on which she introduces it, she is always original and creative, imitating no one, and herself inimitable. Indeed so indisputable is female merit in this department of literature, that even the countrymen of Rousseau are apt to recommend their fair writers as the best models of the sentimental style; and the most determined misogynist must confess, that beauty is never so beautiful "*nunquam tam lubricus aspicitur,*" as when she comes before us arrayed with the decorations of sentiment. For then, without any metaphor, grace does indeed sit upon her lips, and eloquence issue from her tongue: then indeed do the effusions of her simple and ingenuous nature steal over our ravished senses, like "the first breathings of morning in the universe's sweetest climate, carrying along with them the freshness of untainted air, the mild moisture of the dew, and the resistless charm of a thousand odours and perfumes."

Nor is it merely in what is called the sentimental style that the ascendancy of female talent is displayed: it is seen also in the representation of the more deep and grave, and tragic passions of our common nature. This has been denied by some writers, who, though willing to allow the superior acuteness, with which woman discerns, and the superior fidelity, with which she depicts, the ever-varying shades of transient emotions, are by no means inclined to concede to her similar praise for the delineation of

these feelings, which are more permanent in their duration, and more important in their results. They assert, first of all, that, as she is not accustomed to watch the movements of the mind, when agitated by the vexing disquietudes of business, or ploughed into frightful inequalities by the tempests of public life, she can know but little of its stern and violent and rugged affections; and, then add, that, as she has not an intimate acquaintance with the object to be copied, it is morally impossible that she should produce a correct resemblance of it. Grant the major of the syllogism, and the minor is undeniable—to use the language of the schools, “*cedit quæstio*,” but prove the premises to be devoid of all foundation, and the reasoning built upon them is so weak and erroneous, as to need no refutation. We shall pursue this latter course, and shall show the fact to be directly the reverse of what is here stated. Instead of being unaccustomed to witness the tumultuous passions of the soul in action, woman sees them more frequently in a state of excitement than man does himself; and from this circumstance, understands more distinctly their different causes, gradations, and symptoms. Indeed man, in the presence of man, from various motives, sometimes of shame, sometimes of terror, sometimes of dignity, and sometimes of a combination of them all, checks the impetuosity and restrains the agitation of his feelings, even when they convulse him most powerfully; to society he exhibits their movements, not in natural, but artificial colours; and it is only when he has retired within the circle of his own family, that he indulges without controul their genuine impulses, and displays them without disguise. It is there, that he unveils his most secret sentiments, and unbosoms his most hidden determinations: and it is there, that woman, with curiosity all awake, and sensibility all alive, is called in to aid, direct, and participate them. When under the influence and dominion of these powerful masters, man is too proud an animal to disclose their real workings to his fellow-men, and too much interested in them to be able to investigate their characteristics himself. Woman, and woman alone, views them naked and unmasked; and, upon the same principle that a looker-on sees more of the game than the gamester himself, obtains a clearer insight into their peculiarities, than those individuals can, who are personally actuated by them. It is therefore untrue, that

the tenor of her occupations and her duties renders her only acquainted with human nature in a calm, or at most with human nature ruffled into mere gentle undulation; neither is it more correct, that she is led only to study the light restlessness of the minuter passions, and the minor particularities of ordinary character. No; she takes a wider range, and extending her observation to the most exalted, the most complicated and the most heroic sensations, embodies them into shape and substance with the utmost truth, accuracy, and exactness. This is a fact, which, whether our method of accounting for it be satisfactory or not, cannot be disputed: and those, who assert that the most powerful delineations, of perseverance amidst difficulty, resignation amid distress, hope amid despair, and unconquered resolution and fortitude in torment and anguish, have emanated from the pen of women, have only to refer to the O'Donnell of Lady Morgan, the Agrippina of Miss Hamilton, the Thaddeus of Miss Porter, and the Corinna of Madame de Stael, to produce irrefragable conviction of the stability of their position.

There is also another kind of merit in works of fiction, which female writers have attained in a much higher degree than those of the male creation: and the cause, to which this also is owing, lies in the nature of their domestic employments. We allude to their intimate acquaintance with the fire-side habits of life, and their exquisite discrimination of those smaller peculiarities of character, which throw so much light and shade over the surface of ordinary society. We shall not endeavour to account for this circumstance, by stating, that, as they are themselves the most sensitive thermometers of the slightest change in the manners and customs of the world, it is not at all wonderful, that they dive into the very elements from which such change originates; nor shall we adopt the axiom of Diderot, that they are reading in the great book of mankind, whilst we are reading in books of ethics and philosophy. Such remarks are merely speculative, and made for no other purpose, than to shine as pithy and epigrammatic sentences; and such speculations may be neglected without loss, when the stronger testimony of positive experience can be appealed to. The true reason, why woman traces with more truth and nature, and less exaggeration and mannerism, the lineaments

of living characters, arises from that class of her domestic engagements, which concerns the care of children. There can be no question, that either as mothers, or elder sisters, the female sex are infinitely more conversant with children than we are: and the effects naturally produced on their minds by this sort of society (for surely it may be honoured with the appellation), are just such as are required to generate the qualifications which we are now discussing. For, as an elegant author has truly remarked, in touching incidentally on this topic,

“What habits of quick and intelligent observation must be formed by the employment of watching over interesting helplessness, and construing ill-explained wants! How must the perpetual contemplation of unsophisticated nature reflect back on the disposition of the observer a kind of simplicity and ingenuousness! What an insight into the native constitution of the human mind must it give to inspect it in the very act of concoction! It is, as if a chemist should examine young diamonds in their native dew. Not that mothers will be apt to indulge in delusive dreams of the perfection of human nature. They see too much of the waywardness of infants to imagine them perfect. They neither find them nor think them angels, though they often call them so.”

All this must in some degree contribute to form that species of merit in female authors which we have here thought proper to point out.

It is only fair, before we conclude to state, that there is one class of novels, in which our sex, beyond all dispute, bears away the palm from its female competitors: but, when we say that it is in that coarse delineation of men and manners, in which Fielding and Smollett so lavishly indulged, no one will regret that they have neither sought nor obtained so guilty a pre-eminence. The vicious excesses, which must not only be witnessed, but shared, in order to acquire a perfect knowledge of such characters as Tom Jones or Roderic Random; the society, which must be frequented, in order to become familiar with the low-lived blackguardism of a Strap or a Partridge; and the total eradication of every modest and decent idea, which must be accomplished, before we can describe in their naked colours the adventures of a brothel or a prison-house, are all circumstances so discordant to the constitution of the female mind, as to form an insur-

mountable barrier to its success in this department of fiction. We are glad that they are so; because, if they were not, we should have the sex deprived of that vestal purity, which constitutes its chief ornament, and which gives us a foretaste upon earth of celestial enjoyment. Woman has so many attractions already, that she need not seek to obtain more at the expence of decency: she has so many realms of the imagination yet unexplored and yet uncontaminated, in which she can expatiate with ease and innocence, that she has no occasion to enter those which are polluted and corrupt; and she has gained such honourable renown in every other province of literature, that she has not the slightest reason to mourn, that it is denied her in this alone. Since then custom, and modesty, and honour, and religion, each and all, imperiously forbid her to engage in a contest for such distinction, let her retire from the field without discontent or murmuring: or rather let her exult with joy and thankfulness, that she is debarred from entering into that arena, in which to win the highest prize of victory is scarcely glory, and where to meet with only the second, is disgrace indeed.

ART. XXVIII.—*Oration on Eutropius, pronounced at Constantinople, in the Church of St. Sophia, A. D. 399.*—From the Greek of St. Chrysostom.

AMIDST the inconsistent and disgraceful acts which marked the reign of the weak Arcadius, the following is not the least:—Eutropius, by birth obscure, by nature cruel, vindictive, and ambitious, was raised to the highest dignities of the state, and was styled consul, and father of the emperor. In the zenith of his greatness, he exercised his power with the most excessive tyranny, and enacted the severest laws against the Christian church. At length the day of retribution came. He was stripped of all his grandeur, his titles, and his wealth, and was reduced to the order of the meanest citizens. Thus conditioned, he fled for refuge to the altar of the cathedral. Chrysostom received him with the charity of a Christian, and the tenderness of a parent. On the succeeding day, when the news of his disgrace and flight had been published through the city, the people flocked in crowds to the cathedral, that they might exult in the distress of their once dreaded tyrant, and drag him forth to punishment. The time was critical. There was no leisure for premeditation. Weaned from each unholy appetite, purified from every passion, save an ardent

love of God and of his creatures, the orator ascended St. Sophia's pulpit. The sanctity of his character, as well as the importance of his theme, received the homage of universal silence; and in a golden flood of extemporaneous eloquence, which, as Suidas observes, no other man in any age was master of, he thus appeased his impassioned auditors:

In every period of our lives, but most especially in the present, we may exclaim, 'Vanity of vanities,—all is vanity.' Where now are the costly insignia of the consulship, and where the blaze of torches? where now is the enthusiasm of applause, and the festive dance, and the sumptuous banquet, and the crowded levee? where are the crowns, and canopies? where is the tumult that echoed through the city, the acclamations which resounded in the hippodromes, and the flattery of the spectators?—All these are fled. The rising storm hath scattered the rich foliage on the ground, presenting to our eyes the desolated tree, naked, and quivering to its roots. So vehement was the blast, so infuriate the hurricane, that it threatened to tear up the very roots from their proud foundation, and to rend the nerves and vitals of the tree. Where now are the fictitious friends? where are the carousals and the feasts? where is the swarm of parasites, the streaming goblets of exhaustless wine, the arts which administered to luxury, the worshippers of the consular authority, whose words and actions were the slaves of interest?—They were the vision of a night, and the illusion of a dream; but when the day returned, they were blotted from existence: they were flowers of the spring; but when the spring departed, they were all withered: they were a shadow, and it passed away: they were a smoke, and it was dissolved: they were bubbles of water, and they were broken: they were a spider's web, and it was torn. Wherefore let us proclaim this spiritual saying, incessantly repeating, 'Vanity of vanities,—all is vanity.' This is a saying which should be inscribed on our garments, in the Forum, in the houses, in the highways, on the doors, and on the thresholds; but far more should it be engraven on each man's conscience, and be made a theme of ceaseless meditation. Since fraud, and dissimulation, and hypocrisy, are by the many credited for truth; it behoves each man, on each passing day, at supper, and at dinner, and in the public meetings, to re-

peat unto his neighbour, and to hear his neighbour repeating unto him, 'Vanity of vanities,—all things are vanity.'

Did I not continually say to you, that wealth is a fugitive slave? but my words were not endured. Did I not perpetually remind you, that it is a servant void of gratitude? but you were not willing to be convinced. Lo! experience hath proved to thee, that it is not only a fugitive slave, not only an ungrateful servant, but likewise a destroyer of man. It is this which hath undone thee, which hath abased thee in the dust. When thou wert so oft indignant, because I declared the truth; did I not maintain, that I felt a sincerer friendship for thee, than they who flattered thee? that whilst I reprehended, I was more solicitous for thy welfare, than they whose object was to gratify thy passions? Did I not observe, that the wound inflicted by a friend, is more worthy of regard than the kisses of an enemy? If thou hadst endured the wounds my hand inflicted, perchance their kisses had not engendered this death to thee. For my wounds were the ministers of health, but their kisses the harbingers of disease.—Where now are thy slaves and cup-bearers? Where are they who walked insolently through the Forum, obtruding upon all their encomiums on thee? They have taken the alarm; they have renounced thy friendship; they have made thy downfall the foundation of their security. Far different our practice. In the full climax of thy enormities we braved thy fury, and now that thou art fallen, we cover thee with our mantle, and tender thee our service. The church unrelentingly besieged hath spread wide her arms, and pressed thee to her bosom; while the theatres, those idols of thy soul, which so oft have drawn down thy vengeance upon us, have betrayed thee, have abandoned thee. And yet did I cease exclaiming, Wherefore these impotent attempts? Maddening with Bacchic rage, thou seekest to overturn the church, and thy incautious steps will be hurried down the precipice. But all was disregarded! The hippodromes having consumed thy riches, sharpen their swords against thee; while the church, poor suffering victim of thy wrath, traverses the mountains, valleys, woods, panting to rescue thee from the snare.

I speak not these things to trample on a prostrate foe, but more firmly to establish the upright: I aim not to lacerate a

wound yet bleeding, but to ensure sweet health to those who are unwounded: I wish not to bury in an abyss of waters, him who is half-drowned already, but to caution those whose bark glides smoothly on the ocean, lest they should be wrecked at last. And how shall they be preserved? Let them meditate on the vicissitudes of mortals. This very man, had he but feared a change, had not experienced a change. But since neither foreign nor domestic examples could reclaim him, ye, at least, who are enshrined in wealth, from his calamity should derive instruction. Nothing is more imbecile or more empty than the affairs of men; therefore, whatever terms I might employ to denote their vileness, my illustration would be insufficient. To call them a blade of grass, a smoke, a dream, a flower, would be to stamp a dignity upon them, for they are less than nothing!

That they are not only empty and unsubstantial, but likewise pregnant with disaster, is manifest from hence. Was ever man more elevated, more august than he? Did he not surpass the universe in wealth? Did he not ascend to the pinnacle of grandeur? Did not all men tremble and bend before him? Lo! he is become more necessitous than the slave, more miserable than the captive, more indigent than the beggar wasted with excess of hunger: each day does he behold swords waving, gulphs yawning, the lictors, and the passage to the grave: if ever he experienced happiness he is utterly unconscious: he regards not the sun's fair beam, but standing in meridian day, as though he were enveloped in tenfold darkness, his sight and feeling are extinct. But no language which I might use, and no similitude which I might employ, could be commensurate to the agony he endures, each hour expecting that his head will be severed from his body! And wherefore should I attempt to delineate those sufferings, which he himself, in glowing colours, depicts unto us? Even yesterday, when soldiers from the imperial palace came to drag him to his fate, with what a speed, with what an agitation did he rush unto the altar! Pale was his countenance, as though he were an inmate of the tomb; his teeth chattered; his whole frame trembled; his speech was broken; his tongue was motionless: ye would have thought his very heart had been congealed to stone.

Believe me, I relate not this to insult and triumph in his fall, but that I may soften your heart's asperity, may allure you to compassionate, and persuade you to rest satisfied with his present anguish. Since there are persons in this assembly, who even reproach my conduct in admitting him to the altar, to charm away the inhumanity of their breasts I unfold the history of his woe. Wherefore, O my friend, art thou offended? Because, thou wilt reply, that man is sheltered by the church who waged an incessant war against it. This is the especial reason for which we should glorify our God, because he hath permitted him to stand in so awful a necessity, as to experience both the power and the clemency of the church! the power of the church, because his continued persecutions have drawn down this thunderbolt on his head; and her clemency, because, still bleeding from her wounds, she extends her shield as a protection, she covers him with her wings, she places him in an impregnable security; and, forgetting every past circumstance of ill, she makes her bosom his asylum and repose. No illustrious conquest, no high-raised trophy could reflect so pure a splendour: this is a triumph which might cover the infidel with shame, and raise even the blushes of the Jew! It is this which irradiates her face with smiles, and lights up her eye with exultation. She hath received, she hath cherished a fallen enemy; and when all besides abandoned him to his fate, she alone, like a tender mother, hath covered him with her garment, and withstood at once the indignation of the prince, the fury of the people, and a spirit of inextinguishable hatred! This is the glory, the pride of our religion! What glory is there, you will exclaim, in receiving an iniquitous wretch unto the altar? Ah! speak not thus, since even a harlot took hold of the feet of Christ, a harlot utterly impure; yet no reproach proceeded from Jesu's lips: he approved, he praised her. The impious did not contaminate the holy, but the pure and spotless Jesus rendered by his touch the impure harlot pure. O man! remember not thine injuries. Are we not the servants of a crucified Redeemer, who said, as he was expiring, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." But he interdicted this asylum, you will say, by his decrees and laws. Lo! he now perceives the nature of what he did, and is himself the first to dissolve the laws which he enact-

ed. He is become a spectacle to the world, and, though silent, from hence he admonisheth the nations, Do not such things as I have done, lest ye should suffer what I suffer. Illustrated by this event, the altar darts forth an unprecedented splendour, and shines a warning beacon to the earth. How tremendous, how august does it appear, since it holds this lion in chains, and crouching at your feet! Thus, too, the victorious monarch is most eminently illustrious, not because he is seated on a throne, invested with purple and adorned with jewels, but because he treads beneath his feet captive barbarians, who crouch at his footstool and grovel in the dust.

That he used not his power to conciliate your loves, ye yourselves attest in your tumultuous concourse. This day, a most brilliant spectacle, a most venerable assembly is presented to my eyes; the church is thronged as on the festival of Easter, and this culprit, with a silence more eloquent than the trumpet's voice, summoneth the city hither. Ye virgins abandoning your chambers, ye matrons quitting your retirements, ye men leaving the Forum empty, have flocked together here; that ye might behold the true nature of man demonstrated, the nothingness of human grandeur publicly revealed, and yon meretricious countenance, which yesterday was brightened with the tints of youth, now betraying the grim wrinkles of disease and age;* this reverse of fortune, like a dripping sponge, having wiped off the plastered paint and the fictitious charm! Such is the potency of this hapless day. It hath rendered the proudest of nature's tyrants, the meanest, the most abject of her children!

* It is not improbable that this splendid passage was suggested to St. Chrysostom's imagination, by those exquisite lines in the *Agamemnon*, where Cassandra bewails the lot of mortals:—(See *Æschyli Agamem.* v. 1329. edit. Porson.)

Whether he was or was not indebted, in the present instance, to that august tragedy, we have undoubted proofs that he had familiarized himself with its beauties; for, not to mention resemblances of a more trifling nature, we meet with a palpable imitation, in his second panegyric on the martyr Babylas. Narrating an atrocious murder, which a monarch had committed, and pointing out the various reasons which should have moved him to compassion, he says: 'Αλλ' οὐχ, &c.—*Tom.* v. p. 447. edit. Savil.

And see also what Clytemnestra, speaking of Agamemnon, says: in v. 1417.

Doth the rich man enter here? Abundant is his gain. For beholding the common scourge of nations degraded from such an elevation, tamed of his savage nature, and become more timid than the most timid animal; bound without fetters to that pillar, and girt around with fear as with a chain; he calms his effervescent pride, he represses his swelling spirit; and philosophizing on the state of man, as it is fitting he should philosophize, he retires, learning from experience, and feeling with conviction, that "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth."—The poor man entering here, and gazing on yon spectacle of wo, accounteth not himself as vile, nor grieveth that he is poor. Nay, he droppeth a tear of gratitude to his poverty, because it hath been to him a citadel which never can be stormed, a harbour where no billows rage, a wall of adamant strength. Seeing what he sees, his soul is tranquillized; and far rather would he cling to his present lot, than, possessing for an hour the treasures of the universe, be agonized as long as he may live by the horrors of anticipated destruction. Do ye not perceive what a benefit accrues to the wealthy and the poor, to the lowly and the exalted, to the slave and to the free, from this wretch's flight unto the altar? Do ye not perceive that each man bears away a healing balsam, strengthened and instructed by this spectacle alone?—And now have I mollified your hearts, and assuaged your fury? Have I extinguished your savage spirit? Have I melted you to sympathy?—Most assuredly I have. Your mournful looks proclaim it; your flowing tears attest it. Since, then, this flinty rock is become prolific, this barren desert fertile, let us hail the auspicious moment. Blooming with the fruit of mercy, and yielding in rich exuberance a golden harvest of compassion, let us fall at our monarch's feet; or rather let us implore the mercy-breathing God, that he may sooth the emperor, and incline his heart to pardon.—And truly, since that day on which he sought refuge in the church, no small a change hath been effected. For when the soldiers thronged about the prince, labouring to inflame his rage, and seeking this sinner's blood; he directed to them a long discourse, exhorting them not to hold in remembrance his frailties only: if one virtuous action could be called his own, they should

dwell on that; for that they should grant him their esteem, and what he had done amiss should pardon, because he was a man. But when they still thirsted to avenge their sovereign, crying aloud, stamping on the ground, brandishing their spears, and demanding retribution; pouring at length a fountain of tears from the gentlest eyes that ever wept, and calling their attention to the sanctity of that table, whither he had fled; he thus appeased their fury.

It now remains, that the application be made unto your hearts. —O what mercy, what pardon do ye expect, if, when the emperor who has been insulted forgets the injury, ye, who have sustained no insult, can cherish such an enmity? When this assembly shall be dissolved, will ye have the hardihood to approach the mysterica, and to repeat that prayer, in which we are commanded to say, "Forgive us, even as we forgive our debtors," whilst ye are exacting justice of your debtor?—Have not his enormities been excessive? I admit the charge. But this is a season of mercy, not of judgment; of remission, not of accusation; of indulgence, not of scrutiny; of grace and favour, not of trial and condemnation. Let not any of us repine or be inflamed with anger, but rather let us entreat the mercy-breathing God to grant him a prolongation of his life, that he may erase his crimes; and let us supplicate our gracious monarch, in the name of the altar, in the authority of the church, beseeching him that she may call a single individual her own. If this should be our course, the emperor will approve, but far more the King of kings will applaud our deed; it will be treasured in the archives of Heaven, and will become the source of unnumbered blessings: for as he detests the cruel and inhuman, so likewise does he regard the compassionate and merciful. If such a one should be a righteous man, he prepareth for him a crown yet more resplendent; and if he be a sinner, he blotteth out his sins, allotting him this recompense of his sympathy with a fellow mortal. For, saith he, "I would have mercy, and not sacrifice:" and ye may perceive that in every part of the sacred writings he is always demanding this, and declaring that this is the remission of transgressions. If this then be our course, what a cloud of blessings will encircle us! We shall render the Almighty propitious to ourselves; we shall

escape the chastisement of our sins; we shall irradiate the church with glory; our benignant monarch will applaud us, as I have already mentioned; by the whole people we shall be extolled; at the very confines of the world, the magnanimity of our city will be admired, and every inhabitant of the earth, when he shall hear the deed, will celebrate our name. That we may enjoy such inestimable rewards, let us kneel, let us remonstrate, let us implore; let us rescue from impending evils this prisoner, this fugitive, this suppliant.

ART. XXIX.—*Anecdotes.*

A bon vivant on mentioning the number of corks which he had drawn on the preceding evening, was asked of how many persons the party consisted; to which he replied, "Four. Sir Phelim O'Neal," said he, "was one; the two Macquires was two; and myself was three.—Arrah, then, what a memory I have, not to be able to recollect the other? Sir Phelim O'Neal, as I said before, was one; the two Macquires was two; and myself was three;—the Devil burn me but there was four, for there was a very pleasant party; though, for the life of me, I can't make out more than three of them.

A gentleman asked an humble Hibernian the reason why his countrymen made so many bulls? "I'll tell you that," replied the other,—“we never make bulls in our own language; it is when we speak English that we do it: so, you see, they are *English bulls*, not Irish.”

Tartini, a celebrated musician, who was born at Pirano, in Istria, being much inclined to the study of music in his youth, dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the Devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and during this vision, every thing succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were prevented, and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. At last, he imagined that he presented the Devil with his violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music

which he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprize, and so exquisite his delight, upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of reasoning. He awoke with the violence of his sensation, and instantly seized his fiddle, in hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain; he, however, then composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works, and called it the *Devil's Sonata*, but it was so far inferior to what he had fancied in sleep, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other mode of subsistence.

In the reign of Henry III. a crown was given by royal authority to a person who made the king laugh. Vide Hume. We find in the Antiquarian Repertory the following article in one of the King's accounts: "Item. When the King was at Wolmer, to Morris, then clerk of the kitchen, who, when the King was hunting, did ride before the king and often fall down from his horse, whereat the King laughed greatly, 20s."

We imagine his present majesty would pay a much greater fee for a good hearty laugh. Perhaps lord John Russel may have earned it.

In the year 1797, an Englishman, named *Edmund Rushton*, addressed ap "Expostulatory Letter to George Washington, of Mount Vernon in Virginia, on his continuing to be a Proprietor of Slaves." In its terms it is full of rudeness and asperity, and therefore it will not excite surprize, that "it was returned," as the author complains, "under cover, without a syllable in reply."

The epistle was afterwards printed at Liverpool.

Mr. Boucher, a man of learning, who wrote "A view of the causes and consequences of the American Revolution," which is inscribed, in a judicious and elegant dedication to General Washington, detects Dr. Franklin, for whom indeed he evidently has no esteem, of plagiarism, in two of his publications, which have been much admired, and very generally deemed original; these are his *Epitaph on himself*, and his *Parable against Persecution*, which has been so highly praised by Lord Kaimes, and others.

The Epitaph is now seen to be little more than a translation of a monumental inscription on the famous Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, written in 1736, by a young gentleman of Eton; and the far-famed parable is copied almost verbatim, from a story published by Jeremy Taylor, who says that he discovered it in the Jew's books. It is a pity that the Bishop did not say in what books he found it; for as the same story is told in the *Bostan* of Sadi, written A. D. 1256, and from it transcribed into the *Asiatic Miscellany*, published at Calcutta in 1789, it would have been pleasing to have discovered, by a comparison of their date, whether the Jewish author borrowed from the Persian tract, or the Persian poet from the Jewish author.

Pope Clement claimed the right of giving kingdoms, and reigning over kings. Don Sancho, son of Alphonso, king of Castile, having been proclaimed king of Egypt by this holy father, upon the occasion of a visit which he paid to him, asked the interpreter who accompanied him, what was the reason of those shouts of applause. "Sire," replied he, "the pope has created you king of Egypt:" "We must not be ungrateful" replied the prince. "Go thou, and proclaim the holy father caliph of Bagdat." This, says Petrarch, who relates the anecdote, is what I call a pleasantry worthy of a king. They give to Don Sancho an ideal kingdom; he returns the favor with a chimerical pontificate.

A remarkable Horse.—Lieutenant Fitzclarence, who has lately published a *Journal of a route across India, through Egypt to England*, thus mentions a very diminutive horse which he saw at Nagpoor:—"Our principal inducement however for visiting the stable was the fame of a little horse four years old, and only thirty-three inches high. This diminutive creature was, I think, the most beautiful model of a horse in miniature I ever saw. It was very playful, perhaps vicious; and when I stood across it on tip-toe, it attacked my knees on its sides, striving to bite them."

Sometimes when we are tired of laughing at Capel Loft's Sonnets or Mr. Wordsworth's Ballads, we vary the amusement

with a column of advertisements. This abounds with those *domestica facta* which arrest the feelings of every one. In that brief epitome of the business of the world, not only the wants of the living are provided for, but the dead are not forgotten. Thus, an undertaker in the good city of Charleston, offers, in the most polite terms, to FURNISH FUNERALS "at the shortest notice;" and he adds a caution from which it must be inferred that the environs are not so healthy as might be supposed. "N. B. To persons building in the country it will be an object to call at his shop." To bespeak their funerals, no doubt.

ART. XXX.—*Intelligence in Literature, Science and the Arts.*

Messrs. M. Carey and Son have issued proposals for publishing *The Philadelphia Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences*. This work will be edited by Drs. N. CHAPMAN and ROBERT M. PATTERSON, Professors in the University of Pennsylvania, whose reputation is too well established to require any recommendation from us. These gentlemen state that their leading aims, will be to trace the progress of medicine in the United States, to vindicate our claims to certain improvements, to preserve these as well as what may hereafter be done, from foreign usurpation, and lastly to evolve, and stimulate the genius of the country to invigorated efforts, by holding out a respectable and more permanent repository for its productions. Connected intimately with one of the Schools, from which has emanated a large share of these improvements, and where medicine is still most ardently cultivated, they will have peculiar facilities in the execution of this part of their plan, though, at the same time, they are sensible, that much has been accomplished elsewhere, and is therefore to be drawn from other sources, and by the help of such as are friendly to this undertaking. There is no section of the Union without able and intelligent medical men, or which does not present the amplest field for the display of talent, the extension of knowledge, and the consequent acquisition of fame. Confessedly, the indigenous medicinal vegetables have hitherto been imperfectly investigated, and much remains to be performed in relation to medical topography,—in the history of epidemics, or more common diseases, as modified by climate, the seasons, the state of

weather, the habits of society, and other localities, and peculiar circumstances, appertaining to the infinite diversities of our widely spread territories.

The physical sciences, or at least the branches having the closest affinity to medicine, will share the attention of the Editors. Exuberant in objects of curiosity, the United States most unquestionably afford the finest opportunities for the cultivation of this species of knowledge.

Criticism will regularly occupy a part of the journal. "As our wish, however," the Editors continue, "is to instruct, and not to censure, or gratify our own vanity by wantonly wounding the sensibility of another, we shall restrict the exercise of it to those works only, which have indisputable claims to notice, by the value of their matter, or the merit of execution, and thereby be spared the pain of contending with unresisting feebleness. Native medical literature, by which we now mean the art of elaborate writing, is still pretty much in its infancy, and we are persuaded may be more promoted by the language of tenderness and encouragement, than by any severity of animadversion, or harsh exposure of its defects."

The Editors promise, at stated intervals, to give an analysis of the Foreign Journals, so copious as to embrace the most interesting of their contents, and to exhibit the progress abroad, of medicine, and the collateral branches of science. Distinct from the obvious advantages of such a synopsis, it is especially demanded by the cost and difficulty of procuring the works themselves. Extraordinary too, as it may appear, it can, perhaps, be here only executed with fidelity.

We shall only add that the first Number will appear about the 1st. of November next.

In the press, at Columbia, S. C. Reports of Cases, argued and determined, in the Constitutional Court of South Carolina, 1817, 1818, 1819. By H. J. Nott and D. J. McCord, Counsellors at Law.

No. 3 of Judge Murphey's Reports of the Supreme Court of North Carolina has appeared. The 4th Number will complete the volume, and Judge Ruffin will report the decisions in future.

The English Journals are filled with the praises of a peasant from Northamptonshire, who has appeared, to use the language of one of their writers, like a second Burns; he is described as a poet in humble life, whose genius has burst through the fetters with which his situation had surrounded it; and astonished the neighbouring villages with the brilliancy of his song. Amidst all the privations attendant on the life of the labouring peasant, this genuine child of poesy has written a volume, many articles in which would reflect no disgrace upon a far nobler name, and we are glad, that a public-spirited individual has snatched them from obscurity; we rejoice, they are not doomed "*to bloom unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air.*" John Clare, the country bard, is the son of a poor cripple, who receives a parish stipend of five shillings a week. In his father's cottage he saw poverty in all its most affecting shapes; and that he could feel its keenest anguish we have sufficient proof in his address to Plenty,

Oh, sad sons of poverty!
Victims doom'd to misery;
Who can paint what pain prevails
O'er that heart which want assails?
Modest shame the pain conceals,
No one knows, but he who feels.

The perusal of his poems cannot fail to afford much pleasure to every admirer of honest simplicity, and natural genius. If they do not possess the polish of Bloomfield, or the wild energy of Burns, they are free from those impurities (and even impieties) which disgrace the latter; and equal the former in unaffected piety; and in giving a true picture of rustic life, and those scenes with which the author was best acquainted.

The *Selections of Popular National Airs with Symphonies and Accompaniments*, by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc.; the words by Thomas Moore, Esq. is a work of great merit. The delightful poetry which accompanies the music comprizes some of the most highly polished specimens of the art of song-writing in the English language. Like another splendid genius—the author of *Waverley*, Mr. Moore, after having devoted his attention to his own country, and wrought from the wild melodies of Ireland that interest which the Novelist has so successfully laboured to induce

for the romantic legends of Scotland, now seeks a wider range for his excursive Muse, and, leaving the "Green Isle" to bask in the halo of the bright recollections which his poetry has poured around it, he seems disposed to let the Muse of other lands be equally profited by his talents. Of Mr. Moore's songs, and they form the most considerable portion of his works, it may be affirmed, that they possess the wit and felicity of expression peculiar to Cowley, divested of its pedantry and affectation; the harmony of Waller's numbers, without their monotony and dullness; the vivacity of Prior, without his occasional coarseness and vulgarity; and the Greekness, if we may so term it, of Carew and Herick, without their ruggedness and obscurity.

The *Historical Documents and Reflections on the Government of Holland*, by Louis Bonaparte, Ex-king of Holland, in three volumes, is an authentic and very interesting work, which may be considered in two points of view. In the first, it belongs to the department of History: the events of the celebrated period it retraces, though known, acquire an additional interest from the pen of the Historian. The rank he filled on the stage of the world initiated him into the secrets of Cabinets; deriving facts from their very source, an actor or eye-witness in most of them, the veracity of the writer is a pledge of their accuracy. The historical part comprizes all that period after Louis ascended the throne of Holland, till the time when he chose rather to resign the sceptre, than become the subaltern tyrant of a people, whose destiny had been committed to his care. This part displays more especially a full description of the interior administration of Holland; the particular views of Louis for the happiness and independence of that kingdom; his long resistance to the opposite system of Napoleon in this respect; and the motives that finally made him determine to retire, and brought on the union of Holland with France:—particulars not less interesting respecting the family of Bonaparte, its origin, the condition of the members of it at the time of the union of Corsica with France; the fortune and elevation of Napoleon and his brothers, the conquest of Italy, the expedition to Egypt, the consulship, the empire, the peace of Tilsit, &c. and the proposals then made to the English government by France and Russia:—the invasion of Spain; the renunciation

of Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII.; the refusal of Louis to ascend the Spanish throne; his opinion on the political causes of that disastrous war, &c. Taking this work in a second point of view, it may be considered as a collection of political and private memoirs relating not only to Louis and his family, but to personages equally remarkable;—the motives, hitherto secret, of the marriage of Louis with the daughter of Josephine; the causes that led the married pair mutually to agree to a separation; the circumstances that preceded and followed the dissolution of Napoleon's marriage with Josephine; political reasons that induced Napoleon to refuse different princesses, whose hands were offered to him, and to prefer the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, &c. are among the attractions of this work. It displays every where that touching simplicity, that love of mankind, which form the basis of the author's character. It is remarkable for a singular degree of impartiality; while neither the truth of its pictures, nor the interest attached to its details, is at all injured by the author's modesty in speaking of himself, or his reserve in speaking of others. Unquestionably there is an elevation of style, which genius itself does not always employ; but at least as a work, in which every thing breathes goodness without weakness, philosophy without ostentation, and a prudent though courageous freedom, we venture to affirm, it cannot fail to be justly valued by its readers; and will be considered as a record, at once curious and authentic, of a period forever memorable.

We are happy to learn that the last part of Rees' Cyclopædia has been published in London, and is now in the press in this city. The publishers of the American edition have been authorized to raise a sum of money by way of lottery to enable them to complete this work, and we sincerely hope that they will be amply rewarded for all the labour and hazard which they have encountered in this important enterprize.

Miss Benger has given us very interesting "*Memoirs of John Tobin*," author of the *Honey Moon*. It is impossible to watch the progress of the hopes and fears of Mr. Tobin, or to trace his early and continued disappointments, without strong feelings of sympathy and regret. His fame was dearly purchased, but it is a fair and inalienable possession; and as his biographer justly remarks,

he has not merely caught the spirit, but participated in the privilege of our early writers, while a few even of the early sketches, or unfinished productions must be acceptable to the cultivated reader.

Maurice and Berghetta; or, *The Priest of Rahery* is ascribed to the elegant pen of William Barnell Esq., whose object, as he informs us, is not to write a novel, but to place such observations on the manners of the Irish peasantry, as have occurred to him, in a less formal shape than that of a regular dissertation. There is a strange mixture of excellence and vulgarity in Father O'Brien, one of the most prominent characters. The adventures of the hero and heroine are extremely romantic, and even incredible. Still more so are those of Ana, the sister of Maurice; who, from being the orphan child of a poor Irish peasant becomes a rich princess, and the arbitress of fashion in the haughty court of Spain. The whole "Tale," however, is entertaining, and many parts of it are excellent.

Les Annales des Lagides, lately published at Paris, announces a fact that the learned in general are not acquainted with. The number of reigns of the Greek Egyptian kings, successors to Alexander the Great, has been generally fixed at ten; but proof is here adduced, that they amounted to twenty-one. This work was crowned last year with the particular sanction of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Letters, at the competition for prizes, and it has been recommended in various French periodical publications as one of the most important that has appeared for many years. It contains, in fact, the history of Egypt under the Ptolemies from Alexander to Augustus; and, as those kings had a share in almost all the great events that occurred either in Europe or Asia for about three centuries, a chronological synopsis of their history serves also to illustrate that of the princes or states that were their cotemporaries.

Through the indefatigable attention of Professor Kieffer, the Editor, aided by the advice of Sylvester de Sacy, the New Testament (Turkish) having been completed at Paris, preparations are making to accomplish the printing of the whole Bible under the same superintendence, with all practicable dispatch.

It appears from the Eighth Report of the National Society, that there are 1467 schools on Dr. Bell's system, and from the Fourteenth Report of the British and Foreign School Society, that there are 297 on the Lancasterian plan;—total 1764 schools.

The reigning prince of Wallachia, Alexander Soutzos, who is a Greek by birth, desirous of distinguishing his patriotism by actions, and especially by promoting letters and civilization, has determined to send to the most eminent schools of Europe several young Greeks, who may there finish their studies at his expense, and then return to give their native country the advantage of the knowledge they have acquired. A plan is also in forwardness for the establishment of a grand college at Adrianople. It has been patronized with zeal by Baron George Sakellarios, one of the richest Greek merchants settled in the dominions of the emperor of Austria. The Baron is a native of Adrianople, and having opened the list by a liberal subscription, he has excited the emulation of his compatriots, to whom he has written in strong terms on the subject. The archbishop of Adrianople, M. Proïos, native of Chios, a man of great learning, and who long resided at Paris, has employed all his patriotic eloquence in behalf of this college; and a person unknown has bequeathed a landed estate valued at 1000*l*. By such means, in the first instance the Greeks are endeavouring to deliver themselves from that state of degradation in which they have been so long enthralled.

Mr. Hunt, as a means of relieving himself from the tedium of imprisonment, announces the *History of his Life*, which for the purpose of obtaining an increased number of readers, he intends to publish in cheap monthly parts.

The *Prophecy of Dante*, by Lord Byron, may shortly be expected.

Mr. Ricardo, says the *British Review*, is well known to the public as a very ardent and not unsuccessful labourer in certain corners of the wide field of political science. His several treatises on bullion, the currency, and bank paper, gave proof of a considerable degree of acumen and observation, and thus drew from many who differed with him, even on the leading principles of his system, the highest encomiums for practical good sense and patient industry. His treatise "*On the Principles of Political Eco-*

mony and Taxation;" seems to afford but too strong evidence that his mind is better suited for conducting an argument on an insulated question than for taking extended views of his subject, or for establishing general doctrines—that he is, in short, one of that numerous class of writers, who succeed in a pamphlet and fail in a volume. We do not positively assert that there are no sound principles nor important discoveries to be met with in his book. There is, on the contrary, a good deal of both scattered throughout its numerous pages; but we must add, there is also in it much more of extravagant paradox and learned absurdity than we have encountered in any similar publication since the commencement of our critical career. His reasoning, generally speaking, is seldom found to respect the actual state of things, as they appear to the observation of ordinary men who have no theory to maintain, but most commonly turns on a collection of hypothetical cases springing out of his own imagination and accommodated to his own particular views; on which account it very frequently happens that when we have arrived at the end of a long chain of positions and inferences, most laboriously concatenated, we have the mortification to discover that his conclusions are totally inapplicable to the real transactions and condition of human life.

Among the new publications announced in London we find the *Parlour Port Folio*; or Post Chaise Companion.

The Ambrosian library, was founded by Cardinal Federigo Berromeo, in the seventeenth century. Among the treasures with which it was enriched by the munificent Cardinal, were the MSS. which had belonged to a monastery at Bobbio, a small town of Upper Italy, founded in the year 612 by Columbanus, and which, it appears, had been at least in part, collected by its president, Gerbert Gallus, afterwards Sylvester II. On examining one of those MSS. *Mato*, Curator of the Ambrosian library, was agreeably surprised by discovering a two-fold writing, one series of letters being inscribed across the other, and bearing indisputable marks of an early age. The less ancient writing contained the works of Sedulius, a christian poet of the fifth century, and is supposed to be as old as the seventh or eighth; whilst the original letters of the MS. were, on close inspection, pronounced by *Mato* to contain some Fragments of Orations which he ascribed to Cicero. The pleasure afforded to the

worthy Curator by this discovery, if we may judge from his expressions, was truly exquisite. 'O Deus immortalis, repente suestuli, quid demum video. En Ciceronem, en lumen romanæ facundię indiguissimis tenebris circumseptum!' And certainly, his gratitude on the occasion, if it may be assumed as a specimen of the manner in which his piety manifests itself for the favours dispensed to him, indicates a high sense of the privileges conferred upon him as the restorer in part of Cicero.—Nostræ potius gratulamur ætati, cui Deus optimus maximus hanc laudem contulit ut hi præstantissimi humanæ mentis fœtus ab oblivionis lateribus nunc demum emergerent.' The classical remains thus brought to light consist of orations, supposed to be those of Cicero, *pro Scauro*, *pro Tullio*, and *pro Placco*. The first of these is the most considerable, and is accompanied by the notes of some eminent scholiast. Continuing his researches, the editor was fortunate enough to discover a manuscript Latin version of the acts of the Council of Chalcedon. This too was a *Codex Rescriptus*, the ancient writing of which was found to contain fragments of three other orations of Cicero, with a Commentary which is ascribed by *Maio* to *Ascanius Pedianus*, whom he endeavours to show to have been the cotemporary of Virgil and Livy. Of these three orations, the first is *In P. Clodium et Curionem*, and relates to a violation of decorum committed by Clodius in the house of Pontifex Maximus, C. Cæsar, at the time that Pompeia, C. Cæsar's wife, was celebrating the rites of the *Dea Bona*. The second is *De ere alieno Milonis*, and was pronounced on the occasion of Milo's offering himself as a candidate for the consular dignity. The third is entitled *De Rege Alexandrino*, and relates to the establishment of Ptolemy Auletes in the Kingdom of Egypt.—Of the genuineness of these fragments, the Editor appears to be fully confident; and the whole of the circumstances which relate to them, are certainly calculated to make a strong impression on the mind of the learned reader, in favour, not only of their antiquity, which can scarcely be questioned, but of their being remains of the Roman Orator.

A code of laws, elegantly printed in Moldavian and Greek, has just been published at Jassi.

Vakaresko, a nobleman, has translated into modern Greek the "Death of Cæsar," by Voltaire; and it has been played with great success by the Greek actors at the German theatre in Bucharest.

The Savans of Paris have commenced a Greek Journal in that city, the object of which is to communicate European knowledge to the descendants of Homer and Aristotle. Such is the mutability of human affairs!

The American Philosophical Society have again called the attention of the literary world to the premium which was entrusted to their care by Mr. Magellan of London. This gentleman gave the sum of 200 guineas, the interest of which should be annually disposed of in premiums to the authors of the best discoveries or most useful inventions, relating to navigation, astronomy or natural philosophy, mere natural history only excepted. Experimental essays on native American dyes or pigments, accompanied by specimens,—plans for navigating our rapid rivers against stream,—the general natural history of the ranges of American mountains in the country east of the Mississippi,—the natural history and chemical qualities of the hot and warm springs of the United States, &c. would claim the attention of the Society and perhaps produce some useful results.

A second edition considerably enlarged, of the *Conversations on the Bible*, is in the press.

ART. XXXI.—*Poetry.*

LINES WRITTEN ON REVISITING —, ABANDONED BY ITS OWNERS.

AM heaven! how sad to be here!
Can these be Cotonia's walls,
Nor mother nor daughters appear;
But the echoes, that break, at each footstep that falls,
On the silence that reigns in these comfortless halls.

Is this the apartment! Oh no!
In which hospitality dwelt?
Ah why are these symbols of woe!
Thy sight is appall'd, and a cold horror felt,
As I gaze on the havoc that around has been dealt.

And that too the room will you say?
Where brides at the altar have blest?
Bedeck'd in their proudest array.

Oh where now is the glitter? the laugh? and the jest?
All, all seems forgotten! they have sunk into rest!

And yonder the "chamber!" oh heaven!
Pale ruin could never stalk there;
Devotion the purest thou'st given.
Had scared from his prey, by her mild, placid air,
The spectre that harrows the soul with despair.*

Let me turn to my favourite seat—
Does the sweet-briar flourish there now?
Do its branches still gracefully meet
Round the columns so stately, that deign not to throw
A look on the flow'rets that wanton below?

Yes! beautiful spot! 'tis all true,
Thy features in memory dwell;
The tyrant relented for you,
But why wilt thou bloom when the siroc that fell,
Hath swept o'er the maidens that lov'd thee so well.

Canst thou bloom? and forget? Oh yes!
The fair ones that cherish'd thy flowers;
Nor givest a sign of distress,
That have fled for ever those heavenly hours,
When lovers have kiss'd in thy beautiful bow'rs.

Old mansion! farewell! 'tis in vain
I struggle my bosom to steel
Those torrents at parting will stain,
The cheek thou has pillow'd in wo and in weal,
With softest attention and tenderest zeal.

But oh let us think with delight!
That those who have parted with thee
Have a mansion more splendid, more bright,
Where their spirits, perfected, delighted will flee
To the bosom of God, from sinfulness free.

King George County, Virginia.

SE. L. L. C.

* The "chamber" of the pious widow.

THE OLD WAINSCOT WORM.

'Tis night!—and the moment how drear!
 I would slumber, but vainly I pillow my head,
 Alas! there is naught that can tranquilize here,
 Where nothing doth break on the silence so dead,
 But the saw of the worm in the old wainscot bred!

Ambition!—come listen!—awake!
 Art thou dreaming of honour's soft bed?
 That horrible sound! it bespake
 That the reptile that gnaweth thy bosom when dead,
 Is the same with the worm in the old wainscot bred.

Go call upon wealth! bring him nigh,
 Is he robbing the poor of his bread?
 Let him scatter his treasures and sigh!
 For the tooth that *will cut at his heart* when he's dead,
 Belongs to the worm in the old wainscot bred.

Let beauty be brought hither too—
 Dees she vaunt of her white and her red?
 Of the hundreds, that hopelessly woo?
 Ah! thousands will wanton that cheek when she's dead;
 They are brothers of those in the old wainscot bred.

Then, how can I sleep while this etching goes on?
 'Twere folly to hope it, in downiest bed;
 It curdles my blood and it turns me to stone,
 For, in fancy, already they crawl on me dead,
 The cold, creeping worms in the old wainscot bred.

But is there no thought to be found,
 Can stifle this shudder and dread?
 Oh yes! the Redeemer who watcheth around,
 Hath ransom'd the soul, when the body is dead,
 Hath ordain'd that the worm but on dust shall be fed:
 Then etch away worm! in the old wainscot bred.

Virginia.

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Portrait of Robert Morris, engraved by Heath.

—————*Samuel Johnson, LL.D. by Fairman.*

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ERRATUM.—Page 1. *dele* alluring.



W. Faithorne. Sculp.

Samuel Johnson, L.L.D.

THE PORT FOLIO,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1820.

No. II.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of Anacreon*; by J. E. HALL.

(Continued from Vol. X. p. 32.)

THESE words were accompanied by a sweet smile, which played upon her lips as she uttered them. At the same time a slave brought some goblets of wine. She gave one to Anacreon, and having tasted of another, presented it to me. After testifying her kindness towards me in this manner, she withdrew.*

When she had left the apartment she became the subject of our conversation. Anacreon acknowledged that she was exquisitely beautiful, and he added that he thought my suit would not be unsuccessful. The hope that the predictions of my friend might one day be verified, threw me into raptures. I resolved to apply myself most sedulously to those pursuits which would place me in a rank worthy of the husband of Myrilla. But when I contrasted the present situation of my breast, agitated as it was by alternate emotions, with my former careless life, I was almost in doubt which to prefer. I took the lyre of Anacreon and sung these lines to him :

How light I liv'd, how free from care,
Before I saw the lovely fair ;
No anxious thoughts disturb'd my breast,
And all my mind repos'd at rest.

* In Greece it was an evidence of some degree of partiality in a young lady, to suffer one who courted her favour to drink after her from the same vessel.

Then jocund pass'd my happy days;
Gayly I sang my sportive lays;
For Love had never fir'd my brain,
And I had never tasted pain.

But Fate had doom'd a sudden change,
And stopp'd my gay excursive range.
No more to bask in Fancy's beams
She mix'd my sleep with Cupid's dreams.

Myrilla danc'd before my sight,
Like twinkling star in gloomy night:
Myrilla, pride of Grecian maids,
Whose praises fill the Grecian glades.

Young Anthes, the brother of Myrilla, having joined us, he proposed a walk, to which we assented. We strolled for some time about the streets of Athens; at length we bent our steps towards the environs of the city, and in a few minutes arrived at a delightful spot on the banks of the Ilissus, without the walls, where it was believed that Boreas had seized the nymph Orythya, and taken her from her companions, who were disporting in the river.*

Here we sat down, and Anacreon continued the conversation he had commenced. He was endeavouring to convince our young companion, of the benefit to be derived from a taste for reading,†

* Paus. Lib. 1. ch. 2.

† The spirit of this country is so truly mercantile, that few pursuits are regarded which have not wealth for their object; and a life of study is generally derided as a life of idleness. Yet to a contemplative mind it is pleasing to reflect upon the manner in which some of the wisest and best men passed their days.

I converse, as usual, says Gay in a letter to his friend Mr. West, with none but the dead: they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them. You will not wonder, therefore, that I, who live only in times past, am able to tell you no news of the present. *I have drank and sung with Anacreon for the last fortnight*, and am now feeding sheep with Theocritus.

In a letter to Minutius Fundanus, Pliny says, "In my peaceful retreat at Laurentum, I neither hear nor speak any thing of which I have occasion to repent. There I live undisturbed by rumour, and free from the anxious solitudes of hope or fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! pleasing and honourable repose! more perhaps to be desired than employments of any other kind! . . . Thou solemn and solitary

"which can be estimated," said he, "only by those who possess it. Books," he continued, "are not only valuable as a source of amusement, but they may be esteemed as our best instructors, next to experience, through life. Oral advice loses its influence through a variety of causes. The teacher's delicacy too often induces him to spare the feelings of one who has rendered himself obnoxious to reproof; and the pupil, in return, will condemn the precepts of him, whose moral character is not superior to his own. But that advice which is presented to us by the pen of the moralist, is divested of all personal considerations. He need not be penurious of censure, who knows not whom it will offend; nor will the false pride of another be wounded, who forms resolutions of amendment in the seclusion of his own closet. Ethological works constitute a sort of altar, before which the ingenuous student may confess his faults, and no one will know his frailties; and if he turn not away from the vestibule, he may become virtuous, before the world shall know that he has been vicious."

"It is the peculiar advantage of this enjoyment," said Anacreon, "that it is not indebted either to time or place for the fascination it possesses. Whether the student trim his midnight lamp amid the smoke of the city, or indulge his fancy beneath the shade of beechen boughs, let him be surrounded by his books and his pleasure is still the same. They have power to dispel the gloom of distress, by lifting up the discontented countenance, and they can brighten the heavy brow with cheerfulness."

"What is more delightful, my dear Anthes, than to know, that in every vicissitude of fortune to which fate has doomed us, we shall still find a friend? In the deepest gloom of adversity, or amid the transports of joy, a book will teach the resignation of fortitude, or give a proper degree of moderation to the ebullitions of mirth."

"With such a taste, properly regulated, we are constantly surrounded with companions, who never leave us until we are weary, and return with alacrity at our call. They inform, amuse, and instruct, by describing the habits and manners of various countries;

shores, best and most retired scenes for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have ye inspired me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first occasion of leaving the noisy town, with all its frivolous pursuits, and devote your days to study, or even resign them to indolence."

they teach us how some kingdoms have been subverted and others exalted; they hold out a beacon to caution us against the impetuosity of the zealot, and the hypocrisy of the patriot; and if we would listen to the voice of the Muses, we may be conducted to fragrant bowers, where they whisper their sweetest inspirations.*"

"Ah," replied Anthes, "if my genius were so happily versatile as yours has been formed, I would willingly leave the merry carousal for the shades of the Academus, and return to the song and the cup after having listened to the philosophers. I am deeply impressed with the truth of your observations, but unfortunately, when I would pursue the path which prudence dictates, some envious demon steps in to allure me, by irresistible temptations, from my duty. I cannot contend with fate."

"You mistake, my young friend. This is not required of you; but you are advised to subdue improper inclinations. Your rank and wealth may one day place you in the council of the Amphictyons, where you must deliberate upon questions of great import to the interest and safety of your country. It is therefore necessary to discipline your mind to wisdom, and not suffer it to be enervated by idleness and dissipation."

"Well," said Anthes, "I will endeavour to abandon all gaming,† and abstain from the other modes of dissipation in which I have been immersed."

* Seldon, an old lawyer, whose sterling sense is not the less valuable for being obscured by the rust of black letter, has said, that "patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains this chiefest good, that in all fortunes *he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.*"

† In the *Palamedes* of M. Souter, may be found a very copious list of the Grecian games of hazard, which were very numerous. See also the treatise of M. De Pauw on the *Alea veterum*, as well as on the *Grecia ludibunda*. There is no doubt but that dice were known among the ancients. Meursden, who was a most laborious compiler, in his *Lud. Græc.* mentions them. So does *Æschyl.* in *Agam.* v. 33. *Plat. de Rep.* lib. 6. The Abbé Barthélemy mentions, that M. de Peiresc had in his possession an antique calendar, ornamented with drawings. At the month of January there was a representation of a man holding a dice box in his hand, in the act of throwing the dice into a sort of tower, which is placed on the edge of a chequer-board. It may be added, that the portico of Minerva, at Phaleris, is celebrated as the principal scene of Grecian gambling.

Anacreon exhorted him to persevere in this resolution, and thus their conversation terminated.

Of all the people of Greece, none are more infected with the vice of gambling than the Athenians. Immoderate in their desires and extravagant in their pleasures, no public calamity or domestic misfortune prevents them from the indulgence of this propensity. At the most critical juncture of affairs, are they to be seen roving on the banks of Strymon, diverting themselves with rash bets on combats of cocks or quails. In order to evade the rigour of the Areopagus, they retire to places beyond the jurisdiction of the police of the capital. Thus, by bribes to the Demarchs,* they obtain safe asylums at Phaleris and Sciron. At these places, and at the Symposia of the Eranes,† did this young man sacrifice

* The *Δυναστοι*, were the chief officers of the *Δαμα*, or boroughs, of which Attica was divided into one hundred and seventy-four. (Eustath. note on the Iliad B.—Strabo l. 9.) Their duty was to assemble the people under their jurisdiction, whose names were registered, and preside at the election of senators and magistrates chosen by lot. Sometimes they were called *Ναυαγοι*, and the boroughs *Ναυαγιας*, being obliged, besides two horsemen, to fit out one ship for the public. Har. Grec. Antiq. 33.

† The greater part of the Athenians belonged to particular societies, *ΕΡΑΝΕΣ*, which contributed both to the increase of patriotism and luxury. Each member had to deposit a certain sum monthly in the common treasury; and this was destined for the relief of associates who laboured under particular misfortunes, such as an inability either in the payment of a fine, or the maintenance of credit at a critical moment. But as soon as circumstances would admit of such an arrangement, they were obliged to refund the principal sums, without however being liable to either discount or interest. *Harpocrat. at the word* ΕΡΑΝΙΣΤΗΣ.

These assemblies, often tumultuous, were sometimes subject to serious disorders. Either the directors accused the members of violating their engagements, and neglecting to pay the stipulated quota at the expiration of each month, or they, in turn, were reproached with the crime of enriching themselves at the expense of the society, by certain stratagems, which the Greeks termed *subtilties*, but which we should call *frauds*. On this account the Athenians, who had already established one tribunal for the theatre, and another for *good sayings*, added a third to decide the disputes of the Eraniasts. This tribunal had a particular code of laws, which was called ΕΡΑΙΚΟΙ ΝΟΜΟΙ.

Their nocturnal feasts were called Symposia. De Pauw.

It is presumed that such persons only, as are mentioned by Critias, attended these banquets.

all the fine ornaments of a luxurious mind, and the domestic peace of a doating family. His mistress eclipsed all the courtezans of Athens in the sumptuous magnificence of her car, and the rare beauty of the white mules by which she was drawn. His *Eschatizæ** were decorated with the finest paintings and statues, by which the appearance of the lofty trees that nodded from the summits of the hills, and the humble streams that murmured through the vallies, was delightfully diversified. But his favourite retirement was at a spacious house which he had erected on the brow of Hymettus. This is a spot where the bounty of nature appears to have banished every thing that can inspire the mind with cheerfulness. The towering pinnacle of the mountain commands an extensive view of the greater part of the continent of Greece, that absolutely wearies the eye of admiration. Near

* THE *ESCHATIZÆ* were rural retreats, upon the improvement of which vast sums were expended by the Athenians. There were many where the vine and the olive were cultivated, and every art was employed to ripen vegetables before their natural period of maturity. Some of these possessions are said to have exceeded forty stadia, or four miles in circumference. There remains a very minute account of one, which was situated in the canton of Citheron, at the foot of Mount Parnes. Its annual produce, according to successive estimates, amounted to five talents and sixteen minæ, or somewhat less than one thousand pounds sterling. Demosth. *Pleading against Phœnippus*.

Exclusive of establishments destined principally to agricultural pursuits, the different vallies contained many others which were consecrated only to pleasure. That of Herodius Atticus was considered by the ancients as, of all others, the most romantic and enchanting. It was watered by several streams, which descended from the brow of Mount Pentelichus, and murmured amidst venerable woods, that darkened their windings through the vale, until they emptied into the great Cephissus, in the vicinity of Athens. Spacious vistas were screened from the rays of the sun, by the foliage of lofty trees; and while the eye reposed on rich verdure, the ear was charmed with the melody of birds, or soothed by the dying cadence of a distant echo. Even at this day, many fragments of inscriptions have been found there; and such ornaments were in general but too numerous, from that spirit of excess so prevalent among the Greeks. Aul. Gell. *At. Nect.* Philost. *The Marbles of Oxford.* De Pauw.

It was the sight of this expensive luxury, in which the senators, the archons, and the areopagites were equally involved, that induced Pericles to exclaim, "Citizens of Athens! you have banished every generous sentiment, and are occupied alone in erecting works to increase the ostentation of your gardens." Thucyd. lib. 11.

its base may be distinctly seen the streets of Athens, and the path to the very gates of Eleusis, through a row of statues and mausoleums, dedicated to the memory of heroes, and ancient temples consecrated to the worship of the gods. Beyond the city the innumerable isles that arise in the ocean, and are scattered along the western coast of Attica are faintly distinguished from the billows that lash their shores; the spectator beholds fleets of vessels fluttering their white sails to the wind, and pushing the waves on either side as they direct their course around the mountain, to the ports of Ægina, Corinth, or the harbour of Piræus.

Here the avarice of nature is never experienced, but all that can delight the eye or gratify the sense, almost spontaneously issues from the willing earth. The busy hum of the bee, inculcates the happiness of easy industry, and the melody of poetry is inspired by the warbling of birds.

Hither the companions of Anthes often retired from the severity of the philosophers to riot in the luxuries of wealth. They introduced their nocturnal orgies with a plenteous supper, at which the choicest viands allured the taste, and the mellow wines of Lesbos and Thasus exhilarated the brain. Courtezans and female dancers were admitted to these bacchanalian rites, and singers rehearsed, in thrilling measures, the loves of Bacchus and Ariadne.

We returned to the city and refreshed ourselves in a bath, after which we dined together. Anthes, whether from mortification or affliction I know not, had lost all his gayety. The poet endeavoured to rouse him from the lethargy into which he seemed to have fallen, by a song which he gave us accompanied by his harp.

AWAKE TO LIFE, &c.*

Awake to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell ;

* This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, and it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet in whom time has preserved such partial relics. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon. M.

And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour
To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which as my trembling lips repeat,
Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
As down Cayster's tide he floats,
Plays with his snowy plumage fair
Upon the wanton murmuring air,
Which amorously lingers round,
And sighs responsive sound for sound!
Muse of the Lyre! illumine my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze!
I sing the love which Daphne twin'd
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this æthereal youth of light;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!
The God pursu'd, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when he thought to hear the sigh
With which enamour'd virgins die,
He only heard the pensive air
Whispering amid her leafy hair!
But, oh my soul! no more—no more!
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly-mad'ning dream of soul
Has hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre :^{*}
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note !
And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has left the Paphian star's controul,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine !

By this means Anacreon gradually relaxed the severity of his brow, and taught the happy art of relieving the labours of the closet by the joys of music and wine.

After the expiration of a few days, when I went again to visit Myrilla, I learnt from a slave that she was extremely ill. The grief into which I was plunged by this intelligence, was inexpressibly great. What anguish tore my bosom, when I reflected that those eyes might never regain their lustre ! how my veins throbbed when I ventured to hope that I might again behold her smile ; I repaired to my favourite bower on the banks of the Ilyssus, and the powers of love and fancy there combined to produce an ode to the goddess who presides over the health of mortals—the ever youthful daughter of Æsculapius.

* The original is *Τὸν Ἀνακρεοντα μιμνῶ*. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon ; though I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τὸν Ἀνακρεοντα μιμνῶ, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist ; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon ? If morality too, with some little reserve, I think we might not blush to follow in his footsteps. For if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent ; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing ? When we think of the sentiment in those lines :

Away ! I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,

how many are there in the world, to whom we would wish to say, *Τὸν Ἀνακρεοντα μιμνῶ* ! Μ.

THE INVOCATION.

Hygeia! rosy, dimpled maid,
 Come—I claim thy healing aid.
 And bring thy mild, enchanting smile;
 Oh quickly come! our grief beguile.
 Lo! on the bed of fell disease,
 Myrilla, form'd all hearts to please,
 Is rack'd by vile and vexing pains:
 Oh come! I woo thee in my strains.

Restore her eyes their humid blue,
 Give to her cheeks their wonted hue,
 Reanimate her form divine,
 And let her smiles with lustre shine:
 Revive again her cheerful voice,
 And make a mourner's heart rejoice.
 Oh! hasten nymph, and with thee bring
 All the balms that from thee spring.

Lo! here I linger, by this stream,
 Musing o'er hope's delusive dream—
 Here I waste my gloomy days,
 While round me Zephyr softly plays;
 I strive to soothe my troubled mind,
 But I, alas! no peace can find.
 Here Myrilla oft did stray
 By the moonlight's pallid ray,
 And as we mark'd the setting beam
 Playing on the placid stream:
 While hope essay'd my breast to cheer,
 With words of love I won her ear.
 But now no more I love the scene,
 For here no more the maid is seen.
 In vain I seek the well known shade,
 And hopeless wander through the glade.

Then grant her, nymph, thy healing power,
 To cheer disease's gloomy hour.
 This boon thou'lt surely not refuse,
 When courted by a youthful muse.
 A votive wreath of flowers I bring,
 I strike to thee the plausive string;
 Through ev'ry clime, o'er ev'ry main,
 Thy name shall echo in my strain.

Then come, Hygeia! dimpled maid,
 Exert o'er her thy healing aid;
 Haste, oh nymph, and with thee bring
 All the joys that from thee spring.

When I had written these lines I sent them to Myrilla, and bent my sorrowful steps towards the Piræus, where I was accosted by a slave, who presented me with a letter from one of my friends. From this I learned that my brother still continued his intimacy with the lovely Lais, and that his excessive prodigality would ruin my mother. He therefore advised me to return immediately, and take some decisive measures to preserve my own patrimony. He concluded by reminding me of the fable which our countrymen Æsop, who was then at the court of Cræsus the Lydian, had written. It was that in which the ingenious fabulist introduces a raven, who drops the food from her mouth, while displaying the melody of her voice.

Surprised and alarmed by this intelligence, I went to the chamber of Anacreon. He met me on the portico.

"I am summoned to Samos" said he, as he took my hand. "That is fortunate, for I am obliged to go thither myself." I then gave him the letter which I had received, and he, in return, showed me the following :

"POLYCRATES of Samos, King, to Anacreon the poet, now sojourning at Athens :

Such reports are daily brought to me, oh Anacreon, of thy skill in playing on the harp, and of the mirth of those who enjoy the festive carousal with thee, that I can no longer resist the desire I feel to see thee at my court. Therefore have I commanded our trusty captain, Eumedes, to select a barge with fifty oars to bear thee across the wide waters that roll between us.

Come speedily, and welcome shall greet thee upon our threshold. And bring with thee, oh Poet, thy enchanting lyre, for there be many among us, who reverence the secret powers of harmony, and love to seek those who sweetly strike the seven-stringed instrument."

While we were deliberating whether we should go, Anthes joined us, and the intelligence he communicated soon determined our irresolution. He presented Anacreon a letter, which he said he had just received from a friend, who resided at the court to which the father of Eurypyle had been sent. It contained the mournful intelligence that Eurypyle, seduced from her fidelity by the glitter of gold, had married a lover more wealthy than he, to whom she had pledged her vows.

"Now" said Anacreon, "am I ready to go whither you would lead me. Women, ever fair and ever delusive, cannot be less beautiful nor less deceitful at Samos, than they are at Athens."

"But why should I go to regal courts, and join the jovial banquet. Eurypyle, the bright object of all my desires, with whom I had hoped to live the latter part of my days, serene and calm, like the mild beams of the setting sun,—Eurypyle is faithless, and there is no truth in woman. The venal fair has given to another that hand which she vowed should be only mine—my peace is gone—my heart is broken."

He then seized his lyre, and the strings trembled beneath the fingers of their impassioned master.

THE SORDID FAIR.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
 And not to love more painful still;
 But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
 To love and not be lov'd again!
 Affection now has fled from earth,
 Nor fire of Genius, light of birth,
 Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
 From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
 Gold is the woman's only theme,
 Gold is the woman's only dream.
 Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
 Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
 Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
 Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
 Since that devoted thirst began,
 Man has forgot to feel for man;
 The pulse of social life is dead,
 And all its fonder feelings fled!
 War too has sullied Nature's charms,
 For gold provokes the world to arms!
 And oh! the worst of all its art,
 I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

I endeavoured to calm his transports by suggesting the probability that the correspondent of Anthes had been mistaken in his information. I reminded him of the anguish she betrayed when they parted, and the earnestness of her tone when she entreated him not to forget her. I took his instrument and strove to please him by singing her praises, in one of his own songs.

"Ah! my dear Critias, you would amuse my fancy with new dreams of felicity—but in vain—the delusion has vanished. I bid an eternal adieu to the too lovely Eurypyle, and amid other scenes I will banish from my mind the painful recollection of her charms and her treachery."

In a mournful and tremulous cadence, he then sang the following ode :

FARE thee well perfidious maid !
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl ! by thee,
Is now on wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceased to love me here !

“ Now am I ready to accompany you to Samos. It is true that I find at Athens every thing that is necessary to gratify one whose desires are not too inordinate for contentment. Pisistratus claims our admiration by his justice, his moderation, and his liberality. He has no less distinguished himself by his address and eloquence at home, than he formerly did by his valour in the field. The salutary laws which he has enforced or enacted, prove that he has devoted himself to the service of his country. He has established an extensive public library, and his munificence maintains around him many literary men. But the favour of princes is inconstant like the smiles of woman, and a short absence will give a zest to our next meeting. For this reason I am resolved to go ; yet I shall leave our friends—the companions of our social hours, with great regret.”

Finding that he was now resolved to go, I left him to prepare for our departure. I repaired to the house of Myrilla to bid her adieu, for I had become convinced of the futility of the pursuit in which I had engaged, and feared that no perseverance could accomplish my object. A slave informed me that she was absent from home, having departed from the city in the morning on an excursion of pleasure. He added that Tydeus was of the party. This was such a confirmation of my doubts, that I could hesitate no longer.

“ Happy Tydeus ! scornful Myrilla ?” I exclaimed, “ ye shall no longer be interrupted by me. Pluck the buds of pleasure as they bloom, and leave the thorn to me ; but like the faithful bird which sings so sweetly in the agonies of departing life,* I will show thee, Myrilla, that in my last moments I did not forget my love.”

* It is a common belief that the cygnet warbles its most melodious notes in its expiring moments. But naturalists assure us that is an extravagant

With these words I seized my tablets and inscribed the following lines, in which I endeavoured to depict the progress of my attachment. •

TO MYRILLA.

When Cupid every thought enchains,
And grief bedims the joyless eye ;
The Muses kindly wisper strains,
Which sing that hope shall never die.

They bid their vot'ry string his lyre •
And tell the joys from love that flow ;
Or rouse the Poet's lambent fire,
To sing the pains of ling'ring woe.

Lo ! how the chords obedient move,
For love has tun'd the willing strings ;
Young Cupids round him lightly rove,
And fan him with their goss'mer wings, .

They place before his raptur'd eyes,
The forms of her who won his heart ;
Each little love around him flies
And whispers, they shall never part.

Ah ! ye deceitful dreams, no more
Shall ye beguile the lonely hour,
In other climes I'll soon explore
Those placid skies that never low'r !

Too long has fancy's dazzling ray,
With meteor glare deceiv'd my eye ;
Too long believ'd the cheating lay,
That told me hope would never die !

opinion. The fiction is not confined to the similes of poets, but has been countenanced by orators and philosophers. Horace, in his ode *ad Melpomēnem*, says,

Oh, mutis quoque piscibus
Donaturi cycni, si libeat, sonum.

Od. iii. Lib. iv.

The ultimate speech which Crassus made to the senate previous to his death, has been compared to the strains of the expiring cygnet. *Illa tanquam cycnea fuit divini hominis vox et oratio. De Orat. L. iii. n. 6.* And it was an expression of Socrates that good men ought to imitate swans, which by an instinctive divination, perceive the advantage of death, and expire with joy in the very act of singing. *Providentes quid in morte boni sit, cum cantu et voluptate moriuntur. Tusc. Qu. l. 1. n. 73.*

About midnight we met near the Digma on the Piræus, and embarked on board our vessel. Being favoured with a gentle breeze, we were quickly wafted out of the harbour. The cabin into which we were conducted, was as magnificent as if it had been prepared for the accommodation of a prince. Gold and silver shone on every side, and there were books and musical instruments to beguile our time.

"Now," I exclaimed, "do I see that poetry is the most excellent of all endowments: even should you not continue the discourse you once promised me, and prove by dint of reasoning, that it has a just title to that preference, yet the testimony which a monarch gives in this single instance, will make me place poets above all rhetoricians, legislators, and warriors."

"Ah, my friend," said Anacreon, "I see that this reason rather dazzles your imagination, than convinces your judgment. Or, perhaps, you would seize upon this occasion to flatter me, and you wait for some more solid proof of the excellence of poetry."

"No," I replied, "lend me your harp, and you shall see how ardent is my admiration of this noble art."

As I said these words he gave me the instrument, and I sung an address

TO THE MUSE.

What shall I do to gain the poet's fire,
And learn, with skilful hand, to strike the lyre?
To sing in artless notes the tuneful lay,
That holds, where'er 'tis heard, its powerful sway?

Oh, let me catch young fancy's brightest beams,
To gild with gayest tints my varied themes,
And let not genius blush with shame, to own
The lowly labours of th' ambitious son.

If with heroic deeds my breast be fir'd,
Be then my pen by ev'ry muse inspir'd;
And when with tears I sing the tale of wo,
May my rude lines the feeling bosom show.

But when I dare, with soft and feeble voice,
To sing of joys to love's first choice,
Teach me the happy art that can controul
Her ev'ry wish, and move at will her soul.

While to her list'ning ear the music plays,
O'er her fair form let me enraptur'd gaze,
And then with love's admiring eye pursue,
Each new-born beauty starting into view.

Let her not bid me drink of Lethe's stream,
Nor on Parnassian mountains vainly dream;
For no command can force me to forget,
When first for her my heart's wild pulses beat.

'Twas when the flow'r's did shed their spring perfume,
And fields were smiling in their brightest bloom;
Cheer'd by the scene, the birds with rapture sung,
And with their notes the green-clad branches rung:

Hard by a stream with careless steps I stray'd,
And on its banks I saw a slumb'ring maid;
Oh! e'er remember'd be that happy hour—
Then first I felt the force of Cupid's power.

Ye gods, what raptures did within me rise,
When she unclos'd her humid sparkling eyes!
May that green spot with roses sweet be strew'd,
Where first the slumb'ring maid so fair I view'd.

But why need I the tale of love prolong—
Since then to her I've tuned my daily song.
Yet all in vain—no vows can move the fair,
And soon my hopes shall sink in sad despair.

After making a few remarks upon this effusion of the moment, Anacreon changed the subject to poetry itself.

"Poetry," said he, "is not only estimable from the respect which is paid to it by kings and princes, but from the sublimity which the gods themselves deign to infuse into it.* Every one

* Poetry, like electricity, communicates its fire to every thing it touches, and animates and embellishes whatever it treats of. There seems to be no subject in the universe to which poetry cannot be applied, and that it cannot render equally elegant and pleasing.

Elements of Universal Erudition.

Of that fertility of invention in the poetic mind which can at pleasure dignify the little and render the great familiar, I need scarcely adduce any examples to the select few, who, in the stillness of solitude, have listened to the inspirations of the muse.

On a trifling dispute between the treasurer and the chanter of an obscure village church, where a reading-desk should be placed, Boileau has founded

will acknowledge that man has not been endowed with a more noble faculty than the power of reasoning : and since poetry, being the most fascinating, is the most irresistible manner of reasoning, it follows, that it is the most excellent faculty of human nature."

" Though poets profess fiction, yet their true intention is to steal upon the heart, and inculcate lessons for human action. By this means, while they please, they inform ; while they dazzle the eye by the glitter of their rays, they are a brilliant light to illumine the dark : thus do they fascinate the fancy while they soften the heart and improve the understanding. They are not merely meteors that sparkle for a moment and then become hid in obscurity ; nor flowers, fragrant and fair, that are born to blush for a moment and then decay : but they may be compared to the sturdy oak, whose leaves delight the eye, and afford shelter to the wearied traveller, and from whose lofty top, which defies the fury of the storms, he may look calmly around and survey the variegated face of nature."

" Such were our ancestors in the golden age, when men yet held converse with the gods. Go back to ages still more remote, and you will find all the sciences rendered more captivating by

his *LUTHER*. The *FAN* of Gay " delights," as Pope said to the author, " both the eye and the sense of the fair." The moral Cowper has sung the *SORA* in strains which will be read as long as lively delineations of rural scenery and accurate observations on human nature, can afford pleasure. On the *RAP* of the *LOCK*, Pope has erected a pillar to his fame which attests the genuine poet. See also the *CYDER* of Phillips, the *FLEBOX* of Dyer, &c. &c.

Whence shoots this sudden flash ?—

The god—the god comes rushing on his soul ;

Fires with *etherial vigour* every part,
Through every limb he seems to dart,
Works in each vein and swells his rising heart. }

Deep in his breast the heav'nly tumult plays,

And sets his mounting spirit in a blaze.

He quits mortality, he knows no bounds,

But sings inspired, in more than human sounds.

Nor from his breast can shake th' immortal load,

But pants and raves, impatient of the god ;

And wrapt beyond himself, admires the force

That drives him on reluctant to the course.

Trans. from Vida's Art of Poetry.

the charms of poetry. All the most remarkable epochs of elder time are preserved in verse; and historians, legislators, philosophers, and priests, have not disdained to employ poetry as the vehicle of instruction. As instances, I need only mention Orpheus, Musæus, Hesiod, and Homer, who were the true sages of their time.”*

“But if, quitting the Greeks, we inquire into the progress of poetry among those whom we call barbarians, but from whom, perhaps, we derive a considerable portion of our knowledge, we shall find the spirit of poetry among the Egyptians, although their laws have discountenanced it. All their precepts of religion and morality are conveyed or represented by painted symbols, to which they annex peculiar ideas: and it is by these natural characters or emblematical signs alone, that their correspondence has been maintained, the remarkable events in their history transmitted to posterity, and their wisdom delighted and astonished an admiring world.”

“Would you figure vigilance? It is denoted by a lion which sleeps with his eyes open. They represent the duration of time by the figure of a serpent which forms a circle biting his own tail: and to show the ingratitude of a child towards its own parent, they paint a viper, whose bowels are devoured by its own offspring. So it is in other respects, in which we see fiction so lively and interesting, that I doubt whether we have any thing more perfect of the kind.”

“I am aware that it has been objected to poetry by superficial observers, that it is conducive to the corruption of manners. But how his talents can be said to be corruptive, whose province it is to describe nature as she really exists, I am at a loss to imagine. It is the business of the epic poet to narrate important events, and to confer on the hero the reward that is due to integrity in design and bravery in execution. At the same time he exhibits in proper colours the folly of ambition, the baseness of treachery, and the guilt of rebellion.† The didactic poet produces, from the

* Les poètes parmi les Grecs, says L’Abbe Fleury, étoient leurs prophètes, ils les regardoient comme les amis des Dieux, et comme des hommes inspires; et avoient pour leurs ouvrages un respect approchant, si j’ose en faire la comparaison, de celui que nous avons pour les saintes écritures.

Traité du Choix et de la Méthode des Etudes.

† Horace says the subjects of an epic poem are,

— res gestæ regumque, ducumque.

stores of a fertile mind, the lessons of experience and the dictates of wisdom : he inculcates his maxims with the zeal of honesty, enforces them by the strength of reason, and decorates them with the embellishments of harmony. Like the skilful anatomist, he probes the innermost recesses of the mind, and investigates the inflections of the passions, as they are occasioned by the casual varieties of individual habit or general custom. He is alike regardless of the censure or applause of his own time, because he knows that human nature is invariable, and, therefore, that he who inculcates the abstract principles of rectitude, must be eternally right. He produces a mirror not less adapted to cotemporary contemplation, than to the thoughts and manners of posterity. The amatory poet, with the genius that creates, and the imagination that warms, describes the raptures of love, and warns us against the miseries of vicious passion. It is his duty to show the superiority of that virtuous affection which springs from the heart, over those loose desires which arise solely from the impetuosity of depraved appetite. He who does not write thus debases himself, and degrades his profession. His name may be applauded for a time among the idle and the profligate, but the sober will avoid him, and the cheek of modesty be tinged with a blush when his lays are recited."

"But it would be tedious and unnecessary to describe the aim and province of the different classes of poets. By their brilliancy of fancy, fertility of allusion, loftiness of diction, and distinctness of argument, they aid the researches of the philosopher, instil the tenderest emotions into the soul of the lover, and impel the hero to brave the hottest carnage of the field: they give morality to the grave, and furnish an inexhaustible fund of wit for the gay."

"The poet is a character at once the most honoured and enviable. When he would sing in a lofty strain, and aspires to record the achievements of the brave, he is immediately disencumbered of those selfish considerations which bind us to a sluggish world. His soul becomes inspired with those generous feelings which warm the breast of his hero. In the solitude of the midnight hour, he contemplates the silent moon, or strays on the banks of

and Ariostotele, from whom he borrows this precept, says, that epic poetry has this in common with tragedy; that it is a discourse in verse, and an imitation of the actions of great persons, &c.

a bubbling stream. His imagination is kindled into enthusiasm, and his soul communes with spirits of other regions. He subsides into a delicious reverie, when he reflects that his busy brain must soon be still, and the chambers of those warm conceptions filled by clay : that the faint rays of each expiring sun for many distant ages will light upon his tomb, over which the wild olive will flourish in unfading vigour : and that successive generations will revere the fame of him who sung the deeds of the brave and the loves of the tender. He knows that he will be remembered when the sword of the conqueror has been destroyed by rust, and the rank thistle waves on the decayed column.”*

* I cannot resist the temptation of inserting a most animated passage on this subject, from *Baron Bieffeld's UNIVERSAL ERUDITION*.

Speaking of poets, the Baron eloquently observes, that they are all of one ancient and illustrious family, whose first parent was the God of GENIUS himself. Amidst those thick clouds, he continues, which envelop the first ages of the world, reason and history throw some lights upon their origin and the primitive employment of their divine art. Before the invention of letters, all the people of the earth had no other method of transmitting to their descendants the principles of their worship, their religious ceremonies, their laws, and the renowned actions of their sages and heroes, than by poetry : which included all these objects in a sort of hymns sung by fathers, in order to engrave them with indelible strokes upon their hearts. History not only informs us that Moses and Miriam, the first authors that are known to mankind, sung, on the borders of the Red Sea, a song of Divine praise, to celebrate the deliverance which the Almighty had vouchsafed to the people of Israel, by opening a passage for them through the waters, but it has transmitted to us the song itself, which is at once the most ancient monument and a master piece of poetical composition.

The Greeks, a people the most ingenious, the most animated, and, in every sense, the most accomplished, but at the same time the most ambitious, that the world ever produced : the Greeks strove to ravish from the Hebrews the precious gift which they had derived from the inspiration of the Supreme Author of all nature, that they might ascribe it to their imaginary deities. According to their ingenious fiction, Apollo became the god of poetry, and dwelt on the hills of Parnassus, Phocis, and Helicon, whose feet were washed by the waters of Hippocrene, of which each mortal that drank, was seized with a sacred delirium. The immortal swans floated upon its waves. Apollo was accompanied by the Muses, those nine learned sisters, the daughters of Memory, and he was constantly attended by the Graces. Pegasus, his winged courser, transported him with a rapid flight, into all the regions of the universe. Happy emblems ! by which we, at this day, embellish our poetry, as no one has ever yet been able to invent more brilliant images.

Anacreon here ceased; and fearing that he might be weary, I called a slave to us with some wine, and proposed, that having quaffed a bumper of Chian, and amused ourselves with a few songs, we should retire to rest. Anacreon accordingly sang several odes to his harp, but I have preserved only the following fragments :

I bloom'd awhile, in happy flower,
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I fell, like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow !

Let me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death
To sooth my misery !

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine :
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul !

He then retired to his couch, but there were reflections which prevented me from sleeping. I thought upon what I had just heard ; and, by an association by no means uncommon in the mind of a lover, the form of the beauteous Myrilla, lovely, faithful, and kind, was presented to my fond imagination. The solemn stillness of the evening, faintly interrupted at intervals, by the sullen sound of the oar, and the unruffled surface of the water, on which

The literary annals of all nations afford vestiges of poetry from the remotest ages. They are found among the most savage of the ancient barbarians, and the most desolate of all the Americans. Nature asserts her rights in every country and in every age. Tacitus mentions the verses and the hymns of the Germans, at the same time when that rough people inhabited the woods, and while their manners were yet savage. The first inhabitants of Russia, and the other northern countries, those of Gaul, Albion, Iberia, Austria, and other nations of Europe had their poetry, as well as the ancient people of Asia and of the known borders of Africa.

the silver rays of the moon fantastically played, increased the felicity of the flattering reverie in which I indulged. As the phantoms of delight danced before my enraptured imagination, a melancholy sadness stole over my mind, when I reflected how many painful days and anxious nights must roll over me, before I could claim the hand which was still the object of my thoughts. How eagerly did I gaze upon the clear disk of the moon, and read the characters which love had traced ! She bade me not to weary in my labour—not to be dismayed by difficulties—she promised to mourn with me in misfortune, and to exult in my successes !

Such were the reflections which the visions of Hope inspired, and the muse lent her aid in the pleasing delusion.

REFLECTIONS AT SEA ON A MOONLIGHT EVENING.

'Tis sweet upon the vessel's side
To stand, and view the passing tide,
Sadly to mark the silent scene
In summer evening's close serene ;
To muse on one, who far away,
Perhaps beholds this setting ray ;
And at the sight may think, the while,
What welcome words, what cheerful smile,
Shall greet the youth whose love-taught toil,
Has driv'n him from his native soil.

Such thoughts can sweetly soothe the soul
That bends, a slave, to Love's controul !
Heedless he hears old ocean roar,
And waste his fury on the shore :
Tranquil and calm, he boldly braves
The howling hurricane and dashing waves.

Gay Hope then gilds with brightest rays
The prospect of his future days.
Around his couch she darts her beams,
And bathes in bliss his shadowy dreams.

In gloomy hours a silent tear
May mark the steps of life's career :
To distant climes when forc'd away
He sadly chides the ling'ring day :
Yet Hope is kindly hov'ring nigh,
His soul to soothe, his tear to dry.
Soft she whispers future pleasures
Tasting Cupid's richest treasures.

Fancy too, brings her witching aid
And shows the absent beauteous maid ;
He sees those soft successful arts
Enchaining all beholders' hearts—
Her mirthful laugh, and winning smile,
Her love-fraught glance and luring wile—
The same the lustre of that eye
Where sportful loves in ambush lie—
The lily fair, or perfum'd rose,
That on her cheek alternate glows—
He hears her words, admir'd by all,
And soft the silver accents fall—
He hears her weave her artless lay,
Mildly severe—serenely gay.
Mounted on her radiant wing
He views afar Hope's joyful Spring ;
His hand awakes the warbling lyre,
To paint to one in glowing hues
The inspiration of his muse.

The music strikes Myrilla's ear !
And shall she, not unpleased, hear
It sounds ? and to her distant friend
Love's gratulations swiftly send ;
Bid his soul to rest in peace ;
Bid distrust from murmurs cease !
Free his mind from hopeless gloom,
And deck his cheek with joy's bright bloom !

The Loves whose wings around her fly
And for her safety hover nigh ;
Thrid through the ringlets of her hair,
Pleas'd to find their favourite fair
Knows nought of fear, nor coy disdain,
But has a heart for others' pain.

I hear, I hear, their murm'ring noise,
Assure me of our future joys,
List, list, my girl ! the buxom breeze
Wafts thy words o'er waving trees ;
How sweet they steal upon mine ear,
Like promises of bliss sincere !

Thus 'tis that Hope's delusive gleams
Will cheer youth's gay romantic dreams !
Yet when we claim her proffer'd aid,
To win the long sought, promised maid—
Alas ! we find she but beguiles,
Like woman's faithless, fleeting smiles !

Having transcribed the verses in my tablets, I sought a couch. The soft pensiveness which pervaded my bosom, calmly lulled my senses, and I was soon plunged into a total oblivion of the cares of the world; even the lovely Myrilla, and the charms of poetry, were forgotten

In the morning, when I arose, I found that Anacreon had left his bed before me. He was stretched beneath a purple canopy that had been extended to protect him from the rays of the sun.

"You are lazy," said he to me, "and your indolence has prevented you from enjoying one of the most beautiful of all spectacles. Had you been here when Aurora began to dawn, you would have seen an infinity of little isles, floating on the bosom of Neptune. Never did the sea shine more resplendently; not even on the auspicious morn, when Venus arose to scatter the flame of love through the world."

He was proceeding to depict in the vivid descant of an enthusiast, all those charms in which he so much delighted, when I interrupted him, by protesting that I had lost nothing: for his description was so lively, that he actually displayed the scenery before my eyes.

The sun rose propitious, and while a mild zephyr distended our greedy sails, a swallow swiftly glided over our heads. The incident furnished Anacreon with the idea of the following ode:

TO A SWALLOW.

Once in each revolving year,*
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;

* Bion speaks of Love as a bird.

It was the opinion generally received among the ancients, that swallows crossed the sea, on the approach of winter, in search of warmer climates. Thus Virgil *Æn.* 6. v. 311. *Transportum fugat, &c.* Ovid thought they hid themselves in the clefts of rocks. *Scopulis se condidit hirundo.* Pecklinius assures us that they retire to the bottom of the sea during the cold season; that it is common for the fishermen on the coasts of the *Baltic* to take them in their nets in large knots, clinging together by their bills and claws; and that upon their being brought into a warm room they will separate and begin to flutter about the room as in spring. Kercher affirms this extraordinary fact, and adds that they sometimes bury themselves in the ground. Vide Longpierre.

But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves,*
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One Urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And still as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these Cupids from my heart?
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear,
They will for ever nestle here?

* Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the Anthologia :

Αντ' ουκ εστιν ουκ εστιν ανθρωπος οτι φωνη; &c.

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been;
For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.

Oh bird of Love! with song so drear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
Oh! let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again! M.

Our repast was furnished where we were reclining. Besides the sumptuous abundance of the table, we were regaled with a concert in which all the melody of musick seemed to be united. We drunk the health of our generous provider, and the captain of the galley seized the opportunity to dilate on the praises of him whom he loved.

"Never was there such a monarch—Not even among the Romans who had produced so many illustrious men. He was the protector of the Sciences and the Arts. The most finished specimens of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, that could be obtained, were displayed in his palaces. He liberally cherished and supported men of genius and learning who resorted to his court as an asylum. He considered their presence an honour and also an advantage, for he was particularly desirous of preserving the Greek language in its classical purity, untainted by the corruptions of provincial dialects or foreign idioms."

"I could never conclude," continued the affectionate eulogist, "if I were to recount how much Samos is indebted the ambition of Polycrates, both to embellish and enrich it. You will soon witness these things yourselves, and you will see too, the happiness of a people who live in the daily consciousness that the single object of their sovereign's care, is, the promotion of their prosperity."

"As to strangers, he creates their love where he has not before excited it, or has been an object of envy. No power dares contest with him the empire of the *Ægean* Sea, and the haughty Lieutenants of Persia deign to court his alliance. Amasis, the great ruler of Egypt, is proud to call him his friend."*

"I am not surprized at the affection of the Samians for this Prince," said Anacreon. "It does not appear to me that in the boasted liberty which the other parts of Greece pretend they enjoy, they live so happily, as those whose intercourse is regulated and restrained by the wise, though rigid government of this monarch. I do not think that Polycrates, in assuming the Royalty, has made the most advantageous choice, as far as it regards his

* The honest captain's panegyrick has not the appearance of being the sullen praise of a depressed subject, nor is it the exaggerated eulogy of a grateful mind. The character of Polycrates has descended to posterity in the unbiassed suffrage of many a more celebrated, though certainly not a more faithful, chronicler than the present.

individual happiness: for the cares and trouble of legislating for so many people, must necessarily prevent him from participating in the joys of social-intercourse."

"That is very true," rejoined the officer, "but I must say that, however laborious may be the discharge of his duty, our king is not overburthened; but he seems to regulate every thing apparently with the greatest ease. He reconciles all the jarring interests of the different parties in his government with admirable adroitness, and he directs every thing without appearing to move. Yet he has no ministers, but searches out the grievances of his subjects, and redresses them without the aid of any intervening hand."

I know not how long our captain would have continued, had he not been obliged to leave us, to make preparations for a landing. We were conducted to a handsome house, which was pleasantly situated on the banks of the stream. It belonged to Polycrates, and the entertainment which we found was worthy of a prince.

A numerous retinue of slaves were prompt to satisfy all our wants, and in the evening the sweetest strains of harmony lulled us to repose. Meditating on the situation of Polycrates, and on the anxieties and vicissitudes to which a monarch is subjected, Anacreon composed the following ode, which he inscribed on the wall in one of the favourite alcoves of our beneficent host.

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own.
But, oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.*

* In the original, *μυρον καταβροχον υαμων*. On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his beard with unguents. But he should have known, that this was an ancient eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists: "Vous voyez Monsieur (says this traveller,) que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe, † célébré par le prophete Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours."

† "Sicut unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam Aaron. Pseaume 132."

To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
 As if to-morrow ne'er should shine ;
 But if to-morrow comes, why then—
 I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
 And thus while all our days are bright,
 Nor Time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
 Let us the festal hours beguile
 With mantling cup and cordial smile ;
 And shed from every bowl of wine
 The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine !
 For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
 May come, when least we wish him present,
 And beckon to the sable shore,
 And grimly bid us—drink no more !

We passed the night and one day at this rural retreat, and then returned to our galley, which soon bore us to the harbor of Samos.

The city of Samos was built on the island of that name, in the Ægean Sea, about two hundred years before the institution of the Olympick games.* From the verses of Asius, an ancient Samian, we learn that the island was formerly governed by Ancæus, the son of Neptune. At this time the inhabitants permitted the Ionians to reside among them, who afterwards drove them from the island. The exiled Samians settled on an island in Thrace, to

Lettre 12. Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angerianus has not thought the idea inconsistent : he has introduced it in the following lines :

Hæc mihi cura, rosis et cingere tempora, myrto, &c.

This be my care, to twine the rosy wreath,
 And drench my sorrows in the ample bowl ;
 To let my beard th' Assyrian unguent breathe,
 And give a loose to levity of soul ! M.

* The first Olympiad, in which Coræbus gained the prize of the Stadium, and which was afterwards made the principal æra in Grecian chronology, was about the year 776, B. C. Each Olympiad comprehended the space of four years—each of which beginning at the new moon, that follows the summer solstice, corresponds to two Julian years, and includes the six last months of the first, and the six first months of the following. Samos, I add, was built about the year 986, B. C.

which they gave the name of Samothrace. They lived there ten years, when they returned to Samos and regained their ancient possessions. For many years, the government of the island was monarchical, but in the course of time it became aristocratical and oligarchical, and at length degenerated into a despotism. *Eaces*, the father of *Polycrates*, having seized upon the sovereign authority, his son resolved it should continue in the family. For such a project, no man could be better calculated than *Polycrates*. With a mind to conceive, he had an arm to execute every attempt that his bold and ardent spirit suggested. His disposition was of that elastic kind which is never dismayed by difficulties; on the contrary, it appeared to derive antæan vigour from every obstacle which opposed his progress. Fortune seemed to have selected him as a favourite son, by producing him at a juncture in the national affairs of his country which was peculiarly adapted for the display of such splendid abilities.

Having communicated this design to his brothers, they readily agreed to encounter the dangers which might attend the attempt, expecting to participate with him in the reward that awaited their temerity. They succeeded; but the credulous associates of the tyrant experienced the fate that generally attends the inferior agents of violent usurpation. From the time that *Polycrates* commenced his reign, the clouds which had obscured the political horizon of Samos began to brighten, and her glory emerged from the gloom in which it had long been involved. The revenue was increased, the dominion extended, and the strong oars of her numerous fleet were dipped in the waves of distant seas. His ambition was only exceeded by the miraculous success that attended his career. A striking instance of his good fortune occurred a short time before we arrived at Samos, which I shall relate.

Dazzled by the fame of his prowess, and admiring the brilliancy of his conquests, *Amasis*, one of the most potent of his cotemporary monarchs, had entered into a treaty with him, which was strengthened by the ties of personal friendship. After witnessing his continual prosperity for some time, the Egyptian monarch advised him to inflict some voluntary misfortune upon himself, or at least to pause in his career, and abandon some of his projects. He hinted that there were some malign demons who flattered the ambition of men, and delighted to delude them by an uninterrupted series of success, in order that they might afterwards

plunge them as deep in the abyss of misery as the pinnacle of greatness, which they had attained, was lofty.

To gratify the superstitious timidity of his friend, the Tyrant cast a precious seal into the sea, which he valued very highly. In a few days afterwards, a fisherman having caught a fish of an extraordinary size, presented it to Polycrates, who, upon opening it, found his jewel!

When Amasis heard of this incident, he renewed his caution, and relinquished all intercourse with a monarch whose good fortune, he observed, must, in the course of time, experience a miserable reverse. This prediction I lived to see strikingly exemplified, in a manner as unexpected as awful.*

(*To be continued.*)

ART. II.—*On the Influence of the English Constitution. On the manners of the People.* From the French of M. Cottu.

THE English are still unknown to us, both as a nation, and as individuals. We thought them a brutal, savage, perfidious, gloomy people, filled with hatred against us. It is, nevertheless, only the truth to say that there are few nations more hospitable, of greater simplicity of manners, more obliging, and among whom we may meet more truly good men. We reproach them with being proud; without doubt they are so—they believe themselves the first nation in the world; but, if the true greatness of a people depends on the perfection of their institutions, I ask of every honest man, are they wrong in being proud of theirs?—What have we to compare with their justices of the peace? their grand juries? their sheriffs? their elections? their popular assemblies? so tumultuous! and, notwithstanding, so inoffensive; in fine, with that multitude of gratuitous functions which renders the intervention of any agent of government unnecessary?

The government of England, if I may use the expression, has nothing to do but to look on; every thing moves, every thing is regulated without requiring its aid. What would become of us in France, if we were left to the same liberty? We may compare the two nations to children sporting on the brink of a precipice; the English, by the help of their powerful aristocracy, have

* Several of the incidents at the Court of Polycrates, have been taken from the fanciful work of M. Gail.

raised a barrier which prevents them from falling over; we Frenchmen, too vain to admit the idea of danger, have been unwilling to take the same precautions against it; but then, in order to be preserved from accidents, we are retained in leading strings, and cannot take a step without being accompanied by our guides. When, then, shall we place ourselves in a situation to do without their assistance!

Nothing can equal the simplicity of their manners. Whatever is advantageous, whatever adds to the ease and pleasure of existence, or lessens its inconveniences, appears to them worthy of adoption. Without affectation, they prefer utility to elegance. Soldiers, and even officers, are often met in uniform with round hats and umbrellas. A Frenchman would sooner die than appear in such accoutrements. This extreme simplicity does not ever leave them during the discussion of their greatest political questions. The members of Parliament meet in their respective houses in complete undress: there they sit down by the side of their friends, without ceremony, keeping on their hats, if they find it more convenient. The discussion is usually carried on between the members most accustomed to speak, as it would be in a drawing-room; one suggestion produces another and another, till insensibly a member finds he has made a speech, when he only intended making a simple remark. It is thus that individual talents are elicited. A member who has never before spoken, communicates to his neighbour in a low voice, the reflections that a proposition produces in his mind: he is listened to with interest, he develops his ideas, the circle of listeners is enlarged, he raises his voice a little, that he may be heard rather farther, silence gradually extends her influence round the circle, he gives the full extent of his voice, and becomes an orator. If he had been obliged to advance towards a tribune, pompously raised in the centre of the hall, and had had to support the awful sight of a numerous assembly disposing itself to listen to him, and to weigh all his words, he would have repressed the ideas he wished to have uttered, and the germ of his talent would have been nipped in the bud, for want of being unfolded by the gentle breath of public approbation. Another very remarkable effect of the simplicity of their manners, is the little ardor which they express towards even the most illustrious men in their country. The presence of a person clothed with the highest powers or greatest

dignity, is unmarked in the circle he may enter; he is not the object of any attention or any particular homage. We do not see him surrounded by a crowd of flatterers, seeking by their calculating admiration, to curry favour, and sighing for a glance or a smile; above all, we do not see the women thinking themselves bound to discharge the debt of public gratitude, surrounding him with their fascinations, and overwhelming him with their flattering caresses and all the seductive charms of their enthusiasm. I shall, perhaps, be accused of partiality, if I speak of English courtesy. The numerous marks of respect that they lavished on me, might appear to be caused by the object of my mission, which flattered their pride; but I was not always introduced as being sent by my government to study their laws; I was also received, simply as an individual travelling for my pleasure, and must acknowledge that at these times I have been the object of the most marked attentions.

Their courage is not produced by the heat of blood, nor the effect of an immoderate desire for honours and distinctions. It is not impetuous, fierce, irresistible; it is not fond of danger, nor does it invite fortune to offer perils, merely for the pleasure of braving them. It draws its source from reason and duty; it is calm and solemn, like the sentiments which inspire it. They are not foolishly prodigal of their lives, like children who play with every thing, and attach importance to nothing; they believe their existence is dear to their wives, and still dearer to their mothers, but they would sacrifice it like the Spartans at Thermopolæ, without hesitation and without murmur, to the interest and glory of their country. The word of command of Nelson, at the battle of Trafalgar was, "England expects every man to do his duty." How he performed his, is well known.

Their first pleasure is discussion and argument. Even their common conversations bear the appearance of debates; and in their private parties, they range themselves round the master of the house, as the members of the House of Commons take their places round the Speaker. The most trifling circumstance in which a number of persons may happen to be concerned, becomes the object of a regular assembly, which has its president, its secretary, its regulations, and wherein the order of speaking is punctiliously observed. Large rooms are frequently opened by speculators, to persons who are desirous of exercising themselves

in the talent of oratory, and for the trifling contribution that is paid at the door, they are at liberty to expatiate upon any given subject that may be proposed.

In no part of the world has man shown himself more jealous of the power which has been given him over the whole creation than in England. There is not a corner of the kingdom in which he has not impressed the zeal of his genius and his will. At his voice the vallies have raised themselves to make the roads level, and the mountains have separated to give a passage to the numerous canals which unite the distant rivers, the various counties and the surrounding seas. In Scotland water is carried to the summit of the hills; and these new floods, astonished at the law which governs them, and suspended in the air by bridges and aqueducts, dash from well to well, cross rivers, and know no obstacle that can restrain their course. In fine, the English have given a soul, if we may so speak, to matter; and their machines execute by themselves such wonderful works, that they appear to be superior beings which have no occasion for the assistance of man.

We meet in England young men who delight by their frankness, whose features appear to belong to the first ages of the world, and to have been transmitted from generation to generation in their families, without being tainted by the corruption of the times. There is something singularly interesting in the calm of their physiognomy, the purity of their hearts, and the modesty of their demeanour. Nothing can equal the simplicity of their manners and even of their thoughts. I have known some who have preserved their innocence of mind, in the midst of all the seductions of wealth, the dissipation of travel, and the vanities of the world. They are generally faithful husbands and fathers of large families, confining their pleasures to their own domestic circle.

The English ladies almost err from the excess of the most desirable qualities of their sex. Their extreme gentleness and reserve give them, in the eyes of a foreigner, an appearance of submission and dependence which excites our uneasiness for their destiny. I have heard, nevertheless, that there are few women who have more empire over their husbands, or more authority in their families. They sometimes display a modesty and dignity in their manners, which is quite poetical. The custom of quitting the table before the gentlemen, and thus escaping from the lightness of conversation which wine inspires, proceeds from a

charming delicacy ; and from the same source arises the custom they have when on a visit with their friends, of retiring at night with the ladies of the house, leaving their husbands chatting in the drawing-room for a short time before they rejoin them ; for their modesty would be hurt if they were seen entering their apartment with a man who was not to quit it until the next morning. A smile is always on their lips : it is the smile of benevolence, and never extends to coquetry. There are a thousand things that they would blush to understand, and if they even seek to divine the meaning of them, they conceal their efforts so well, that it is impossible to accuse them of it. They are never heard to support an opinion with warmth, ~~as~~ to dispute on any political or literary question, though they are, in general, well informed. The charms of their mind, the variety and extent of their knowledge, belong as exclusively to their husband as the graces of their person. Before a stranger they are silent, cold, and reserved.

For this reason English society is heavy and monotonous compared with ours. With us the most correct female would only think herself obliged to preserve the personal fidelity which she has promised to her husband ; and often bestows on another all her confidence, all her esteem, and all the treasure of her heart and mind. The graces of her imagination, and even those of her person, belong to the whole circle of her acquaintance. She preserves her purity to him who has her faith ; but she draws this engagement into the narrowest possible compass, and believes herself at liberty to dispose of every attribute that is not strictly comprised in it. In this consists the charms of French society ; the greatest portion of female graces are there in common, and every one is admitted to a share of them, in proportion to the degree of intimacy he may enjoy in the circle wherein they are displayed.

The meadows of England are peaceful and gloomy ; they invite to meditation. They absorb, rather than reflect, the light of the sun, which only warms them at intervals. How different from the brilliant fields of France, which, returning the splendour they receive, dispose all hearts to gayety and confidence. It is this delightful overflowing of the heart in man, I had almost said in things, which renders France so delightful a resort for foreigners, and makes them seek again with ardour this country of sunshine

and joy, where nature has scattered graces, kindness and delight, with as much profusion as she has planted flowers and fruits.

The English boast of possessing the conveniences of life in the highest degree; but, if I may be permitted to enter into such minute details, I must observe that their beds are bad, their cooking insipid and limited, their liquors unpalatable, their fruits always unripe, and their vegetables without flavour. Their different apartments are scantily provided with the most agreeable and useful articles of furniture; they have neither clocks, glasses nor drawers in them. They are placed one above another in every story of the house, and you enter them immediately from the landing of the stairs, without passing through even the smallest anti-room. The fires shed a most infectious odour, their draperies are without taste or elegance. What have they then? for, after all, their pretensions are not unjust. They have an excessive neatness, which supplies the place of all other refinements, and gives to those that they do possess an appearance of perfection which it seems impossible to improve.

They love much to travel. Alas! happiness is not made for man! They find in their families, and in their institutions, all the felicity which human beings can hope to attain on earth. As citizens, nothing can give them offence; the yoke of government never weighs heavily upon them. They have not to fear either the vexations of frown, or the contempt of high birth. Every thing by which they are surrounded, inspires them with a value for themselves, and for their professions; but this unalterable repose, which no griefs disturb, but such as are inseparable from human nature, this repose which seems written on their serene and dignified countenances, becomes at last intolerable. They resemble the fabulous gods, whose whimsical fancies led them to ramble upon earth. They depart, they precipitate themselves into all the dissipations of foreign land; they yield for a short time to measures which they despise, and partake of the treacherous pleasures connected with them; but they preserve their hearts immaculate, and after having drunk deep of the cup of delight, they return home to their pure and innocent pleasures, and endeavour to support the insipidity which acts as a drawback upon the enjoyment of them. Such are the people against whom a certain class of writers have formed the project of exciting our animosity, by blaming them for all the misfortunes which the mad

enterprises of a despot have drawn upon us, a project odious and inhuman, and unworthy of the progress that civilization has made, and which unfortunately, finds in our ignorance and prejudices but too many chances of success. The causes which have appeared particularly to influence the minds of all the classes of the French nation against the English, have originated in the cruelty with which the British government has treated the French prisoners during the last war, and in the Machiavelian conduct which they are reproached with having practised in India. The first of these causes acts more particularly on a people continually exasperated by recitals full of hatred and revenge, on soldiers and sailors who have been confined for years in prison-ships; and the second on the higher classes, who are indignant at the cunning and barbarous policy that deems all means allowable which tend to the attainment of the object proposed.

I own that, previously convinced, as every Frenchman is, that our nation is profoundly hated by the English, I had believed that it was in consequence of this hatred that they inflicted on *our* prisoners, in particular, such rigorous severity; but, when I had become, by personal experience, able to appreciate the generous and active philanthropy of this people, I could not reconcile the contradiction between this general desire to alleviate human suffering, and their barbarous conduct towards our soldiers. I have spoken to several members of Parliament on the subject, and the answer I received was, that having no fortified places in the interior, to confine their prisoners in, and having no police organized to watch them, they were obliged to confine them in prison-ships, the only places of security at their disposal. This explanation may have some truth; but this necessity, even supposing it to be as urgent as it was represented to me, did not, at least, require that the prisoners should have been heaped together in such disproportionate numbers, and without regard to the sickness occasioned by such an accumulation; nor should they have been condemned to the intolerable punishment of a total want of exercise, and of breathing an infected and never-purified air. Nothing excites against England such violent and such well founded hatred as this conduct, or reflects so indelible a stain of cruelty on the national character. The contrast which the humanity of all other nations towards their prisoners, affords to the severity exercised by the British government over theirs, is enough to make us ima-

gine that the English possess a kind of cruelty peculiar to themselves ; and this idea makes their shores as gloomy to strangers as those of the Tauri.

As to the conduct of government with respect to India, more extensive information on the subject than we can gain in Europe is necessary to enable us to judge of it. If exigency of circumstances be sufficient to authorise injustice and perfidy, perhaps it may make excuses to itself, in the impossibility of ruling by any other means a population of one hundred millions, with twenty or thirty thousand Europeans. It is easy for the stronger party to be generous and magnanimous, or even for one who can at least make some resistance against his enemy ; but what other weapons can absolute weakness oppose to strength, than those of artifice and skill ?

Whatever opinion, however, we may entertain of the bad faith of the English government, the English themselves regard ours with as little esteem. The difference of our bankrupt laws, the detention during the last war of the English who were travelling in France either on business or pleasure, the confiscation of their goods, the tyranny and perfidy of our ancient treaties with the different powers of Europe, have all made them regard our government as one, generally speaking, destitute of honour and integrity. It is astonishing what an impression has been made on their minds by the saying of Voltaire, that we were a people half tyger and half monkey ; *moitié singe et moitié tigre*. Incredible as such folly may seem, they have taken it literally, and absolutely consider us as a nation incapable of occupying itself with any thing serious, at once playing with trifles, and ready to devour any one who opposes its whims. The scenes ever to be lamented, of the revolution, and our entire submission to a military despotism, after all the ardour we had professed for liberty, have unfortunately confirmed them in this absurd opinion ; and they do not consider that their own history, as well as that of almost any other nation, is filled with contradictions and excesses no less condemnable. Not all the brilliant qualities which so eminently distinguish us, our amiable frankness, our easiness of access, our courage at once so impetuous, yet so noble and generous, our horror of venality and corruption, of which the revolution itself presented the most striking instances, our manners, our gayety, our good humour, not all can reconcile them to us. Let us then, by the folly and

injustice of their prejudices against us, learn to correct our own against them, and to eradicate from our minds those feelings of dislike which originate only in ignorance. If we wish to learn liberty, we must study the English; and if we study them, we shall end by loving them. Let us establish an intellectual commerce with them of discoveries and institutions, and make an exchange of the produce of our genius and meditations, as well as of our lands and our industry.

Already we have taken the organization of their juries and the plans of their new prisons into consideration; and they are as anxious to make themselves acquainted with the admirable classification of our laws, to imitate the elegance of our public buildings, and to attain the excellence of our artists. Long may this noble emulation continue! May each nation win from the other the secret of their enjoyments, their prosperity, and their happiness; may they borrow of each other every thing that can improve their laws and their administration; and in this happy intercourse we may hope that France, so rich in excellent laws, in knowledge, and in genius, will not be considered as the only party benefited.

ART. III.—*Bruce on the Divine Being.*

(Concluded from page 74, Vol. IX.)

Proposition VI. No human mind is the unchangeable cause of the beginning of changes.

A HUMAN mind is the mind of a man. Now we know, from our own consciousness, that we perform certain mental operations; (Ax. 3.) and from memory, judgment, and consciousness, we are certain, that many of these mental operations were existent at a certain time and not before. (Ax. 3.) If, however, they were not always existent, as we know they were not, they must have begun to exist, for otherwise they could not have existed at all. (Ax. 15.) These mental operations, which, therefore, have begun to exist, are changes: (Def. 4.) and the mind, whose operations these changes are, must be the subject of which these changes are predicated. It is therefore a changeable being. Moreover, all men testify, that their minds are the subjects of similar mental operations, which are changes: and their testimony we cannot discredit. Every human mind, therefore, so far

as we have any knowledge at all, must be concluded to be a changeable being. And if every human mind is changeable, then no human mind is unchangeable; (Ax. 6. 17.) and no human mind is the unchangeable cause of the beginning of changes. (Ax. 6.)

Proposition VII. Human minds are effects, which must have had an adequate cause of their existence.

An Unchangeable Being, the cause of all changes, must have existed before the beginning of changes. (Prop. I.) No human mind is this unchangeable being, which existed before the beginning of changes. (Prop. VI.) Yet human minds do exist, (Ax. 1.) and they did not exist before the beginning of changes. Since, then, they exist now, and did not exist before the beginning of changes, they must have begun to exist, for there was a time when they did not exist; and they could not have existed at all, had they not begun to exist. (Ax. 15.) These human minds which began to exist are *effects*; (Def. 1.) and must have had an adequate cause of their existence. (Ax. 8.)

Proposition VIII. Human minds are creatures; and must have had a Creator.

Human minds have been proved to be *effects*. (Prop. VII.) Now, several faculties for thinking, feeling, volition, and exertion, are inherent attributes which subsist in these effects; for were these faculties taken away, there would nothing remain, which is capable of thinking, feeling, volition and exertion; and these operations, of which we are conscious, could not exist, unless they could exist without an adequate cause. This results from the definition of a mental faculty, and from Axioms 3, 8. Since, therefore, the effects, which are called human minds, are things in which inherent attributes subsist, they are substances. (Def. 8.) and since they are substances which began to exist, they are creatures: (Prop. VII. and Def. 11.) and must have had a Creator, according to Def. 12. Prop. VII. and Ax. 8.

Proposition IX. The Creator of human minds must be himself an intelligent being.

Human minds are conscious of intellectual operations, which they actually perform. (Ax. 3.) A being that performs intellec-

tual operations, we define to be an intelligent being. Human minds, therefore, are intelligent beings; and according to Prop. VIII. intelligent creatures. Now the Creator, who originated these creatures, must be either intelligent himself, or not intelligent himself. (Ax. 7.) If he is not intelligent himself he could not be the adequate cause of intelligent effects; but he has been proved to be the Creator of intelligent beings, and the cause of intelligent effects; he must, therefore, be an intelligent being, because it is not true, that he is not intelligent; and of course, the converse, that he is intelligent, must be true. (Ax. 7.)

Proposition X. Human minds are dependent beings.

According to Prop. VIII. they are *creatures*, which must have had a Creator. They began to exist, and were originated by another. (Def. 11, 12.) They are, therefore, dependent beings. (Def. 6.)

Proposition XI. The unchangeable cause of all changes is an independent being.

Such a Being as the cause of all changes, exists. (Prop. II.) Had he been originated by another, he would have begun to exist, and would have been an effect; and so could not have been the unchangeable cause of all effects. He could not, therefore, have been originated by another, and if he was not originated by another, he is an independent being. (Def. 7.)

Proposition XII. The unchangeable cause of all changes is God.

This cause of all changes is the subject of the inherent attributes of unchangeability, immateriality, intelligence, eternity and independence: for we have proved, that these attributes belong to this cause, by Propositions II. III. IX. IV. XI. and were they taken away, the Being would cease to be the unchangeable, immaterial, intelligent, eternal and independent cause of all changes; which is the thing intended when we affirm that they are *inherent attributes*. This cause, then, is a *substance*; (Def. 8.) a *substance* unchangeable: (Def. 8. and Prop. II.) a *substance* which exists without having begun to exist; for beginning to exist would have been a change; and is, therefore, God. (Def. 13.)

Whether we have completed a demonstration of the Being of

the true God; or have come nearer to one than Dr. Bruce, we must leave our readers to judge.

Another course might be pursued, and a demonstration might be founded on the actual existence of motion. Let us proceed thus:

We are conscious of many operations. (Ax. 3.) We, who are conscious, really exist. (Ax. 1.) From our perception, conception, and judgment, we have knowledge of *motion* in many perceptible objects. (Ax. 3, 4, 5.) Every motion is a change. (Def. 5.) Every change is an effect. (Ax. 11.) All changes, all motions, all effects, had a beginning. (Ax. 12.) Every effect, and of course the first effect, must have had an adequate cause: (Ax. 8.) and this adequate cause must have existed before the beginning of effects: (Ax. 10.) and of course, before the commencement of motion.

Thus we have proved, that an adequate cause of each and every motion which has ever taken place in the universe, existed before the beginning of motion.

This cause of the beginning of motion, we may proceed to show, is unchangeable; for otherwise he would be changeable; (Ax. 7.) and then he could not have existed, as we have proved him to have done, before the beginning of changes, according to Ax. 10. It will follow as a *corollary*, that he must be unchangeable in his being, intelligence, immateriality, and all other inherent attributes, which shall be demonstrated to belong to him.

If we are erroneous in thinking that we have now made out a demonstration of the being of God, we have this for our consolation, that every one who would worship the Supreme Being acceptably, may *believe* that he exists, and will reward those who diligently seek him, upon credible testimony. No sooner did man begin to exist upon the earth, than his Maker instructed him in the doctrine of one Divine Being, the former of all bodies, and the Father of all created spirits. That there is a God, the Maker of heaven and earth, Adam told his children, and they transmitted the testimony of God concerning his own existence to their descendents, from generation to generation: so that it may be doubted, if there is an accountable being on earth, to whom the statement has not come by some tradition. Now this truth, being once stated, to an intelligent being, will be as naturally admitted, as the axiom, that every cause must have had

some effect; and hence, all mankind have believed in the existence of some Supreme Deity.

ART. IV.—*Lectures on Inflammation.* By JOHN THOMSON, M.D. F.R.S. 8vo. Pp. 549. Edin. 1813. Philad. 1817.

THE rapid progress recently made in surgical pathology emboldens us to look forward to a period when that useful art, freed from the vague and hurtful theories by which its advancement has hitherto been retarded, shall rest entirely upon the basis of rational experience, and secure that universal respect, to which, when practised in a proper manner, it is so justly entitled.

Like medicine, surgery has been so much vitiated by the dangerous absurdities with which the folly of men has frequently combined it, that it remains a matter of doubt how far, upon the whole, it was beneficial to mankind. If some were so fortunate as to receive benefit from its skilful application, and from the practitioner attending more to the knowledge which experience had taught him, than to the refinements and subtilities of a particular theory, others were doomed to suffer misery more dreadful than that from which it proposed to relieve them. Instead of improving like other sciences with the accumulation of facts, every new description of them served only to render theory more obscure, and the practice founded upon it, of course, more uncertain. Without any definite rule to guide their operations, it is hardly to be wondered that among the practitioners of this art, one wild visionary hypothesis should succeed another, and, for a little while be received as the *credenda* of the profession. While erroneous and limited views were entertained of the animal economy, every attempt at generalising facts must necessarily prove abortive. Hence, though the materials of knowledge were daily augmenting, real intelligence, so far from receiving any valuable accession, seemed to pursue a retrograde course. Bound down by a foolish reverence for antiquity, and for prevailing customs, it was long ere the professors of the art could be persuaded to desert the beaten tract of their predecessors, and to attempt to explore a new one for themselves.

Relieved at length from the trammels of authority, reason once more assumed the ascendant, and the dawnings of future improvement became speedily discernible. Freedom from restraint was followed by a corresponding freedom of discussion, and surgery was soon enriched with much valuable and important information. The labours of the French Academy of Surgery opened a new era in the annals of this art, and many of our countrymen acquired meritorious distinction by steadily pursuing the course they had pointed out. A spirit of inquiry was thus introduced, which has already been productive of the happiest results, and which, we fondly hope, will continue unsubdued while there remains one

anomaly which human ingenuity is adequate to explain. Much certainly has been done, but much still remains to be achieved. Our knowledge of aneurism, of hernia, and of various other diseases where surgical aid is required, has reached a very high degree of perfection, from resting our practice on the stable basis of anatomy; but there is a multiplicity of instances where this is by no means the case, and where skill and art can do little or nothing to assist the medicative powers of nature.

Our knowledge of the nature of inflammation, that Proteus of surgery, has been much advanced by the enlightened labours of some late inquirers, and become in all respects more correctly defined; and, as the success of practice must always depend, in a great measure, upon an accurate acquaintance with the principles, effects, and treatment of inflammation, it becomes absolutely necessary for every surgeon to be well apprised of the various improvements made in this department of the healing art. Every important operation depends, in no small degree, for success, on the proper treatment of the inflammatory symptoms which uniformly ensue, and, if neglected, often produce the most distressing results. But it is not enough to be aware of the general nature of inflammation, and the remedies to be employed for its removal; we must extend our inquiries to the minute differences which characterize its various species, and to the appearances which it exhibits when modified by variety of structure and function.

Impressed with these views, we have always been prepared to receive with gratitude every respectable attempt to add to the improvements already made on this interesting subject. Mr. John Hunter, to whose labours and genius the art owes much, has indeed freed it from a great deal of the obscurity in which it was involved; but while he has presented us with many new and important speculations of his own, he has failed to exhibit a comprehensive and well-digested account of the labours of his predecessors and cotemporaries—a circumstance as necessary, and sometimes as important, as the most original discoveries. His reasonings are in general founded upon his own observations and experiments, and may be regarded as models of surgical investigation; but in a treatise professedly written on a particular subject, where variety of opinion, when luminously stated, is often the surest road to the attainment of truth, we expect something more than the mere observations and discoveries of the author;—we expect a clear and impartial statement of what has been done by former writers, in as far as that may conduce to elucidate the point under discussion, and enable us to ascribe to the author the precise quantum of merit to which he is entitled.

From the known character and abilities of the author of the work before us, we were induced to hope for much, and we are happy to say that our hopes have not been disappointed. Dr. Thomson has presented the profession with a learned, comprehensive, and ingenious treatise, which will serve all the purposes

intended by it, and supply the place of other more expensive and less useful publications. Here is exhibited an example of that industry and perseverance which can collect from various scattered sources whatever is most interesting and curious, and present it under a methodical form—of that modesty which never dogmatically obtrudes its own opinions—and of that genius which, under existing imperfections, can suggest new objects of research.—Altogether, this work forms quite a counterpart to those rickety bantlings, the offspring of folly, ignorance, and petulance, with which the medical press is daily teeming, and may safely be recommended to the profession as a fund of sober, temperate discussion.—We shall now lay before our readers some account of the contents of this volume, interspersing our abstract with such remarks as our limits permit.

In a very long introduction we have a statement given of the differences which have been considered as fixing the line of demarcation between surgery and physic—of the origin of that division—and of the nauseous disputes that have so long and so bitterly been maintained by the practitioners of these two kindred branches. Such a detail, though not strictly applicable as an exordium to a treatise on inflammation, is still useful and amusing, as it shows how far the dictates of common sense are apt to be disregarded when they stand opposed to party views and interests. No point, we are firmly persuaded, admits of more complete proof than this, that physic and surgery are in their very nature, and always ought to be indissolubly combined, and that their absolute separation would be productive of the worst consequences. It was certainly superfluous to go into a prolix detail to prove what must instantly suggest itself, as next to self-evident, to the veriest tyro in medical science.

The first chapter contains a definition of inflammation, given in almost the usual terms, and an accurate description of the phenomena by which it is accompanied and characterized.—From various circumstances, it appears probable that inflammation suffers modifications corresponding in some degree to the nature of the exciting cause. This connexion is no doubt liable to be disturbed from peculiarity of constitution and difference of climate, both of which are known to exert a powerful influence over most of the diseases to which the human frame is obnoxious; but still we are inclined to believe, that two different causes operating upon the body in similar states will be productive of inflammation different in its character in each state. This point has not been investigated with that care and attention which its importance requires. The predisposing causes, Dr. Thomson justly remarks, modify the action of those which are considered as exciting, and in a great measure change the nature of the disease. Of this the gouty, rheumatic, scrofulous, and scorbutic *diatheses*, are examples; and inflammation occurring in each of these states requires a particular mode of treatment. Dr. Thomson has stated,

as minutely as was necessary, the predisposing and exciting causes of inflammation; but had more of his time and attention been devoted to the point to which we have alluded, he would have rendered his work still more interesting, and probably afforded an explanation of some of those appearances which still continue to puzzle our most experienced practitioners.

What is the proximate cause of inflammation, or, in other words, what is the condition of the blood-vessels in this state? This is a problem of considerable difficulty, and frequent attempts have been made to solve it. The dispute, however, which contending theories have engendered, remains undecided: and Dr. Thomson considers only *two* of the theoretical solutions which have been proposed, at all worthy of notice. For a full account of these hostile opinions we must refer to the work itself, and content ourselves with stating a few hints respecting the reasonings of which each party makes use.

The one hypothesis attributes inflammation to an increased action in the inflamed vessels, the other considers the inflamed vessels as acting with less force than the trunks from which they are derived. As a preliminary to the establishment of the first hypothesis, it must be proved that the minute vessels, in which inflammation has its seat, have a power of contracting upon the application of stimuli, independently of the action of the heart. Stühl, believing this to be the case, considered inflammation, as arising from an increased action of some artery or arteries, by which the blood is impelled into the lymphatic, colourless vessels; and that, when this increased action takes place simultaneously in all the vessels of the body, fever is the consequence, in the same manner as inflammation only results when it is confined to a few. Görter says, that the heart cannot produce a greater velocity in one artery than in another, which is derived from the same trunk, and yet this happens during inflammation; consequently the blood in an inflamed state must have a vital action by which it is so impelled. *These* opinions have been adopted by succeeding pathologists; they gained the assent of Dr. Cullen, and were confirmed by the experiments of Hunter. That the minute blood-vessels are endued with such a power of action, was, notwithstanding the experiments of Haller, somewhat doubtful; and as the theory depended wholly upon the truth or falsehood of this position, it appeared to our author a matter of importance to attempt to ascertain a true state of the fact. Besides the multitude of facts and observations which render the position probable, the experiments of Dr. Thomson in 1809, on the arteries in the web of the frog's foot, have fortunately placed the matter beyond the reach of scepticism; but we will have occasion immediately to refer to these experiments, and shall, therefore, forbear stating them at present.

In support of the opinion that inflammation consists in an increased action of the vessels, the following facts and observa-

tions are adduced:—The increased force with which the artery leading to the inflamed part pulsates—the greater quantity of blood which it contains, and which it propels to a greater distance—the increased action communicated to the whole sanguiferous system, producing the *diathesis phlogistica*—the diminution of inflammation consequent upon that of the heart and arteries; and conversely.

The opposite opinion, which supposes the action of the vessels diminished, was first stated by *Vacca*, the Italian physician. He supposes that inflammation never takes place but when there is a congestion of the blood in the part nearly in a state of rest; that such a congestion cannot take place without an absolute or relative debility of the part; and that, when any part is in a state of debility, semi-stagnation will not only take place, but a portion of the blood will necessarily be forced into the lateral, lymphatic, or capillary vessels. Similar ideas have occurred to several other physicians on this subject, particularly to Mr. Allen.

According to Mr. Allen, late Lecturer on Physiology in Edinburgh, the state of the circulation depends on the muscular action of the blood-vessels; and this action may be very much varied, being equally and proportionally increased or diminished through the whole series; irregularly increased in one part of the series, while it is stationary or diminished in the succeeding part; or diminished in one part, while it is stationary or increased in a succeeding part.

In the healthy state, the propelling and resisting powers are so exactly balanced, that the veins expel a quantity of blood equal to that received by the arteries, and thus congestion is prevented. If the propelling power be proportionally increased, the blood will flow with greater velocity; more blood will pass in a given time into the vessels, but they will at no given time contain more than the usual quantity of blood. Such an increased velocity is the consequence of violent exertion, by which the pulse is sometimes raised from 70 to 140. This increased force, preceded by *diathesis phlogistica*, constitutes general acute inflammation.

The veins impel the blood sent into them by the arteries; but if their muscular force be diminished, the blood will be less rapidly transmitted. If this disproportion be within certain limits, no congestion will occur till some change takes place in the vessels; and this eventually happens, as in aneurism and palsy. If, again, the vascular action be irregularly increased or diminished—that is, increased in one part of the series, and diminished in the succeeding part—the vessels being extensible and elastic, the increase of velocity will vary with the increase or diminution of the impelling power: more blood will be carried into the vessels of the second series than can easily be returned to the heart; congestion will take place, and increase till the impelling and resisting powers be *in equilibrio*.

Hence, congestion will take place next the point of inordinate

action, and produce the first symptom of local inflammation. Simple congestion, however, is not sufficient to produce inflammation, but must be assisted by the stimulus of the blood exciting the vessels to frequent but ineffectual efforts to restore the balance of the system. Increased action is admitted to take place by both parties. The dispute concerns the seat of that action. The one contends for a simple increase of action, the other for diminished action in the inflamed vessels, accompanied with increased action in the surrounding vessels. If this last assertion respecting the state of the blood-vessels be admitted, (and Dr. Thomson does not see on what grounds it can be denied,) the following conclusions necessarily result: That an equally increased force in the vessels of any part will increase the velocity of the blood in that part, and the quantity transmitted through it, while the quantity contained will remain the same: That greater force of contraction in the capillary tubes than in the vessels from which they were derived, will tend to diminish the quantity of blood which they contain, and prevail over distention, unless some resistance be opposed to the venous circulation: That a stronger contraction in the trunks than the branches will cause congestion in the branches, and, in certain circumstances, give rise to inflammation, during which the disproportion between the muscular power of the minute and larger vessels must still continue: And that a diminution of force in a large artery, while the force of the heart remains unaltered, will produce flaccidity and unfrequent pulsations, and be followed by all the effects which in general attend languid circulation.

We formerly had occasion to remark, that Dr. Thomson had found by experiment that the minute vessels are endowed with an independent contractile power; but the experiments by which that fact was ascertained led to conclusions which militated strongly against many of the received opinions respecting the circulation in the smaller arteries of animals, and established some new and unexpected facts concerning the effects produced upon the arteries by the local application of stimuli. When made to act on the arteries on the web of a frog's foot, some of these stimuli produced no sensible change; some excited manifest contractions, and an increased force of circulation; and others were accompanied with a manifest dilatation of the arteries to which they were applied. Weak volatile alkali produced distinct contractions of the vessels, and solutions of common salt as uniformly produced dilatations. Solutions of salt induced a state closely resembling inflammation, and increased circulation in the veins, arteries, and capillaries; sometimes increased in the arteries and veins, and diminished in the capillaries, and sometimes diminished in all. From these experiments Dr. Thomson draws the following conclusions, which we give in his own words:

'The state produced by the application of the salt exhibited the appearance of inflammation, though in most instances, like the redness excited in

the act of blushing, it lasted only for a very short period of time : This period, however, was very variable in different frogs, and in the same frog under different circumstances. It seemed to increase in length in proportion to the weakness of the animal, and to the number of times which the salt had been applied. Conceiving the state which is induced by it in the web of the frog's foot to be analogous to inflammation, I am inclined to infer, from the results of the experiments which I have related, First, That the velocity of the blood, so far from being always diminished in inflamed vessels, is often increased, particularly in the commencement of inflammation : and that this increase of velocity may continue in the capillary vessels from the commencement to the termination of that state. This increased circulation occurs, I am inclined to believe, in a greater or lesser degree, in that state which has been denominated active inflammation. Secondly, That a diminished velocity in the circulation through the inflamed capillary vessels may take place in the very commencement of inflammation, and may continue during the existence and progress of that state. Thirdly, That this diminished circulation in the inflamed capillary vessels takes place, however, more frequently in the progress than at the commencement of inflammation in healthy and strong persons ; and that it is probably a state which occurs in those inflammations which have been denominated passive. This inference, I am inclined to believe, is warranted by the diminution of velocity produced in the arterial branches by repeated applications of salt, or even in the weakened animals by a *single* application. If this view of the state of the circulation in inflamed vessels be just, it will follow that inflammation is sometimes attended by an increased, and at others by a diminished velocity, in the circulation through the capillary vessels of the inflamed part, and consequently that neither of these two states ought to be included in the definition which we give of inflammation.' Pp. 88, 89.

The changes which inflammation in any organ or part of the body produces upon the constitution, are the next subject of inquiry. Our limits will not permit us to follow Dr. Thomson through the various topics to which the subject leads ; and we must therefore refer our readers to the work itself. We cannot, however, avoid noticing the accurate and useful observations on the inflammatory symptomatic fever, as compared with other idiopathic fevers. That this fever is not uniform, but, under particular circumstances, liable to considerable variation, is well known ; but the nature of this variation, and its connexion with the circumstances which modify the symptoms of other fevers, have not hitherto been the subject of particular attention. Dr. Thomson has stated some facts which tend to prove that the symptomatic is liable to be affected by the same causes which influence idiopathic fevers. We extract the following observations.

'Whether,' he observes, 'the bilious or gastric fever, induced by so many local diseases, resembles the bilious remittent fevers of practical authors, is a point which has not hitherto, I believe, been inquired into ; but, from the prevalence of bile which occurs in the *prime vie* during the symptomatic as well as the idiopathic fevers of this name, I am inclined to believe that a resemblance will be found to exist also in the kind, order, and progress of other symptoms of these fevers. Are symptomatic, gastric, and bilious affections, more frequent in those districts in which bilious remittent fevers prevail, than in districts where these fevers are unknown ? Or do the symptomatic fevers attendant upon inflammatory affections assume the character and type of the endemical fevers of the districts in which they occur ?' Pp. 103, 106.

When the means employed to procure a resolution of inflammation have failed of success, the consequences to which it gives rise are different in different structures, and under variety of circumstances. The first of these varieties is what is called by Mr. Hunter adhesive inflammation, by which he meant not only a particular mode in which inflammation occurring in certain structures terminates, but that power by which wounds are healed, or by which parts divided either by accident or design, are again reunited to each other without the intervention of suppuration. This process is most distinctly observed in solutions of continuity, without any communication with the external air, as in the reunion of fractured bones and ruptured tendons. By the sudden and violent division of these textures, blood is always effused, and if the contusions be not severe, nor the quantity of extravasated blood great, quick absorption takes place, and is followed by the approach of the divided parts. In a few hours the divided surfaces become covered with a substance resembling coagulated lymph, or fibrine of the blood. The same appearances are observed in simple incised wounds, the edges of which have been brought quickly into contact, and retained so for a considerable time; for, upon such a wound being torn open, the edges are found covered with a substance resembling animal jelly, which is supposed to be produced by the capillary arteries of the divided surfaces assuming a new mode of action, and changing their functions to secreting instead of circulating organs.

Blood-vessels next penetrate the effused lymph, and a free circulation is quickly established between the opposite surfaces; but the precise manner in which these vessels shoot into the intermediate substance is not as yet exactly ascertained. The experiments of Duhamel prove that the divided vessels inosculate directly, and do not merely pass each other. From observing the phenomena of reunion in the vessels of the eye, which had been divided in cases of violent ophthalmia, Mr. Hunter conceived that the larger vessels, which had been divided gradually, approach and unite. The conclusion to which the observation of the same circumstances has led Dr. Thomson is this, that by their retraction, the effusion of coagulated lymph, and consequent adhesion, the larger vessels are permanently closed, and the folds of small branches, prolonged into the intermediate space, become the channels of communication between the larger trunks.

By a knowledge of this process, Celsus, Galen, and Ægon, were enabled to repair mutilations of the nose, lips, and ears, merely by paring the callous edges, bringing them into contact, and retaining them together till they become united. A new and bolder method of repairing noses, however, began to be practised in Italy about the middle of the sixteenth century. It consisted in raising a flap of skin from the arm, and then sticking it to the mutilated part, and fashioning it into the shape of a nose. Alexander Benedictus, who first took notice of this practice, re-

marks, 'that these new noses bear all the cold of winter;' and very properly subjoins a caution, 'that they should not be too severely pulled, lest they yield and come away.'

We cannot venture to hazard any opinion on the following account of a great master in the art of nose-mending, Gaspar Tallicotius:

'Never was a surgeon more zealous in his profession, nor perhaps more successful in any operation, than *Tallicotius* seems to have been in repairing noses, an art which, from the numerous improvements he had introduced into it, he seems, in some parts of his writings, to consider as almost exclusively his own. In reading the works of this author, one is at a loss whether to admire most the patient suffering of those upon whom he operated, or the indefatigable industry by which his cures were accomplished. It has been said that the reality of his cures was denied, and his art derided by his cotemporaries; but of this, after some research, I can find no proof, though I have met with several proofs to the contrary. *Fabricius Hildanus* mentions the case of a young girl who had her nose cut off, and repaired in the Tallicotian manner, by a surgeon of *Lausanne*, of the name of *Giffors*. *Hildanus* says that he had often seen and examined this nose, and that, after sixteen or seventeen years, it had remained as sound as ever. *Flemus*, in his *Libra Chirurgici Duodecem*, &c. published at *Frankfort* in 1640, treats very fully, in his twelfth book, of the manner of repairing noses by a flap of skin taken from the arm; and, after enumerating the different authors who had mentioned this mode of practice in their writings, says expressly, "I can testify that *Gaspar Tallicotius*, professor of surgery in the Academy of *Bologna*, has restored many noses by this art, some of which I have seen restored, and others in the way of being so."

'The practice survived its author, and was successfully followed by others. *Curtin*, one of his disciples, affirms, with great exultation, that, by the assistance of *God*, he had made such proficiency in this art, as to repair not a few noses both in *Sicily* and other places.'

The length to which this article has extended, renders it necessary to sum up very concisely the contents of the succeeding chapters of this comprehensive volume.—The phenomena which suppuration exhibits when it occurs in different structures, and under different circumstances—the various opinions respecting the formation of *pus*, which have at different times been received into the schools of medicine—the manner of treating the local and constitutional symptoms to which the formation of purulent matter gives rise—the process of ulceration, as exhibited in the progress of matter toward the surface of the body, in the removal or absorption of extraneous substances, in the separation of dead from living parts, as takes place in mortification, and in the removal of portions of bone, or even of whole bones—the process by which abscesses are healed, and other losses of substance repaired—the formation of granulations in different textures, and the re-formation of these textures—the nature, causes, and treatment of the vast variety of ulcers that fall daily under inspection, and which vary so much in appearance as to have defied every attempt to impose upon them any scientific arrangement—the appearances which ulcers assume when acted upon, or produced

by specific poisons—form altogether a group of objects so interesting to the surgeon and pathologist, that any attempt on our part to do more than merely enumerate them would not only confuse the reader, but do injustice to the author. It is in tracing these processes that the helping hand of nature is observed, and that the surgeon becomes acquainted with the part which he can act with safety, and with a probability of success. Some have been so stupid as to attribute, to what has been called the power of medicine, almost every cure that has been performed, when their practice was successful only in so far as it either assisted or did not counteract the salutary operations of nature. The perusal of these chapters in the work before us will, we are assured, dispel for ever so vain a delusion, if any such now exists among the practitioners of medicine, and will confirm the important fact, that in many cases it is only by assisting nature in her own salutary processes, or by moderating these when they become violent, that we bring about those happy results, which, in the original state of man, unassisted nature usually compasses with safety.

A particular species of ulcer, which was first described by *Ponstau*, has of late years attracted considerable attention. It occurs frequently in hospitals, and has received the name of *hospital gangrene*, putrid or malignant ulcer. Though many accurate histories of the disease have been published, yet it is, at sea, frequently mistaken for the scorbutic ulcer, and treated as such; and it has been known to commit considerable ravages in our public hospitals without its existence being even suspected. The diagnosis is, however, according to our author, neither difficult nor uncertain. From the scorbutic ulcer it may be distinguished by attention to the circumstances in which it occurs, to the general state of the body, and to the constitutional symptoms with which it is accompanied. The fever excited by hospital gangrene is frequently violent, while the scorbutic ulcer is never attended with fever. The effect, too, of the treatment will in general quickly show the nature of the disease; and if any doubt remain, the disease, provided it occur to any extent, will be characterized by its contagious nature.

Mortification is the only other termination of inflammation which remains to be noticed. This term, according to our author, has been used without much precision by most writers. Hence, the terms mortification, gangrene, and sphacelus, have by some been used indiscriminately, and by others employed to denote different stages of the same affection. Our author retains the word mortification as a general term to distinguish the whole series of phenomena which occur from the first apparent diminution to the complete extinction of the vital powers. To that stage of mortification in inflamed parts in which the blood continues to circulate, and the nerves to retain a portion of sensibility, he gives the name of gangrene; and uses the second, sphacelus, to signify

that state in which the blood ceases to circulate, sensibility is lost, and the vital powers become extinct.

Mortification is most frequently met with after acute inflammation, and it is in these cases that its progress through the different states is most distinctly observed. Sphacelus is sometimes said to occur spontaneously, that is, without being preceded by inflammation; but such an opinion Dr. Thomson conceives to have originated in inattention to the primary symptoms of such mortifications. In that kind of mortification which attacks the toes, and which Mr. Pott has so well described, he believes that the two states may be distinguished, and that tension, pain, and other symptoms of inflammation, will be found on its first appearance. This kind of inflammation, which is considered by our author as preceding every sphacelation or death of a part, he proposes to designate by the title of gangrenous inflammation; and whatever at present may be the general opinion upon the point, we are pretty well assured that further investigation will strengthen his opinion.

The constitutional symptoms which gangrene produces are similar to those which accompany the different kinds of inflammation, but the local symptoms vary with the nature or texture of the organ or part effected. Gangrene, in the cutaneous texture, exhibits a course of symptoms different from those which occur when it affects the ligaments and fasciæ; and in cellular textures there is an irresistible tendency to sphacelus in almost every case. Differences, too, appear when gangrene attacks mucous membranes, absorbent glands, and other textures and organs of the body. Arteries are endowed with so much vital energy as seldom to be destroyed by mortification; and the circumjacent parts are sometimes destroyed to the distance of some inches, while the artery remains entire. No cases of gangrene or sphacelus attacking the lungs are to be found on record; and those which some modern authors have seen, or pretend to have seen, will require further confirmation.

The descriptions in this part of the work are particularly well executed. The account of that species of gangrene which arises from the use of spoiled rye, is uncommonly interesting and curious. Our author has given more scope to his own mind in this than in most other parts of the work, and has infused into it a spirit and vigour of which there is, on many occasions, a remarkable deficiency.

On the general treatment of mortification we have nothing to say; but, when sphacelus attacks a limb, it becomes a question, at what time ought amputation to be performed? In wounds liable to be affected with mortification, amputation ought, according to the generally received notion, to be performed either before the local and constitutional symptoms appear, or when the mortification has stopped, and the constitutional symptoms subsided. Dr. Thomson quotes a passage from *Cheselden's Anatomy*

to show, that in the opinion of that eminent surgeon, any operation performed while the mortification is in a progressive state, will not only be useless, but mischievous. Pott and others have strenuously protested against such a practice, and their authority has been implicitly submitted to in this country. In France, however, an opposite practice has been introduced, and prosecuted with vigilance, by Larrey and other military surgeons. Such a difference of opinion on so important a matter cannot fail to excite the attention of the profession in general; and it appears to us very strange that our author should have passed, without remark, the opinions and practice of the celebrated Larrey.* Ignorant of them he could not well be, and they are as much connected with the subject of inflammation, and as interesting, as some other subjects which he has chosen to discuss minutely. On arriving at this part of the work, we felt an unusual degree of disappointment, as a hope had arisen in our minds that a key would have been provided for the reconciliation of contending opinions.

Of the two last chapters, which treat of the effects of heat and cold when applied to the body, we have nothing particular to remark.

We now take our leave of this volume, entertaining a high opinion of the talents of its author, and the care which he has bestowed in elucidating his subject. The work has its faults, but these are obliterated by its many excellencies. Though it be sometimes tedious and redundant, it is always sensible and perspicuous.—Dr. Thomson informs us that these Lectures were published chiefly for the use of those who attend the excellent course of lectures which he is in the practice of giving; but it is certainly calculated to be much more extensively useful, and ought to be in the hands of every scientific surgeon. We trust that the reception of this valuable mass of information will be such as to encourage Dr. Thomson to advance in the field of inquiry into which he has entered, and in which he is capable of achieving so much; and that the honour of making still further additions to the general stock of medical science, and of freeing the profession from any remains of prejudice which may still cling to it, to the injury of the community and the disgrace of surgery, is one of the objects nearest his heart.

* M. Larrey's work has been translated by Dr. R. W. Hall, one of the Professors in the University of Maryland.

ART. V.—*Quarrels of Authors ; or, some Memoirs for our Literary History, including Specimens of Controversy to the Reign of Elizabeth.* By the Author of the “*Calamities of Authors.*” 3 vols. 8vo. Pp. 308, 316, 320. London, 1814. 10s. New-York, 1814. \$2.

THE transition from reading to writing, from the acquisition to the communication of knowledge, is so extremely easy, that many become authors, as some adventurers in business become traders, solely upon the credit and capital of others. A temporary success is in both cases possible ; but the first breath of public suspicion dissolves the delusion, and produces insolvency. Although a certain quantity of merit must be conceded to him who arranges and systematizes—who reduces into treatises and dissertations the various and unavoidably heterogeneous contents of the memory and of the writing-desk—although something analogous to that power or principle which in chemistry is termed affinity, must be exhibited, in operating order, however incomplete—adhesion, however imperfect—congruity, however imaginary—amongst discordant and opposing materials ; yet as this is a process which every mind performs, if not in the best manner, at least in the way most easy and agreeable for itself, we cannot in conscience award to Mr. D’Israeli any higher praise in the present instance, than that of having ‘encumbered us with help,’ in matters respecting which we were sufficiently competent to think and to judge without his assistance ; nor can we persuade ourselves that the sum of useful knowledge, or of correct feeling, would have been much reduced, had the whole publications of this second-hand retailer in literature and erudition been hitherto withheld from the public. It is by multiplying the forms, without increasing the substance of knowledge—by combining, mixing, and new-arranging the contents of former publications, that this author has contrived to obtain a kind of artificial and trembling celebrity amongst the drawing-room readers and literary dilettanti of the day. There are instances, indeed, in which the absence of novelty and original writing is redeemed by a fine taste, and a clear discriminating understanding—in which the learning of other times comes transmitted to us like bullion cleared of earth, purified from alloy, changed in form, and receiving a kind of currency from the mint through which it has passed ; but, in the case before us, this process seems to have been reversed. The materials are selected without much reference to taste, and adduced in illustration of positions which are either absurd in themselves, or incapable of receiving support from the facts adduced. There is so much repetition of old stories, stale jests, and thread-bare anecdotes, respecting *well-known* authors ; and, on the other hand, so protracted and vexatious a circumstantiality about others whose names have been long consigned to merited oblivion—so much

of what we do not *want*, and of what we do not *wish* to know, that the predominant feelings which we experienced in reading the 'Quarrels of Authors' was weariness and disgust.

After this broad and sweeping censure, our readers, as well as our author, have a right to demand an explanation, and to require us to substantiate the charge we have preferred. With this request we do not find it difficult to comply.

We are informed by our author himself, that 'both the Calamities and the Quarrels of Authors form only separate portions of an extended view of the literary character;'^{*} so that, if we are to understand Mr. D'Israeli in the most obvious sense of his expressions, in order to our obtaining an extended view of the literary character, we have only to consider it under the twofold and melancholy aspect of calamities and quarrels—a view to which, we charitably hope, Mr. D'Israeli himself forms an appropriate and distinguished exception. But if we understand him as referring to these two features as constituting only part of an unfinished picture, we must be allowed to express some degree of alarm for ourselves and for the public with reference to the end of all this. In order to complete this plan, we do not see any good reason why we may not expect to have separate and wordy publications, like the present and the foregoing, on the religion of authors, on their friendships, on their loves, on their courtships, on their amusements, on their intrigues, on their sobriety, on their intemperance; and, in short, on all those varied relations in which authors, like other men, stand to each other, to the society to which they belong, and to the Being whom they either do, or are bound to worship; nay, we are of opinion, that separate chapters on the sleep, food, drink, and clothing of authors, might justly be admitted into a plan which has for its object the full development of the book-making character. In imitation of some of our elder brethren, who have acquired a notorious facility in the discovery of *eras*, we may venture to announce this as a new *era* in the history of literature. By this improved method, many inconveniences, which those who have hitherto attempted the delineation of character have experienced, will be avoided. Instead of overpowering the eye of the spectator by an union of different and mixed colours, all combining in the production of one general effect, termed character—instead of attempting that nice adjustment, that proportioned and relative arrangement of light and shade, on which the verisimilitude of any delineation has hitherto been thought to depend—instead of adopting this obsolete, synthetical method, in which so many have failed of success, Mr. D'Israeli, by a contrary plan of analysis, presents us with a full and distinct view of all the colours which are made use of in portraying a character. He points to the various *faints* out of which a resemblance may be produced, and wishes us to believe he has present-

* See Preface, p. 3.

ed us with a picture; he refers us to an attentive consideration of the different prismatic colours, with the view of affording us a just conception of their combined effect. However ingenious and simple this *new* method may appear, we must be permitted to state one small objection to its usefulness; for really it does occur to us, that as the different affections of authors, their likings and dislikings, their loves and their friendships, their calamities and their quarrels, enter in a combined form into their characters, and are not unfrequently cotemporary; as the passions and prejudices of all men, whether writers or readers, are modified and directed, softened or exasperated, by the operation of some other opposing or aiding passion or prejudice acting conjunctly and simultaneously—as all this happens to be undeniably true, we will be pardoned if we aver, that we do not clearly comprehend why *that* should be disjoined in the copy which is united in the original—why *that* should be true, coming from the pen of D'Israeli, which has no foundation in nature.

There are some cases in which knowledge is folly, and ignorance is wisdom. Who, for example, that has felt that fervid and exalted strain of piety which runs through every sentence and page of the unfortunate Logan, would wish to know any thing of the conduct of the man inconsistent with the sentiments of the author? There are few individuals, we may safely assert, who feel themselves much gratified by the many attempts which have been made to throw suspicion, and even obloquy, on the character of the inimitable Burns. After rising from the harmonious numbers and exalted sentiments of Pope, who desires to know that his life was less harmonious, or his conduct less exalted? We thank not the biographer of the foibles of Addison for throwing any new light on that jealousy of rival talent, and blindness to cotemporary merit, with which this elegant and popular teacher of rational morality and genuine piety has been sometimes charged. All these allegations may be true; but they are truths which give us uneasiness, and which produce no good; but which, on the contrary, tend directly to lessen in us our regard for certain truths, and virtues, and sentiments, which the works of these men are well calculated to inculcate and inspire. Whilst we contemplate with admiration those great names which have instructed and exalted their species by works, the production of cool reflection and sober calculated wisdom, it is not fair, it is not philosophical, and surely it is not generous, to bring against them, with a *fiend-like* assiduity, those little errors and inconsistencies into which thoughtlessness and passion sometimes hurry the best of men. Yet Mr. D'Israeli has, to a certain extent, been guilty of this very crime. He has gathered from every quarter, extracted from every *ephemeral* review, pamphlet, newspaper, or even traditionary report, all those bickerings, and heats, and jealousies, which, to say the least, had much better have remained safely locked up in the author's desk

amongst the rest of his *literary curiosities*. We have no patience for such apologies as—'the truth must be told, however disagreeable, or hurtful, it may be.' It was by similar averments that Mr. Hume, some years ago, prefaced an attempt to destroy, not only our belief in God, but even in the evidence of our senses. 'Horum, semper ego optaverim pauperrimus esse bonorum.'

But, independently of the injury which is thus done to individuals, why, we would ask, this clumsy three-volumed disquisition upon quarrels at all? Had Mr. D'Israeli fulfilled his promise to the public on a former occasion,* this particular *calamity* could not have been overlooked; for surely, of all the curses which disobedience has entailed upon us, there is none which has so direct and manifest a tendency to blast every enjoyment, and disseminate widely the seeds of calamity, as this very disposition to wrangle and quarrel, and contend with each other. This principle, admitted into paradise and the garden of peace, becomes a source of inquietude and contention;—removed from the earth, and all the images of the golden times,—the peace-speaking and inspired descriptions of the poet and the prophet rush immediately and irresistibly on the imagination and the heart. Why, then, amidst the former enumeration of the enemies of the happiness of authors, was this leader of the unhallowed multitudes, this Goliath of the Philistines, passed over in silence?—or, if this subject *must* now have a place, what are the mighty benefits to arise from its discussion, sufficient to counteract or to atone for the evil which we have already alluded to? There is something so revolting to all that is peaceable and amiable in our nature in the very circumstance of raking up and collecting together, from every musty corner and dark recess, the very dust and refuse of character, that nothing but the most imperious necessity, the absolute impossibility of accomplishing his purpose otherwise, could, we should suppose, have induced our author to adopt this harsh, and, we must add, inauspicious measure. And what, after all, is the purpose to the accomplishment of which such means are necessary? It is, as we are again and again informed, with the view of giving us 'an enlarged view of the character of authors.' This, then, brings us to the point, namely, to determine whether the means adopted can in any degree effect the end proposed. In our humble opinion, nothing can be more unlikely; for if any thing characteristic of the species can at all be inferred from the quarrellings of a few authors, it is plain that this must consist in some specific and determinate difference betwixt their quarrels and those of other men, or other societies of men. Now, we would humbly presume to inquire of Mr. D'Israeli, how authors are characterized by their quarrels? Do authors quarrel, as wolves fight, in companies? and, if so, what particular mode of conjunct warfare do they adopt? Or, if they contend indivi-

* Calamities of Authors.

dually, in what respects do their separate contentions differ from those of John and Thomas, William and Mary? One man disoblige another, or one man, from a real or supposed injury, takes offence at another;—the quarrel is begun; if it should happen to be in the town of Tipperary, or Baltimore, it may end in blows; if in the Congress, it may evaporate in speeches: if it takes place on the turf, pistols must decide it; or if betwixt two rival authors, it will probably issue from the press in all the dignity, and with all the permanency, of printed character. On the other hand, one society of men falls foul of another, or they quarrel amongst themselves—tailors with apprentices, surgeons with physicians—or the united supporters of one fraternity become suddenly the divided advocates of separate institutions. In all these and other similar instances, the invariable and natural consequence is the same; each party thinks itself in the right, and its opponents in the wrong. This they tell to their friends, to their neighbours, and, if they can find access to the means, not unfrequently to the public likewise. The mere circumstance, therefore, of printing, and thus in a manner eternizing, their quarrels, though it may have afforded Mr. D'Israeli an opportunity of compiling a book on the subject, forms no peculiar or characteristic feature in the history of authors.

Of all the subjects, then, upon which Mr. D'Israeli could have fixed, with the view of accomplishing the end he proposes, that of the '*Quarrels of Authors*' seems the least fitted, by its very nature, to answer his expectations. The fact is, that all men, and all societies of men, exhibit nearly the same features when under the influence of passion. It is to the operation of habits arising out of the artificial customs and institutions of society, that we are to trace those peculiarities and diversities by which men, and classes of men, are distinguished from each other. Withdraw the robe of office, the garb of habit, the reflected colouring imparted by objects with which we are conversant, the rouge and the paint of fashion, trade, profession, manner of life;—strip the lawyer, the physician, and the parson, of all their appropriate badges, by putting them under the influence of some natural and original passion or feeling, and you no longer behold the profession, but the *man*—the general, but the individual character.

But perhaps Mr. D'Israeli does not mean to give us the '*Quarrels of Authors*' as a specimen of a whole, but merely as a piece of the private history of so many individuals, from which we are permitted to draw no conclusions beyond the facts and instances adduced. In this view, we have every thing to object, both to the object and execution;—to the object, inasmuch as it tends to establish no general principle, while it evidently points to individual injury;—to the execution, because, as we formerly hinted, the information with respect to most of the characters, which are generally known, is already in a great measure in the possession of our readers; and because, however deeply we may be agitated

by the contentions of Warburton, of Pope, or of Bentley, we really can take little interest in the Billingsgate of *Stubbe*, of *Warwick*,* *Sir John Birkinhead*,† or *Cross*, *Vicar of Great Chew*.‡

The natural perplexity, too, and distraction of his narrative, (if so that may be termed, which, in the words of the comic poet, may be said to move without making any sensible advance,§) are rendered ten times more intolerable by the very worst of all possible expedients. The notes which accompany the text (and but for the introduction of which the text itself would never have existed) are ever soliciting the attention, and withdrawing the eye from what is legally and ostensibly the main subject of discussion: the very moment the reader begins to congratulate himself that he is actually moving in advance, he is suddenly and unexpectedly carried many long pages out of his reckoning, by an irresistible current of notes and references, extracts and dissertations. In consequence of these zig-zag retrograde-progressive movements, he must be fortunate indeed if he can remember any thing beyond the present anecdote;—all continuity of narrative is at an end—weariness succeeds to confusion—and the reader lays aside the book with something like that swimming giddiness which *Sancho may* naturally be supposed to have experienced after being so unmercifully tossed in a blanket.

With regard to the style in which these literary Quarrels are conveyed, we cannot give a better notion of it than by comparing it to the rattling of stones in a wallet. There is much noise—there is much antithesis—there is much pressure of one part upon another—there is a rolling, and a rounding, and a justling, and a jumbling. The writer evidently attempts fine, close, nervous, and sonorous diction; but, by an unlucky perversion of taste, or deficiency of talent, he mistakes the shadow for the substance, the caricature for the resemblance.

We are too much interested in the cause of literature in general to admit at present of any of those limiting or qualifying circumstances which a careful and attentive perusal of this extended work might suggest. It is the general feature and prominent tendency which we wish to convey, and having made up our minds upon these points, all other considerations become subordinate and unimportant. Suppose we should allow, and produce ample extracts to prove, that our author has shown indefatigable industry, bestowed incalculable pains in searching out and obtaining much rare and some curious information;—though we should be ready to admit that King Charles the Second, as well as the witty authors of his licentious reign, have left us on record many striking specimens of sarcastic satire, quaint humour, and impi-

* Vol. II. p. 19, &c.

† Vol. II. p. 249, &c.

‡ Vol. II. p. 27, &c.

§ *Movet, sed nil promovet.*—Terence.

ous drollery :—though we are told that Warburton was more addicted to violence, Pope to dissimulation, and Cibber to a generous placability of temper, than we were hitherto led to imagine :—Yet still the great principle of utility presses upon our observation, and discountenances every effort that relenting nature might be disposed to make in alleviation of our severer but decided judgment. It is in support of this principle, taken in reference both to instruction and rational amusement, that we profess to judge and to write ; and no considerations of private advantage or feeling shall ever disarm our censure, or command our approbation. We think the present times, in particular, urgent in demanding our most rigorous and most unbiassed attention to the merits of those numerous and increasing candidates for literary fame who are every day crowding into the temple of Apollo. Placed as we are as sentinels at the entrance, and charged with the office of examining the passports, there is one short question which we consider ourselves bound to adhibit to every candidate. When he presents his volumes, boasts of the number of his pages, and blazons his talents for literary composition—when he tells us of the folios he has read, of the libraries he has searched, of the manuscripts he has consulted, of the oil he has wasted, and of the health he has impaired, we will invariably direct his eye to that ‘ *Cui Bono?*’ inscription, which time and experience, if not ancient fable and allegory, have engraved upon the pedestal of the god ;—we will ask him to produce his claims to originality, either in point of invention or combination, before he enter the sacred recess.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

ART. VI. *An Account of the principal attempts which have been made to mount into the air by means of Balloons.*

THE principles on which a balloon could be constructed, were pretty generally known among men of science, long before any attempt was made to reduce them to complete effect. This experiment seemed unfit for a cabinet or a laboratory, and it could succeed only on a large scale, exposed to the gaze of the multitude. Without the toil of investigation, or indeed any exercise of thought, all the world might witness the result, and admire the magnificent spectacle which it would present. This triumph over matter was at length achieved by the skill and perseverance of Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, sons of the proprietor of a paper manufactory at Aunonay, in France. These remarkable persons, though bred in a remote provincial town, possessed in a

high degree, ingenuity and the spirit of observation. Without having the benefit of an education, their native curiosity had led them to acquire a more extensive and accurate stock of knowledge than is usually found in the same condition of life. Stephen was more attached to mathematics, but Joseph directed his studies chiefly to chemistry and natural philosophy. They were associated in business with their father, who passed his quiet days, like a patriarch, amidst a large family, and a numerous body of workmen, and reached the very advanced age of 93. The younger brother made the valuable, yet much neglected discovery of the Hydraulic Ram.

The two brothers, who were accustomed to form their plans in concert, had long contemplated the floating and ascent of clouds in the atmosphere. It seemed to them, that a sort of factitious cloud, formed of very thin vapour, inclosed in a light bag of immense size, would mount to the higher regions. In pursuit of this idea, they selected a fluid specifically lighter than atmospheric air; and, accordingly, introduced hydrogen gas into large bags of paper and of thin silk, which rose up, as had been expected, to the ceiling, but fell down in a few seconds, owing to the rapid escape of the gas through the cracks and pores of the case. This great facility with which hydrogen gas makes its way through any substance of a loose and incompact texture, is partly due to its extreme fluidity, but is chiefly occasioned by its strong and obstinate attraction for common air. The mode of preventing, or at least checking that escape, by the application of a proper varnish, was yet unknown. The prospect was so discouraging, that our experimenters had recourse to another scheme, more analogous to their original ideas, and it rewarded their continued efforts with the most complete success. In the month of November, 1782, Joseph Montgolfier, happening, in the course of his frequent excursions, to be then at Avignon, procured a small silk bag, of the form of a parallelopipedon, open below, like a lady's hoop, and having a capacity of about 45 cubic feet; under its orifice he burnt some paper, and saw, with inexpressible transport, the bag quickly swell, and mount rapidly to the height of 75 feet, where it remained, till by cooling, it lost its buoyancy. Returning to Aunonay, he communicated the happy result to his brother, and it was resolved by them to prosecute the experiment on a larger scale. Having provided a large quantity of coarse

linen, they formed it into the shape of a globe, about thirty feet in diameter, which they lined with paper. On lighting a fire within its cavity, to warm and expand the air, they had the delightful satisfaction of seeing the bag ascend, with a force equivalent to 500 pounds.

It was very natural, that the brothers should now desire an occasion for exhibiting this grand experiment in their native town. They invited the members of the provincial meeting of the states of the Vivarais, then assembled at Aunonay, to witness the first public ascent. On the 5th of June, 1783, amidst a very large concourse of spectators, the spherical bag or balloon, consisting of different pieces of linen, merely buttoned together, was suspended from cross poles; two men kindled a fire under it, and kept feeding the flames with small bundles of chopped straw; the loose bag gradually swelled, assuming a graceful form, and, in the space of five minutes, it was completely distended, and made such an effort to escape, that eight men were required to hold it down. On a signal being given, the stays were slipped, and the balloon instantly rose with an accelerating motion, till it reached some height, when its velocity continued uniform, and carried it to an elevation of more than a mile. All was admiration and transport. Amidst the shouts of unbounded acclamation, the progress of the artificial cloud retiring from sight, arrested every eye. It was hurried along by the wind; but, its buoyant force being soon spent, it remained suspended only ten minutes, and fell gently in a vineyard, at the distance of about a mile and a half from the place of its ascension. So memorable a feat lighted up the glow of national vanity, and the two Montgolfiers were hailed and exalted by the spontaneous impulse of their fellow-citizens.

Of this splendid experiment, a very hasty and imperfect account was transmitted to Paris, and quickly circulated over Europe. In those halcyon days, during the transient calm of political turmoils, and the happy absence of all military events, the prospect of navigating the atmosphere excited a very general ferment, and engrossed the conversation of all ranks. Yet the tale appeared so extraordinary, as to leave some doubts of its veracity, and many considered the relation of Montgolfier's discovery as nothing but an imposition practised on the public credulity.

When the intelligence of the first ascent of a balloon reached

St. Petersburg, it found the venerable Euler in a state of great debility, worn out with years and unremitting intellectual toil.

Having lost, in the middle of his career, the sight of an eye, he had been, for several years, visited with total blindness. But, in this afflicting situation, his mind was still entire, and found delightful exercise in his former habits of calculation. It was in training a domestic to act as his amanuensis, that this great genius now condescended to dictate, in the German language, to his humble pupil, a work of the highest merit,—*The Elements of Algebra*. During his last illness, Euler made an expiring effort and applied his favourite analysis to determine the ascending motion of a balloon. He dictated the preliminary steps of the problem to one of his grand-children; but the hand of death was already stretched over the Patriarch;—no farther could he proceed with his investigation;—and composing himself for nobler scenes, he calmly expected the moment of dissolution.

The virtuosi at Paris were eager to repeat the experiment of the ascension of a balloon. M. Faujas de St. Fond, an active and zealous naturalist, set on foot a subscription for defraying the expense, which was soon filled up. The construction of the machine was entrusted to the skill of two brothers of the name of Robert, under the superintendence of M. Charles, an ingenious lecturer in natural philosophy. It had at first been proposed merely to copy the process of Montgolfier, but Charles preferred the application of hydrogen gas; a resolution which afterwards occasioned much difficulty and delay. Several days were spent in abortive attempts to fill the balloon completely. At last it rose, and was kept suspended at the height of 100 feet above the ground. In this state, it was conveyed with acclamations to the Place des Victoires, where it rested, and underwent some repair. About midnight, it was thence transported in silent procession, preceded by torch lights, and guarded by a detachment of horse and foot soldiers, to the Champ de Mars, at the distance of near two miles. The few passengers found at that still hour on the streets, gazed with astonishment at the floating mass, and the very coachmen, filled with a sort of awe, respectfully saluted it as they passed.

Next day, being the 27th of August 1783, an immense concourse of people covered the Champ de Mars, and innumerable spectators had planted themselves along the banks of the Seine,

and the amphitheatre of Passy. By three o'clock, every avenue was filled with carriages, and all the beauty and fashion of Paris, flocked towards the Ecole Militaire. The preparations being finished, a cannon was discharged as the signal of ascent. The balloon, liberated from its stays, shot upwards with such rapidity, as in two minutes, to reach, according to calculation, the height of 3000 feet, where it seemed lost in a dark cloud; it re-appeared at a greater elevation, but was soon obscured amid other clouds; and after performing a flight of about fifteen miles, in the space of three quarters of an hour, it sunk to the ground in a field near Ecouen, where the peasants secured it, having noticed a rent in the upper part of the bag, to which its fall might be imputed. The success of the experiment was complete. The incredulous were sadly mortified; but every minor reflection was drowned in the tumult of excessive joy and exultation. It began to rain immediately after the balloon was launched, yet this unlucky circumstance had no effect to abate the curiosity of the spectators. Regardless of the torrents that fell, they were wholly absorbed, in following with eager gaze the progress of the machine through the air. Even elegant ladies, dressed in their finest attire, stood exposed, looking intently the whole time, and were drenched to the skin. This small balloon weighed only thirty pounds, and had at first a buoyant force of forty pounds *avoirdupois*. The terminal velocity was about 1168 feet each minute.

About this time Joseph Montgolfier visited Paris, and was invited by the Royal Academy of Sciences, to repeat his experiment of Aunonay on a larger scale. He constructed, with coarse linen, and a paper lining, a balloon of a pear shape, and about 43 feet wide, and 75 feet high. The smoke of 50 pounds of dry straw, in small bundles, joined to that of 12 pounds of wool, was found sufficient to fill it in the space of ten minutes. The bag duly swelled, and made an effort to rise, equivalent to the weight of 500 pounds; but being reserved for exhibition the next day, it was totally destroyed during the night, by its exposure to incessant and violent rain. It became necessary, therefore, to prepare another balloon, and such was the expedition of the artist, that in five days the whole was completed. Early on the morning of the 19th September, it was placed upon an octagon scaffold, in front of the palace of Versailles. It had a very showy appearance, being painted with ornaments in oil colours. By ten o'clock, the

road from Paris was crowded with carriages of all descriptions. Every person of any note or fashion, hurried from the metropolis to view the experiment; ladies of distinguished rank filled the windows; and the spacious courts and walks, and even the tops of the houses were covered with impatient spectators. The royal family and their attendants came forth, and examined the details of the apparatus. About 1 o'clock, the discharge of a mortar, gave notice that the filling of the balloon was to commence. In eleven minutes, another discharge announced that it was completely inflated; and on the third discharge of the mortar, the chords were cut, and the balloon instantly liberated. After balancing at first, in a moment of anxious expectation to the spectators, it rose majestically, in an oblique direction, under the impulse of the wind, till it reached the height of 1500 feet, where it appeared for a while suspended, but in the space of eight minutes it dropped to the ground, at the distance of two miles from the point of its ascent. A sheep, a cock, and a duck, which had been put into the basket, the first animals ever carried up in the air, were found perfectly safe and unhurt by the journey, and the sheep even feeding at perfect ease.

This successful experiment encouraged Montgolfier to prepare, on a more solid construction, another balloon, of a spheroidal form, 45 feet wide and 75 feet high. While it was filling with smoke, Pilatre de Rozier, a young naturalist, of great promise, and full of ardour and courage, leaped into the car, and was borne up to the height of 300 feet, where he continued some minutes suspended, the balloon being held down by cords, until it gently descended. The dangers of navigating the balloon being thus brought to a more correct estimate, it was resolved speedily to attempt the daring but sublime experiment. The badness of the weather, however, at this late season of the year, made the project be deferred several days. At last, on the 21st of November, every thing was ready for the ascent in the spacious gardens in the chateau of Muette, belonging to the court of the Dauphin. The sky had a lowering aspect, being loaded with heavy clouds, driven about by irregular winds. But the adventurers were not to be easily discouraged. After a first trial, which had nearly proved fatal to them, the balloon was again filled, and Rozier, with the Marquis d'Arlandes, a major of infantry, who had volunteered to accompany him, took their seats in the car, having a

store of ballast, and a provision of straw to supply the fire. About two o'clock the machine was lunched, and it mounted with a steady and majestic pace. Wonder, mingled with anxiety, was depicted in every countenance; but when, from their lofty situation in the sky, the navigators calmly waved their hats, and saluted the spectators below, a general shout of acclamation burst forth on all sides. As they rose much higher, however, they were no longer discernible by the naked eye.

————— in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurn the ground; thence many a league,
 As in a cloudy chair ascending, ride
 Audacious. —————

The balloon soared to an elevation of more than 3000 feet, and traversed, by a circuitous and irregular course, the whole extent of Paris, whose gay inhabitants were all absorbed in admiration and amazement. A curious circumstance occurred during the passage of the floating mass: to the gazers planted on the towers of the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, it chanced to intercept the sun, and thus gave them, for a few seconds, the spectacle of a total eclipse. It has been alleged, that when the balloon had reached so high, that the objects on earth were no longer discernible, the Marquis d'Arlandes began to think that his curiosity and ambition were sufficiently gratified. He was, therefore, anxious to descend, and murmured against his companion, who still kept feeding the fire. At last, on hearing some cracks from the top of the balloon, and observing holes burning in the sides, the major became outrageously alarmed at his imminent danger, and applying wet sponges to stop the progress of combustion, he compelled the *savants* to desist from his officious operations. As they now descended too fast, however, M. d'Arlandes was not less anxious and diligent in throwing fresh straw upon the fire, in order to give such an elevation, as would clear the different obstacles. The navigators dexterously avoided the lofty buildings of Paris, by applying fuel as occasion required; and, after a journey of 20 or 25 minutes, they safely alighted beyond the Boulevards, having described a tract of six miles.

Such was the prosperous issue of the first aërial navigation ever achieved by mortals. It was a conquest of science which

all the world could understand ; and it flattered extremely the vanity of that ingenious people, who hailed its splendid progress, and enjoyed the honour of their triumph. The Montgolfiers had the annual prize of 600 livres adjudged to them by the Academy of Sciences ; the elder brother was invited to court, decorated with the badge of St. Michael, and received a patent of nobility ; and on Joseph a pension was bestowed, with the further sum of 40,000 livres, to enable him to prosecute his experiments with balloons.

The facility and success, however, of the smoke, or fire balloons, appeared to throw into the shade the attempts made by the application of hydrogen gas. M. Charles, the promoter of this plan, was keenly reproached by M. Faujas de St. Fond, for departing from the method practised by the original inventor ; and he was, moreover, with his associates, the Roberts, held up to public derision in the smaller theatres of Paris. To silence the cavils and insinuations of his antagonists, he resolved, therefore, on making some new efforts. A subscription was opened to defray the expense of a globe 28 feet in diameter, and formed of tiffany, with elastic varnish. After repeated accidents and delays, this balloon was planted the 1st of December, 1783, at the entrance of the great alley of the Thuilleries, and the diffuse fluid was this time introduced into it from a sort of gazometer. The whole apparatus cost about 1800 dollars, one half of which was expended in the production of the gas alone. An immense concourse of spectators had collected from all parts. The discharge of a cannon at intervals announced the progress in filling the balloon. To amuse the populace, and quiet their impatience, M. Montgolfier was desired to let off a small fire balloon, as a mark of his precedence. At last, the globe being sufficiently inflated, and a quantity of ballast lodged in the car, MM. Charles and Robert placed themselves in the appended boat or car, and the machine was immediately disengaged from its stays. It mounted with a slow and solemn motion, at the terminal velocity of about 400 feet each minute, or at the rate of somewhat less than five miles in the hour. "The car, ascending amidst profound silence and admiration," to borrow the warm and exaggerated language of the reporter, "allowed, in its soft and measured progress, the bystanders to follow with their eyes and their hearts two interesting men, who, like demi-gods, soared to the abode of the immortals, to receive the reward of intelligence, and carry the imperishable

name of Montgolfier. After the globe had reached the height of 2000 feet it was no longer possible to distinguish the aërial navigators; but the coloured pennants which they waved in the air testified their safety and their tranquil feelings. All fears were now dissipated, enthusiasm succeeded to astonishment; and every demonstration was given of joy and applause." The balloon, describing a tortuous course, and rising or sinking according to the fancy of its conductors, was, after a flight of an hour and three quarters, made to alight on the meadow of Nesle, about 25 miles from Paris.

After this prosperous descent, the globe, though become rather flaccid and loose by its expenditure, yet still retained a great buoyant force, when relieved from the weight of the travellers. The sun had just set, and the night was beginning to close; but M. Charles formed the resolution of making alone another aërial excursion.¹ His courage was rewarded by the spectacle of one of the most novel and enchanting appearances in nature. He shot upwards with such celerity, as to reach the height of near two miles in ten minutes. The sun rose again to him in full orb; and, from his lofty station in the heavens, he contemplated the fading luminary, and watched its parting beams, till it once more sunk below the remote horizon. The vapours rising from the ground collected into clouds, and covered the earth from his sight. The moon began to shine, and her pale rays scattered gleams of various hues over the fantastic and changing forms of those accumulated masses. This scene had all the impressive solemnity of the true sublime. No wonder, that the first mortal eye that ever contemplated such awful grandeur could not refrain from shedding tears of joy and admiration. The region in which M. Charles hovered was now excessively cold; and as he opened the valve occasionally during his ascent, to prevent the violent distention of the balloon, the hydrogen gas, not having time to acquire the temperature of the exterior air, rushed out like misty vapour, with a whistling noise. But prudence forbade the voyager to remain long at such an elevation, while darkness was gathering below. He therefore descended slowly to the earth, and after the lapse of 35 minutes, alighted near the wood of Tour du Lay, having, in that short interval, travelled about nine miles.

The next voyage through the air was performed in the largest .

balloon ever yet constructed. The elder Montgolfier had been persuaded to open a subscription at Lyons for the sum of 800 dollars to construct an *aëronautic* machine, capable of upholding a great weight, and of carrying a horse, or other quadruped. It had an elongated shape, 109 feet wide, and 134 feet high, and was formed of two folds of linen, having three layers of paper laid between them, and quilted over with ribbands. It showed, at first, enormous buoyant power. A truss of straw, moistened with spirit of wine, was found, when set on fire, to yield humid smoke sufficient to inflate the balloon, and the burning of five pounds weight of alder faggots kept it in full action. Though loaded with a ballast of eighteen tons, it yet lifted up six persons from the ground. Unfortunately, it was very much damaged one night, in consequence of being exposed to rain, frost, and snow. However, on the 19th January, 1784, the balloon was charged in 17 minutes, by the combustion of 550 pounds of alder. Joseph Montgolfier, accompanied by the ardent Pilatre de Rozier, and four other persons of note, with the proper ballast, took their seats in a wicker gallery, and were lunched into the atmosphere. They manœuvred over the city of Lyons, and near the course of the Rhine, for the space of 49 minutes; but a large rent having been observed in the upper part of the balloon, they were compelled to descend abruptly, though without any farther accident.

The difficulties and dangers of *aërial* navigation being at length surmounted, the ascents of balloons were now multiplied in all quarters. We pass over several attempts of that kind, until we come to one the most remarkable for its duration and its adventures, which was performed on the 16th June, 1786, by M. Testu, with a balloon of 29 feet in diameter, constructed by himself of glazed tiffany, furnished with auxiliary wings, and filled, as usual, with hydrogen gas. It had been much injured by wind and rain during the night before its ascension; but having undergone a slight repair, it was finally lunched, with its conductor, at four o'clock in the afternoon. When he wished to descend, he endeavoured to effect this object by the reaction of his wings. This force being insufficient, he threw out some ballast; and at half past five o'clock, he softly alighted on a corn-field in the plain of Montmorency. Without leaving the car, he began to collect a few stones for ballast; when he was surrounded by the proprietor of the field and a troop of peasants, who insisted on

being indemnified for the damage occasioned by his idle and curious visitors. Anxious now to disengage himself, he persuaded them, that, his wings being broken, he was wholly at their mercy; they seized the stay of the balloon, which floated at some height, and dragged their prisoner through the air in a sort of triumph towards the village. But M. Testu, finding that the loss of his wings, his cloak, and some other articles, had considerably lightened the machine, suddenly cut the cord, and took an abrupt leave of the clamorous and mortified peasants. He rose to the region of the clouds, where he observed small frozen particles floating in the atmosphere. He heard thunder rolling beneath his feet, and, as the coolness of the evening advanced, the buoyant force diminished, and, at three quarters after six o'clock, he approached the ground, near the Abbey of Royaumont. There he threw out some ballast, and, in the space of twelve minutes rose to a height of 2400 feet, where the thermometer was only 66 degrees. He now heard the blast of a horn, and descried huntsmen below in full chase. Curious to witness the sport, he pulled the valve, and descended at eight o'clock, between Etouen and Varville, when, rejecting his oars, he set himself to gather some ballast. While he was thus occupied, the hunters galloped up to him. He mounted a third time, and passed through a dense body of clouds, in which thunder followed lightning in quick succession.

With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way.

The thermometer fell to 21°, but afterwards regained its former point of 66°, when the balloon had reached the altitude of 3000 feet. In this region, the voyager sailed till half past nine o'clock, at which time he observed from his "watch-tower in the sky" the final setting of the sun. He was now quickly involved in darkness, and enveloped in the thickest mass of thunder-clouds. The lightnings flashed on all sides, and the loud claps were incessant. The thermometer, seen by the help of a phosphoric light which he struck, pointed at 21°, and snow and sleet fell copiously around him. In this most tremendous situation the intrepid adventurer remained the space of three hours, the time during which the storm lasted. The balloon was affected by a

sort of undulating motion upwards and downwards, owing, he thought, to the electrical action of the clouds. The lightning appeared excessively vivid, but the thunder was sharp and loud, preceded by a sort of crackling noise. A calm at last succeeding, he had the pleasure to see the stars, and embraced this opportunity to take some necessary refreshment. At half past two o'clock the day broke in; but his ballast being nearly gone, and the balloon dry and much elevated, he resolved to descend to the earth, and ascertain to what point he had been carried. At a quarter before four o'clock, having already seen the sun rise, he safely alighted near the village of Campremi, about 63 miles from Paris.

At this period, ascents with balloons had been multiplied, not only through France but all over Europe. They were seldom, however, directed to any other object than amusement, and had soon degenerated into mere exhibitions for gain. The first balloon seen in England, was constructed by an ingenious Italian, the Count Zambeccari; on the 25th November, 1783, it was filled about three fourths, and lunched at one o'clock from the artillery ground, and in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. At half past three in the afternoon, it was taken up at Petworth; in Sussex, about the distance of forty-eight miles. It was not till the following year, on the 21st of September, that a countryman of his, named Lunardi, first mounted in a balloon at London. He afterwards repeated the experiment in different parts of England, and during the following year in Scotland. To Lunardi succeeded Blanchard, who possessed just as little science, but had greater pretensions, and some share of dexterity and skill. This adventurer is said to have performed not fewer than thirty-six voyages through the air, and to have acquired a large sum of money by these bold and attractive exhibitions. His most remarkable journey was across the British channel, in company with Dr. Jeffries, an American gentleman. On the 17th January, 1785, in a clear frosty day, the balloon was lunched from the cliff of Dover, and, after a perilous course of two hours and three quarters, it alighted in safety on the edge of the forest of Guineas, not far beyond Calais.

The original smoke balloon of Montgolfier appears to have gradually fallen into disrepute, and the more elegant and expensive, but far more powerful construction, which employs varnished silk to contain hydrogen gas, came to be generally preferred.

With due precaution and management, the sailing through the atmosphere is perhaps scarcely more dangerous now than the navigating of the ocean. Of some hundred ascents with balloons, not above two cases are recorded to have had a fatal termination. The first was rendered memorable by the shocking death of the accomplished and interesting Rozier, who perished a martyr to his ardent zeal for the promotion of science. Being anxious to return the visit which Blanchard and Jeffries had paid to the French coast, by crossing the channel again and descending in England, he transported his balloon, which was of a globular shape, and forty feet in diameter, to Boulogne; and after various delays, occasioned chiefly by adverse winds, he mounted on the 15th June, 1785, with his companion, M. Romain. From some vague idea of being better able to regulate the ascent of the balloon, he had most incautiously suspended below it a small smoke one of ten feet diameter; a combination, to which may be attributed the disastrous issue. Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when the whole apparatus, at the height of above 3000 feet, was observed to be on fire; and its scattered fragments, with the unfortunate voyagers, were precipitated to the ground. They fell near the sea shore, about four miles from Boulogne, and were instantly killed by the tremendous shock, their bodies being found most dreadfully mangled.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. VII. *Napoleon Buonaparte.* From the French of Madame de Stael.

THE two great armies of the republic, those of the Rhine and of Italy, were almost constantly victorious to the treaty of Campo Formio, which, for a short time, suspended the long continental war. The army of the Rhine, of which Moreau was general, had preserved all the republican simplicity; the army of Italy, commanded by general Buonaparte, dazzled by its conquests, but was every day deviating further from the patriotic spirit, which till then had animated the French armies. Personal interest was taking the place of a patriotic spirit, and attachment to one man was prevailing over a devotion to liberty. The generals of the army of Italy, likewise, sought ere long to enrich themselves, thus proportionally diminishing that enthusiasm for austere principles without which a free state cannot exist.

General Bernadotte, of whom I shall have occasion to speak in

the sequel, came with a division of the army of the Rhine to join the army of Italy. There was a sort of contrast between the noble poverty of the one, and the irregular riches of the other: they resembled only in bravery. The army of Italy was the army of Buonaparte, that of the Rhine was the army of the French republic. Yet nothing was so brilliant as the rapid conquest of Italy. Doubtless the desire, which the enlightened Italians have always felt, to unite themselves into one state, and thus to possess so much national strength as to have nothing either to fear or to hope from strangers, contributed much to favour the progress of general Buonaparte. It was with the cry of 'Italy for ever!' that he passed the bridge of Lodi; and it was to the hope of independence, that he owed his reception among the Italians. But the victories which subjected to France countries beyond her natural limits, far from favouring liberty, exposed it to the danger of military government.

Buonaparte was already much talked of in Paris; the superiority of his capacity in business, joined to the splendour of his talents as a general, gave to his name an importance which no individual had ever acquired from the commencement of the revolution. But although in his proclamations he spoke incessantly of the republic, attentive men perceived that it was in his eyes, a mean, and not an end. It was in this same light that he viewed all things and all men. A rumour prevailed, that he meant to make himself king of Lombardy. One day I met general Augereau, who had just returned from Italy, and who was cited, I believe then with reason, as a zealous republican. I asked him whether it was true that general Buonaparte was thinking of becoming king. "No, assuredly," replied he, "he is a young man of too good principles for that." This singular answer was in exact conformity with the ideas of the moment. The sincere republicans would have regarded it as a degradation for a man, however distinguished he might be, to wish to turn the revolution to his personal advantage. Why had not this sentiment more force and longer duration among Frenchmen?

Buonaparte was stopped in his march to Rome by signing the peace of Tolentino, and it was then that he obtained the surrender of the superb monuments of the arts which we have long seen collected in the museum of Paris. The true abode of these master-pieces was, without doubt, Italy, and the imagination regretted their loss; but of all her illustrious prisoners it was upon these that France justly set the highest value. General Buonaparte wrote to the Directory, that he had made the surrender of these monuments one of the conditions of the peace with the pope. I have particularly insisted, said he, on the busts of Junius and Marcus Brutus, which I wish to send to Paris before the rest. Buonaparte, who afterwards removed these busts from the hall of the legislative body, might have spared them the trouble of the journey.

Buonaparte made himself remarkable by his character and capacity, as much as by his victories, and the imagination of the French was beginning to attach itself warmly to him. His proclamations to the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics were quoted. In the one this praise was remarked. You were divided, and bent down by tyranny; you were not in a situation to conquer liberty. In the other, true conquests, the only conquests which cost no regret, are those which we make from ignorance. In his style there reigned a spirit of moderation and dignity, which formed a contrast with the revolutionary bitterness of the civil leaders of France. The warrior then spoke like a magistrate, while magistrates expressed themselves with military violence. Buonaparte in his army had not enforced the laws against emigrants. He was said to be much attached to his wife, whose character was full of gentleness; it was asserted that he was feelingly alive to the beauties of Ossian; people took delight in ascribing to him all the generous qualities which gave a pleasing relief to extraordinary talents. Besides, the nation was so weary of oppressors who borrowed the name of liberty, and of oppressed persons who regretted the loss of arbitrary power, that admiration knew not what to attach itself to, and Buonaparte seemed to unite all that was fitted to take it captive. It was with this sentiment at least that I saw him for the first time at Paris. I could not find words to reply to him, when he came to me to say, that he had sought my father at Coppet, and that he regretted having passed into Switzerland without seeing him. But when I was a little recovered from the confusion of admiration, strongly marked sentiment of fear succeeded. Buonaparte, at that time, had no power: he was even believed to be not a little threatened by the captious suspicions of the Directory; so that the fear which he inspired was caused only by the singular effect of his person upon nearly all who approached him. I had seen men highly worthy of esteem; I had likewise seen monsters of ferocity: there was nothing in the effect which Buonaparte produced on me, that could bring back to my recollection either the one or the other. I soon perceived, in the different opportunities which I had of meeting him during his stay at Paris, that his character could not be defined by the words which we commonly use; he was neither good nor violent, nor gentle, nor cruel, after the manners of individuals of whom we have any knowledge. Such a being had no fellow, and therefore could neither feel nor excite sympathy; he was more or less than man. His cast of character, his understanding, his language, were stamped with the impress of an unknown nature; an additional advantage, as we have elsewhere observed, for the subjugation of Frenchmen.

Far from recovering my confidence by seeing Buonaparte more frequently, he constantly intimidated me more and more. I had a confused feeling that no emotion of the heart could act upon him. He regards a human being as an action or a thing, not as

a fellow creature. He does not hate more than he loves; for him nothing exists but himself: all other creatures are cyphers. The force of his will consists in the impossibility of disturbing the calculations of his egotism; he is an able chess player, and the human race is the opponent to whom he proposes to give checkmate. His successes depend as much on the qualities in which he is deficient, as on the talents which he possesses. Neither pity, nor allurements, nor religion, nor attachment to any idea whatsoever, could turn him aside from his principal direction. He is for his self-interest what the just man should be for virtue; if the end were good, his perseverance would be noble.

Every time that I heard him speak, I was struck with his superiority; yet it had no similitude to that of men instructed and cultivated by study or society, such as those of whom France and England can furnish examples. But his discourse indicated a fine perception of circumstances, such as the sportsman has of the game which he pursues. Sometimes he related the political and military events of his life in a very interesting manner; he had even somewhat of Italian imagination in narratives which allowed of gayety. Yet nothing could triumph over my invincible aversion for what I perceived in him. I felt in his soul a cold, sharp-edged sword, which froze the wound that it inflicted; I perceived in his understanding a profound irony, from which nothing great or beautiful, not even his own glory, could escape; for he despised the nation whose suffrages he wished, and no spark of enthusiasm was mingled with his desire of astonishing the human race.

It was in the interval between the return of Buonaparte and his departure for Egypt, that is to say, about the end of 1797, that I saw him several times at Paris; and never could I dissipate the difficulty of breathing which I experienced in his presence. I was one day at table between him and the Abbé Sieyès; a singular situation, if I had been able to foresee what afterwards happened. I examined the figure of Buonaparte with attention; but whenever he discovered that my looks were fixed upon him, he had the art of taking away all expression from his eyes, as if they had been turned into marble. His countenance was then immovable, except a vague smile which his lips assumed at random, to mislead any one who might wish to observe the external signs of what was passing within.

The Abbé Sieyès conversed during dinner unaffectedly and fluently, as suited a mind of his degree of strength. He expressed himself concerning my father with a sincere esteem. "He is the only man," said he, "who has ever united the most perfect precision, in the calculations of a great financier, to the imagination of a poet." This eulogium pleased me, because it characterized him. Buonaparte, who heard it, also said some obliging things concerning my father and me; but like a man who takes no in-

terest in individuals whom he cannot make use of in the accomplishment of his own ends.

His figure, at that time thin and pale, was rather agreeable; he has since grown fat, which does not become him; for we can scarcely tolerate a character which inflicts so many sufferings on others, if we do not believe it to be a torment to the person himself. As his stature is short, and his waist very long, he appeared to much more advantage on horseback than on foot. In every respect it is war, and only war, which suits him. His manners in society are constrained, without timidity; he has an air of vulgarity when he is at his ease, and of disdain when he is not: disdain suits him best, and accordingly he indulges in it without scruple.

By a natural vocation to the regal office, he already addressed trifling questions to all who were presented to him. Are you married? was his question to one of the guests. How many children have you? said he to another. How long is it since you arrived? When do you set out? and other interrogations of a similar kind, which establish the superiority of him who puts them over those who submit to be thus questioned. He already took delight in the art of embarrassing, by saying disagreeable things; an art which he has since reduced into a system, as he has every other mode of subjugating men by degrading them. At this epoch, however, he had a desire to please, for he confined to his own thoughts the project of overturning the Directory, and substituting himself in its stead; but in spite of this desire, one would have said that, unlike the prophet, he cursed involuntarily, though he intended to bless.

I saw him one day approach a French lady distinguished for her beauty, her wit, and the ardour of her opinions. He placed himself straight before her, like the stiffest of the German generals, and said to her, "madam, I don't like women to meddle with politics." "You are right, general," replied she; "but in a country where they lose their heads, it is natural for them to desire to know the reason." Buonaparte made no answer. He is a man who is calmed by an effective resistance; those who have borne his despotism deserve to be accused as much as he himself.

The Directory gave general Buonaparte a solemn reception, which in several respects should be considered as one of the most important epochs in the history of the revolution. The court of the place of the Luxemburg was chosen for this ceremony. No hall would have been large enough to contain the multitude which it attracted: all the windows and all the roofs were crowded with spectators. The five directors, in Roman costume, were seated in a platform at the further end of the court, and near them the deputies of the two councils, the tribunals, and the Institute. Had this spectacle occurred before the subjugation of the national representation to military power on the

18th Fructidor, it would have exhibited an air of grandeur: patriotic tunes were played by an excellent band; banners served as a canopy to the Directors, and these banners brought back the recollection of great victories.

Buonaparte arrived, dressed very simply, followed by his aids-de-camp, all taller than himself, but nearly bent by the respect which they displayed to him. In the presence of whatever was most distinguished in France, the victorious general was covered with applauses: he was the hope of every one: republicans, royalists, all saw the present or the future in the support of his powerful hand. Alas! of the young men who then cried, "Long live Buonaparte!" how many has his insatiable ambition left alive?

M. de Talleyrand, in presenting Buonaparte to the Directory, called him "the liberator of Italy, and the pacificator of the continent." He assured them that "general Buonaparte detested luxury and splendour, the miserable ambition of vulgar souls, and that he loved the poems of Ossian, particularly because they detach us from the earth." The earth would have required nothing better, I think, than to let him detach himself from its concerns. Buonaparte himself then spoke with a sort of affected negligence, as if he had wished to intimate, that he bore little love to the government under which he was called to serve.

He said that for twenty centuries royalty and feudality had governed the world, and that the peace which he had just concluded was the era of a republican government. "When the happiness of the French," said he, "shall be established upon better organical laws, all Europe will be free." I know not whether by the organical laws of freedom he meant the establishment of his absolute power. However that might be, Barras, at that time his friend, and president of the Directory, made a reply which supposed him to be sincere in all that he had just said, and concluded by charging him specially with the conquest of England; a mission rather difficult.

Nothing was better calculated to produce a striking effect on the mind than the Egyptian war; and though the great naval victory gained by Nelson near Aboukir, had destroyed all its possible advantages, letters dated from Cairo, orders issuing from Alexandria to penetrate to Thebes, on the confines of Ethiopia, increased the reputation of a man who was not now within sight, but who at a distance seemed an extraordinary phenomenon. He put at the head of his proclamation, "Buonaparte, commander-in-chief, and Member of the National Institute;" whence it was concluded, that he was a friend to knowledge, and a protector of letters; but the security which he gave for these qualities was not more firm than his profession of the Mahomedan faith, followed by his concordat with the pope. He was already beginning to impose upon Europe by a system of juggling tricks, convinced, as he was, that the science of life consists merely in the

manœuvres of egotism. Buonaparte is not a man only, but also a system; and if he were right, the human species would no longer be what God has made it. He ought therefore to be examined like a great problem, the solution of which is of importance to meditation throughout all ages.

Buonaparte, in reducing every thing to calculation, was sufficiently acquainted with that part of the nature of man which does not obey the will, to feel the necessity of acting upon the imagination; and his two-fold dexterity consisted in the art of dazzling multitudes and of corrupting individuals.

His conversation with the mufti in the pyramid of the Cheops could not fail to enchant the Parisians, for it united the two qualities by which they are most easily captivated; a certain kind of grandeur and of mockery together. The French like to be moved and to laugh at being moved: quackery is their delight, and they aid willingly in deceiving themselves, provided they be allowed, while they act as dupes, to show by some witticisms that they are not so.

Buonaparte, in the pyramid, made use of the oriental style. "Glory to Allah," said he, "there is no true God, but God, and Mahomet is his prophet. The bread stolen by the wicked turns into dust in his mouth." "Thou hast spoken," said the mufti, "like the most learned of the Mullahs."—"I can cause a chariot of fire to descend from heaven," continued Buonaparte, "and direct it upon the earth."—"Thou art the mightiest captain," replied the mufti, "whose hand the power of Mahomet hath armed." Mahomet, however, did not prevent Sir Sidney Smith from arresting, by his brilliant valour, the successes of Buonaparte at St. Jean d'Acre.

When Napoleon, in 1805, was named king of Italy, he said to general Berthier, in one of those moments when he talked of every thing that he might try his ideas upon other people; "This Sidney Smith made fortune fail me at St. Jean d'Acre; my purpose was, to set out from Egypt, proceed to Constantinople, and arrive at Paris by marching back through Europe." This failure, however, made at the time a very decent appearance. Whatever his regrets might be, gigantic—like the enterprises which followed them, Buonaparte found means to make his reverses in Egypt pass for successes; and although his expedition had no other result than the ruin of the fleet, and the destruction of one of our finest armies, he was called the conqueror of the East.

Buonaparte, availing himself with ability of the enthusiasm of the French for military glory, associated their self-love with his victories as well as with his defeats. He gradually took possession of the place which the revolution occupied in every head, and attached to his own name that national feeling, which had aggrandized France in the eyes of foreigners.

Two of his brothers, Lucien and Joseph, had seats in the Coun-

cil of Five Hundred; and both in their different lines had enough of intellect and talent to be eminently useful to the general. They watched for him over the state of affairs, and when the moment was come, they advised him to return to France. The armies had been beaten in Italy, and were for the most part disorganized through the misconduct of the administration. The Jacobins began to show themselves once more; the Directory was without reputation and without strength. Buonaparte received all his intelligence in Egypt, and after some hours of solitary meditation, he resolved to set out. This rapid and certain perception of circumstances is precisely what distinguishes him, and opportunity has never offered itself to him in vain. It has been frequently repeated, that on departing then, he deserted his army. Doubtless, there is a species of exalted disinterestedness, which would not have allowed a warrior to separate himself thus from the men who had followed him, and whom he left in distress. But Buonaparte ran such risks in traversing the sea, covered with English vessels; the design which summoned him to France was so bold, that it is absurd to treat his departure from Egypt as cowardice. Such a being must not be attacked with common declamations:—every man, who has produced a great effect on other men, to be judged, should be examined thoroughly.

A reproach of a much graver nature is, the total want of humanity which Buonaparte manifested in his Egyptian campaign. Whenever he found any advantage in cruelty, he indulged in it, and yet his despotism was not sanguinary. He had no more desire to shed blood, than a reasonable man has to spend money without need. But his ambition was, in his nomenclature, necessity; and when this ambition was concerned, he did not for a moment allow himself to hesitate to sacrifice others to himself. What we call conscience, was in his eyes only the poetical name of cozenage.

Different accounts have been given of the manner in which the revolution of the 18th Brumaire was accomplished. The point of chief importance is, to observe on this occasion, the characteristic traits of the man, who has been for nearly fifteen years the master of the continent of Europe. He repaired to the bar of the Council of Ancients, and wished to draw them into his views by addressing them with warmth and dignity; but he cannot express himself in connected discourse; it is only in conversation that his keen and decisive spirit shows itself to advantage. Besides, as he has no true enthusiasm on any subject, he is never eloquent but in abuse; and nothing was more difficult for him than to confine himself in his address to that kind of respect which is due to an assembly whom we wish to convince. He attempted to say to the Council of Ancients, "I am the god of war and of fortune, follow me." But he used these pompous words from mere embarrassment, and in their place would rather

have said, "You are all a pack of wretches, and I will have you shot if you do not obey me."

On the 19th Brumaire, he came to the Council of Five Hundred, his arms crossed, with a very gloomy air, and followed by two tall grenadiers, who protected the shortness of his stature. The deputies, who were named Jacobins, uttered violent exclamations when they saw him enter the hall: fortunately for him his brother Lucien was president at the time; it was in vain that he rang the bell to re-establish order; cries of traitor and usurper, resounded from every quarter; and one of the members, a countryman of Buonaparte, the Corsican Arena, approached the general, and shook him violently by the collar of his coat. It has been supposed, but without reason, that he had a poignard to kill him. His action, however, terrified Buonaparte, who said to the grenadiers by his side, as he left his head drop over the shoulder of one of them, "Get me out of this." The grenadiers carried him away from among the deputies who surrounded him, and bore him from the hall into the open air. He was no sooner out than his presence of mind returned. He instantly mounted on horseback, and passing along the ranks of his grenadiers, soon determined them to what he wished should be done.

In this situation, as in many others, it has been observed that Buonaparte could be thrown into confusion, when another danger than that of war was set before him; whence some persons have, ridiculously enough, inferred that he was deficient in courage. His hardihood surely cannot be denied; but as he is nothing, not even brave, in a generous manner, it follows that he never exposes himself, but when it may be advantageous. He would be much vexed at the prospect of being killed, for that would be a reverse, and he wishes to be successful in every thing; he would likewise be vexed at it, because death is disagreeable to the imagination: but he does not hesitate to hazard his life, when, according to his views, the game, if I may be allowed the expression, is worth the risk of the stake.

After general Buonaparte left the hall of the Five Hundred, the deputies opposed to him were vehement in demanding, that he should be put out of the protection of the law; and it was then that his brother Lucien, president of the assembly, did him an eminent service by refusing, in spite of all the solicitations with which he was urged, to put that proposition to the vote. If he had consented, the decree would have passed, and no one can tell what impression it might yet have produced on the soldiers. For ten years they had uniformly abandoned such of their generals as the legislative power had proscribed; and although the national representation had lost its character of legality by the 18th Fructidor, the similarity of words often prevails over the diversity of things. Buonaparte hastened to send an armed force to bring Lucien in safety out of the hall; as soon as he was gone, the grenadiers entered the orangery, where the deputies were assem-

bled, and drove them away by marching from one extremity of the hall to the other, as if there had been nobody present. The deputies, driven against the wall, were forced to escape by the window into the gardens of St. Cloud, with their senatorial robes. The representatives of the people had been already proscribed in France; but it was the first time since the revolution, that the civil power had been rendered ridiculous in presence of the military; and Buonaparte, who wished to establish his dominion on the degradation of bodies, as well as on that of individuals, enjoyed his success in destroying at the very outset, the dignity of the deputies. From the moment that the moral force of the national representation was annihilated, a legislative body, whatever it might be, was, in the eyes of the military, a mere assemblage of five hundred men, much less strong and active than a battalion of the same number; and they have since been always ready, at the command of their chief, to correct diversities of opinion like faults in discipline.

In the committees of the Five Hundred, Buonaparte, in presence of the officers of his suit, and some friends of the Directory, made a speech, which was printed in the journals of the day. It contains a remarkable comparison, which history ought to store up. "What have they done," said he, speaking of the Directors, "with that France which I left to them so brilliant? I left them in peace, and I find war at my return; I left them victorious, and I find defeats. What, in short, have they done with the hundred thousand Frenchmen, all of them my acquaintances and my companions in arms, who are now no more?" Then all at once concluding his harangue, in a calm, he added, "This state of things cannot last; it would lead us in three years to despotism." He took upon himself the charge of hastening the accomplishment of his prediction.

The first symptoms of tyranny cannot be watched too carefully; for when once it has grown up to a certain point, it can no longer be stopped in its career. A single man enchains the will of a multitude of individuals, the greater part of whom, taken separately, would wish to be free, but who nevertheless submit, because they dread one another, and dare not communicate their thoughts freely. A minority, not very numerous, is often sufficient to resist in succession, every portion of the majority which is unacquainted with its own strength.

In spite of the differences of time and place, there are points of resemblance in the history of all nations who have fallen under the yoke. It is generally after long civil troubles that tyranny is established, because it offers the hope of shelter to all the exhausted and timorous factions. Buonaparte said of himself with reason, that he could play admirably upon the instrument of power. In truth, as he is attached to no principles, nor restrained by any obstacles, he presents himself in the arena of circumstances, like a wrestler, no less supple than vigorous, and disco-

vers at the first glance, the points in every man, or association of men, which may promote his private designs. His scheme for arriving at the dominion of France, rested upon three principal bases,—to satisfy men's interests at the expense of their virtues, to deprave public opinion by sophisms, and to give the nation war for an object, instead of liberty. We shall see him follow these different paths with uncommon ability. The French, alas ! seconded him only too well : yet it is his fatal genius which should be chiefly blamed ; for, as an arbitrary government had at all times prevented the nation from acquiring fixed ideas upon any subject, Buonaparte set its passions in motion without having to struggle against its principles. He had it in his power to do honour to France, and to establish himself firmly by upright institutions : but his contempt of the human race had quite dried up his soul, and he believed that there was no depth but in the region of evil.

We have already seen him decree a constitution, in which there existed no securities. Besides, he took great care to leave the laws that had been published during the revolution, unreppealed, that he might at his pleasure select from this accursed arsenal, the weapon which suited him. The extraordinary commissions, the transportations, the banishments, the slavery of the press, measures unfortunately introduced in the name of liberty, were extremely useful to tyranny. When he employed them, he alleged as a pretext, sometimes reasons of state, sometimes the urgency of the conjuncture, sometimes the activity of his adversaries, sometimes the necessity of maintaining tranquillity. Such is the artillery of the phrases by which absolute power is defended, for circumstances never have an end ; and in proportion as restraint by illegal measures is increased, the disaffected become more numerous, which serves to justify the necessity of new acts of injustice. The establishment of the sovereignty of law is always deferred till to-morrow, a vicious circle of reasoning which it is difficult to leave ; for liberty will scarcely be permitted till that public spirit prevail which can result only from the enjoyment of liberty.

The constitution gave Buonaparte two colleagues : he chose, with singular sagacity, for his assistant consuls, two men, who were of no use but to disguise the unity of his despotism : the one was Cambacérès, a lawyer of great learning, who had been taught in the convention, to bend methodically before terror ; the other, Lebrun, a man of highly cultivated mind and highly polished manners, who had been trained under the chancellor Maupeou ; under that minister, who, satisfied with the degree of arbitrary power which he found in the monarchy as it then existed, had substituted for the parliaments of France, one named by himself. Cambacérès was the interpreter of Buonaparte to the revolutionists, Lebrun to the royalists : both translated the same text into two different languages. Thus two able ministers were

charged with the task of adapting the old system and the new to the mixed mass of the third. The one, a noble who had been engaged in the revolution, told the royalists, that it was their interest to recover monarchical institutions, at the expense of renouncing the ancient dynasty. The other, who, though a creature of the era of disaster, was ready to promote the re-establishment of courts, preached to the republicans the necessity of abandoning their political opinions, in order to preserve their places. Among these knights of circumstances, the grand master, Buonaparte, could create such conjunctures as he desired; while the others manœuvred according to the wind with which the genius of the storms has filled their sails.

The political army of the first consul was composed of deserters from the two parties. The royalists sacrificed to him their fidelity to the Bourbons; the patriots, their attachment to liberty: so that no independent style of thinking could show itself under his dominion; for he was more willing to pardon a selfish calculation, than a disinterested opinion. It was by the bad side of the human heart that he hoped to gain possession of it.

Buonaparte took the Thuilleries for his abode; and even the choice of this residence was a stroke of policy. It was there that the king of France was accustomed to be seen; circumstances connected with monarchy were there presented to every eye; and the very influence of the walls on the minds of the spectators was, if we may say so, sufficient for the restoration of regal power. Towards the concluding days of the last century, I saw the first consul enter the palace built by our kings: and though Buonaparte was still very far from the magnificence which he afterwards displayed, there was visible in all around him an eagerness to vie in the courtier arts of oriental servility, which must have persuaded him that it was a very easy matter to govern the earth. When his carriage arrived in the court of the Thuilleries, his valets opened the door and put down the steps with a violence which seemed to say, that even inanimate substances were insolent when they retarded his progress for a moment. He neither looked at, nor thanked any person, as if he were afraid of being thought sensible to the homage which he required. As he ascended the staircase in the midst of the crowd which pressed to follow him, his eyes were not fixed on any object or any person in particular. There was an air of vagueness and want of thought in his physiognomy, and his looks expressed only what it always becomes him to show—indifference to fortune, and disdain for men.

One circumstance, which was singularly favourable to the power of Buonaparte, was, that he had nothing but the mass of the nation to manage. All individual existence had been annihilated by ten years of tumult, and nothing acts upon a people like military success: to resist this inclination on their part, instead of profiting by it, a great strength of reason is requisite. Nobody in France

could believe his situation secure; men of all classes, whether ruined or enriched, banished or recompensed, found themselves, if I may say so, one by one alike in the hands of power. Thousands of Frenchmen were upon the list of emigrants, thousands more had acquired national domains; thousands were proscribed as priests or nobles; and thousands of others feared to be so for their revolutionary deeds. Buonaparte, who constantly marched between two opposite interests, took care not to terminate these inquietudes by fixed laws, which would enable every man to know his rights. To this or that man he gave back his property; from this or that other he took it away for ever. A decree concerning the restitution of woods reduced one man to misery, while another recovered more than he had originally possessed. Sometimes he restored the estate of the father to the son, or that of the elder brother to the younger, according as he was satisfied or dissatisfied with their attachment to his person. There was not a Frenchman who had not something to ask of the government; and that something was life: for favour then consisted, not in the frivolous pleasure which it can impart, but in the hope of revisiting the land in which he was born, and of recovering a part at least of what he once possessed. The first consul had reserved to himself, under some pretext or other, the power of disposing of the lot of all and of every one. This unheard of state of dependence excuses in a great measure the nation. Is universal heroism to be expected, and was there not need of heroism to run the risk of the ruin and the banishment which impended over all, and which might fall by the application of a decree. A singular concurrence of circumstances placed the laws of the period of terror, and the military force created by republican enthusiasm, at the disposal of one man. What an inheritance for an able despot!

Two very different plans of conduct presented themselves to Buonaparte when he was crowned emperor of France. He might confine himself to the barrier of the Rhine and the Alps, which Europe did not dispute with him after the battle of Marengo, and render France, thus enlarged, the most powerful empire in the world. The example of constitutional liberty in France would have acted gradually, but with certainty, on the rest of Europe. It would no longer have been said that freedom is suitable only for England, because it is an island; or for Holland, because it is a plain; or for Switzerland, because it is a mountainous country; and a continental monarchy would have been flourishing under the shadow of the law, than which there is nothing more holy upon earth, except the religion from which it emanates.

Many men of genius have exerted all their efforts to do a little good, and to leave some traces of their institutions behind them. Destiny, in its prodigality towards Buonaparte, put into his hands a nation at that time containing forty millions of men, a nation whose amiable manners gave it a powerful influence on the opin-

ions and taste of Europe. An able ruler, at the opening of the present century, might have rendered France happy and free without any effort, merely by a few virtues. Napoleon is guilty not less for the good which he has not done, than for the evils of which he is accused.

In short, if his devouring activity felt itself straightened in the finest monarchy in the world; if to be merely emperor of France was too pitiful a lot for a Corsican, who, in 1790, was a subaltern, he should at least have stirred up Europe by the pretext of some great advantages to herself. The re-establishment of Poland, the independence of Italy, the deliverance of Greece, were schemes that had an air of grandeur; states might have felt an interest in the revival of other states. But, was the earth to be inundated with blood, that prince Jerome might fill the place of the Elector of Hesse; and that the Germans might be governed by French rulers, who took to themselves fiefs of which they could scarcely pronounce the titles, though they bore them; but on the revenues of which they easily laid hold in every language? Why should Germany have submitted to French influence? This influence communicated no new knowledge; and established no liberal institutions within her limits, except contributions and conscriptions still heavier than all that had been imposed by her ancient masters. There were, without doubt, many reasonable changes to be made in the constitutions of Germany; all enlightened men knew it; and for a long time accordingly they had shown themselves favourable to the cause of France, because they hoped to derive from her an improvement of their own condition. But without speaking of the just indignation which every people must feel at the sight of foreign soldiers in their territory, Buonaparte did nothing in Germany but with the view of establishing there his own power and that of his family: was such a nation made to serve as a footstool to his vanity? Spain too could not but reject with horror the perfidious means which Buonaparte employed to enslave her. What then did he offer to the empires which he wished to subjugate? Was it liberty? Was it strength? Was it riches? No; it was himself, always himself, with whom the world was to be regaled in exchange for every earthly blessing.

The Italians, in the confused hope of being finally united in one state; the unfortunate Poles, who implore hell as well as heaven that they may again become a people, were the only nations who served the emperor voluntarily. But he had such a horror for the love of liberty, that, though he needed the Poles as auxiliaries, he hated in them the noble enthusiasm which condemned them to obey him. This man, so able in the arts of dissimulation, could not avail himself even hypocritically of the patriotic sentiments from which he might have drawn so many resources; he could not handle such a weapon, and he was always afraid lest it

should be shivered in his hand. At Posen, Polish deputies came to offer him their fortunes and their lives for the re-establishment of Poland. Napoleon answered them with that gloomy voice, and that hurried declamation, which have been remarked in him when under constraint, consisting of a few words about liberty, well or ill put together, which cost him such an effort that it was the only lie which he could not pronounce with apparent ease. Even when the applauses of the people were in his favour, the people were still disagreeable to him. This instinct of despotism made him raise a tone without foundation, and forced him to fail in what was his vocation here below, the establishment of political reform.

The means of the emperor to enslave Europe were, audacity in war and craft in peace. He signed treaties when his enemies were half beaten, that he might not drive them to despair, but yet weakened them so much, that the axe which remained in the trunk of the tree might cause it at length to perish. He gained some friends among the old sovereigns by showing himself in every thing the enemy of freedom. Accordingly, it was the nations who finally rose up against him; for he had offended them more even than kings. Yet it is surprising still to find partisans of Buonaparte elsewhere than among the French, to whom he at least gave victory as a compensation for despotism. His partisans, especially in Italy, were in general friends of liberty, who had erroneously flattered themselves with obtaining it from him, and who would still prefer any great event to the dejection in which they are now fallen. Without wishing to enter upon the interests of foreigners, of which we have determined not to speak, we may venture to affirm, that the particular benefits conferred by Buonaparte, the high roads necessary to his projects, the monuments consecrated to his glory, some remains of the liberal institutions of the constituent assembly, of which he occasionally permitted the application out of France, such as the improvement of jurisprudence and public education, or the encouragement given to the sciences: all these benefits, desirable as they might be, could not compensate for the degrading yoke which weighed down the general character. What superior genius has been developed during his reign, or will be developed for a long time to come, in the countries where he ruled? If he had desired the triumph of a virtuous and discreet liberty, energy would have been displayed on every side, and a new impulse would have animated the civilized world. But Buonaparte has not procured for France the friendship of a single nation. He has made up marriages, sounded and united provinces, new-modelled geographical maps, and counted souls, in the manner since received, to complete the dominions of princes; but where has he implanted those political principles which are the ramparts, the treasures, and the glory of England? those institutions which are invincible after a

duration of even ten years ; for they have by that time produced so much happiness, that they rally all the citizens of a country in their defence.

The two principal causes of Napoleon's power in France were, above all, his military glory, and the art with which he re-established order, without attacking those selfish passions to which the revolution had given birth. But every thing was not included in these two problems.

It is pretended that, in discussions in the council of state, Napoleon displayed a universal sagacity. I have some doubts of the ability ascribed to a man who is all powerful ; we plain people in private life earn our celebrity at a much dearer rate. One is not, however, master of Europe during fifteen years, without having a piercing view of men and things. But there was in the mind of Buonaparte an incoherence, which is a marked feature of those who do not range their thoughts under the law of duty. The power of commanding had not been given by nature to Buonaparte ; but it was rather because other men did not act upon him, than because he acted upon them, that he became their master. The qualities of which he was destitute served his purpose as well as the talents he possessed ; and he made himself obeyed, only by degrading those whom he subjected. His successes are astonishing ; his reverse more astonishing still. What he performed, aided by the energy of the nation, is admirable ; the state of torpor in which he left it can scarcely be conceived. The multitude of men of talents whom he employed is extraordinary ; but the characters whom he debased have done more harm to the cause of liberty than the service that could be rendered to it by all the powers of intelligence. To him, above all, may be applied the fine image of despotism, in the " Spirit of Laws ;" " He cut up the tree by its roots to obtain its fruit," and perhaps he has even dried up the soil.

In a word, Buonaparte, the absolute master of eighty millions of men, and meeting nowhere with opposition, knew neither how to found a single institution in the state, nor durable power for himself. What then was the destructive principle which haunted his triumphal steps ? What was it ?—the contempt of mankind, and consequently of all the laws, all the studies, all the establishments, and all the elections, of which the basis is respect for the human race. Buonaparte was intoxicated with the vile draught of Machiavelism : he resembled in many respects, the Italian tyrants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries ; and, as he has read but little, the natural tendency of his character was not counteracted by the effect of information. The middle ages being the most brilliant era in the history of the Italians, many of them have but too much respect for the maxims of government at that period, and those maxims were all collected by Machiavel.

A general principal, whatever it might be, was displeasing to Buonaparte, as a thing foolish or hostile. He listened only to the

considerations of the moment, and examined things merely with a view to their immediate utility; for he would have wished to stake the whole world in an annuity on his own life. He was not sanguinary, but indifferent respecting the lives of men, considering them but as a means of attaining his end, or as an obstacle to be removed out of his way. He was even less irascible than he often seemed to be; he wished to terrify by his words, in order to spare himself the act by his threat. Every thing with him, was means or end. It is pretended that he said, "I have so many conscripts to expend by the year;" and it is probable that he held that language; for Buonaparte had contempt enough for his hearers to delight in a kind of sincerity, which is nothing less than impudence.

He never believed in exalted sentiments, either in individuals or in nations; he considered the expression of these sentiments as hypocrisy. He believed, that he held the key of human nature by fear and by hope, skilfully presented to the selfish and the ambitious. It must be allowed that his perseverance and activity, were never slackened in behalf of the slightest interests of despotism; but it was that very despotism which was destined one day to fall upon his head. An anecdote, in which I happened to have some share, may give an additional idea of the system of Buonaparte, relative to the art of governing.

The duke of Melzi, who was for some time vice-president of the Cisalpine republic, was one of the most distinguished characters which Italy, so fertile in every production, has brought forth. Born of a Spanish mother, and an Italian father, he blended the dignity of one nation with the vivacity of the other; and I am not sure whether even in France, a man could be cited more remarkable for his powers of conversation, and for the more important and essential talent of knowing and appreciating all those who acted a political part in Europe. The first consul was obliged to employ him, because he had the greatest influence over his fellow-citizens, and because his attachment to his country was unquestioned. Buonaparte did not like to make use of men who were disinterested, and whose principles, whatever they might be, were not to be shaken; he was therefore continually circumventing Melzi, in order to corrupt him.

Having caused himself to be crowned king of Italy, in 1805, Buonaparte went to the legislative body of Lombardy, and informed the assembly that he had the intention of giving a considerable estate to the duke of Melzi, as a testimony of public gratitude towards him: this, he hoped, would render him unpopular. Being then at Milan, I saw that same evening, M. de Melzi, who was quite in despair at the perfidious trick that Napoleon had played him, without having given him the slightest warning. As Buonaparte would have been irritated by a refusal, I advised M. de Melzi, to appropriate instantly to a public establishment the revenue with which he was thus overwhelmed. He followed

my advice, and the next day, walking with the emperor, he told him that such was his intention. Buonaparte, seizing him by the arm, exclaimed, "this I would wager is an idea of Madame de Staël; but take my advice, and do not give into the romantic philanthropy of the eighteenth century; there is only one thing to do in this world, that is to get continually more money, and more power: all the rest is chimerical." Many people will say that he was right; I think, on the contrary, that history will show that by establishing this doctrine, by setting men loose from the ties of honour, every where but on the field of battle, he prepared his partisans to abandon him, according to his own precepts, when he should cease to be the strongest; and indeed he may well boast of having met with more disciples faithful to his system, than adherents devoted to his misfortunes. He consecrated his policy by fatalism, the only religion suitable to this devotedness to fortune, and his prosperity constantly increasing, he ended by making himself the high priest and idol of his own adoration, believing in himself, as if his desires were presages, and his designs oracles.

The duration of the power of Buonaparte was a perpetual lesson of immorality. If he had always succeeded, what should we have been able to say to our children? There would have been left, it is true, the solace of religious resignation; but the mass of the inhabitants of the world would have sought in vain to discover the intentions of providence in human affairs.

Nevertheless, in 1811, the Germans still called Buonaparte the man of fate, and the imagination even of some Englishmen, was dazzled by his extraordinary talents. Poland and Italy still hoped for independence from him, and the daughter of Cæsars had become his consort. This signal honour caused him a transport of joy, foreign to his nature; and for some time it might be believed that his illustrious partner would change the character of the man with whom destiny had connected her. Even at this time, Buonaparte wanted but one good sentiment to have become the greatest monarch upon earth; either that of paternal affection, which induces men to take care of the inheritance of their children; or pity for the French, who rushed to death for him whenever he gave the signal; or equity towards foreign nations, who gazed at him with wonder; or, in short, that kind of prudence natural to every man, towards the middle of life, when he sees the approach of the vast shadows by which he must soon be enveloped: one virtue, one single virtue would have sufficed to have fixed all human prosperity on the head of Buonaparte. But the divine spark dwelt not in his heart.

I was at Moscow exactly a month before Napoleon's army entered its walls; and I did not dare to remain but a very short time, fearing its immediate approach. When walking on the top of the Kremlin, the palace of the ancient Czars, which commands the vast capital of Russia and its eighteen hundred churches, I thought it was the lot of Buonaparte to see empires at his feet,

as Satan offered them to our Saviour. But it was when there remained nothing more for him to conquer in Europe, that fate seized upon him, and made him fall with as much rapidity as he had risen. Perhaps he has since learned, that whatever may be the events in the earlier scenes, there is a potency in virtue which always re-appears at the fifth act of the tragedy, as, among the ancients, the knot was severed by a god, when the action was worthy of his intervention.

Buonaparte performed, or rather the nation performed for him, a miracle: notwithstanding his immense losses in Russia, a new army was created, in less than three months, which was able to march into Germany, and to gain battles anew. It was then that the demon of pride and folly took possession of Buonaparte in such a manner, that reasoning, founded on his own interest, can no longer explain the motives of his conduct: it was at Dresden that he mistook the last apparition of his tutelary genius.

The Germans, long indignant, rose at length against the French, who occupied their territory; national pride, the great strength of human nature, again displayed itself among the sons of Germany. Buonaparte was then taught what becomes of allies who have been constrained by force; and that, whatever is not voluntary, is destroyed at the first reverse of fortune. The sovereigns of Germany fought with the intrepidity of soldiers; and it seemed as if the Prussians and their warlike king were animated by the remembrance of the personal insult offered some years before by Buonaparte, to their beautiful and virtuous queen.

The liberation of Germany had long been the object of the wishes of the emperor of Russia. When the French were repulsed from his country, he devoted himself to this cause, not only as a sovereign, but as a general; and he several times exposed his life, not in the character of a monarch guarded by his courtiers, but in that of an intrepid soldier. Holland welcomed her deliverers, and recalled that house of Orange, whose princes are now, as heretofore, the defenders of independence, and the magistrates of liberty. Whatever was the influence at this period of the English victories in Spain, we shall speak elsewhere of lord Wellington; for we must pause at that name; we cannot take an incidental notice of it.

Buonaparte returned to Paris; and even at this moment France might have been saved. Five members of the Legislative Assembly, Gallois, Raynouard, Flaugergues, Maine de Biran, and Laine, asked for peace at the peril of their lives. Each of those persons might be designated by his particular merit; and the last I have named, Laine, perpetuates every day, by his conduct and talents, the remembrance of an action which alone would suffice to honour any character. If the Senate had joined with the five members of the Legislative Body, and the generals had supported the Senate, France would have been the disposer of her own fate; and whatever course she had taken, she would have

remained France. But fifteen years of tyranny subvert every idea, and change every sentiment; the very men who would expose so nobly their lives in war, are not aware that the same courage, and the same honour, command resistance in the civil career to the enemy of all despotism.

Buonaparte answered the deputation of the Legislative Body with a kind of concentrated fury; he expressed himself ill, but his pride was seen to pierce through his confused language. He said "that France wanted him more than he wanted France;" forgetting that it was himself who had reduced her to that state. He added, "that a throne was but a piece of wood, upon which a carpet was spread, and that all depended on the person by whom it was occupied." In short, he continued to appear intoxicated with himself. A singular anecdote, however, might lead us to believe that he was already struck with that stupor which seems to have taken possession of his character during the last crisis of his political life. A person worthy of credit told me, that, conversing with him alone, the day before his departure for the army, in the month of January, 1814, when the allies had already entered France, Buonaparte confessed in this private interview, that he did not possess the means of resisting; they discussed the question, and Buonaparte showed him, without reserve, the worst side of things; and, what will scarcely be believed, he fell asleep while talking on such a subject, without any preceding fatigue that could explain so singular an apathy. This did not prevent his displaying an extreme activity in his campaign of 1814; he suffered himself, no doubt, to be misled by a presumptuous confidence; and, on the other hand, physical existence, through enjoyments and facilities of all kinds, had gained possession of this man, formerly so intellectual. His soul seemed in some sort, to have become gross along with his body. His genius now pierced only at intervals through that covering of egotism which a long habit of being considered every thing had made him acquire. He sunk under the weight of prosperity, before he was overthrown by misfortune.

Never shall I forget the moment when I learned from one of my friends, on the morning of the 6th of March, 1815, that Buonaparte had disembarked on the coast of France: I had the misfortune to foresee instantly, the consequences of that event, such as they have since taken place, and I thought that the earth was about to open under my feet. For several days after the success of this man, the aid of prayer failed me entirely, and, in my trouble, it seemed to me that the Deity had withdrawn from the earth, and would no longer communicate with the beings whom he had placed there.

I suffered in the bottom of my heart from personal circumstances; but the situation of France absorbed every other thought. I said to M. de Lavalette, whom I met almost at the hour when this news was resounding around us: "There is an end of liber-

ty, if Buonaparte triumph, and of national independence, if he be defeated." The event has, I think, but too much justified this sad prediction.

It was impossible to avoid an inexpressible irritation before the return, and during the progress of Buonaparte. For a month back, all those who have any acquaintance with revolutions, felt the air charged with storms; repeated notice of this was given to persons connected with the government; but many among them regarded the disquieted friends of liberty as relapsing, and as still believing in the influence of the people, in the power of revolutions. The most moderate among the aristocrats thought that public affairs regarded government only, and that it was indiscreet to interfere with them. They could not be made to understand, that to be acquainted with what is passing in a country where the spirit of liberty ferments, men in office should neglect no intelligence, be indifferent to no circumstance, and multiply their numbers by activity, instead of wrapping themselves up in a mysterious silence. The partisans of Buonaparte were a thousand times better informed on every thing than the servants of the king; for the Buonapartists, as well as their master, were aware of what importance every individual can be in a time of trouble. Formerly, every thing depended on men in office; at present, those who are out of office act more on public opinion than government itself, and have consequently a better foresight into the future.

A continual dread had taken possession of my soul several weeks before the disembarkation of Buonaparte. In the evening, when the beautiful buildings of the town were displayed by the rays of the moon, it seemed to me that I saw my happiness and that of France, like a sick friend, whose smile is the more amiable, because he is on the eve of leaving us. When told that this terrible man was at Cannes, I shrunk before the certainty as before a poignard; but when it was no longer possible to escape that certainty, I was but too well assured that he would be at Paris in a fortnight. The royalists made a mockery of this terror; it was strange to hear them say that this event was the most fortunate thing possible, because we should then be relieved from Buonaparte, because the two chambers would feel the necessity of giving the king absolute power, as if absolute power was a thing to be given!—despotism, like liberty, is assumed, it is never granted. I am not sure that among the enemies of every constitution, there may not have been some who rejoiced at the convulsion which might recal foreigners, and induce them to impose an absolute government on France.

Three days were passed in the inconsiderate hopes of the royalist party. At last, on the 9th of March, we were told that nothing was known of the Lyons' telegraph, because a cloud had prevented reading the communication. I was at no loss to understand what this cloud was. I went in the evening to the Thuil-

leries to attend the king's levee; on seeing him, it seemed to me that, with a great deal of courage, he had an expression of sadness, and nothing was more affecting than his noble resignation at such a moment. On going out, I perceived on the walls of the apartment, the eagles of Napoleon, which had not yet been removed, and they seemed to me to have re-assumed their threatening look.

In the evening, in a party, one of those young ladies who, with so many others, had contributed to the spirit of frivolity which it was attempted to oppose to the spirit of faction, as if the one could contend against the other; one of these young ladies, I say, came up to me, and began jesting on that anxiety which I could not conceal: "*What, Madam,*" said she to me, "*can you apprehend that the French will not fight for their legitimate King against a usurper?*" How, without committing one's self, could one answer a phrase so adroitly turned? But, after twenty-five years of revolution, ought one to flatter one's self that legitimacy, an idea respectable but abstract, would have more ascendancy over the soldiers, than all the recollections of their long wars? In fact, none of them contended against the supernatural ascendancy of the genius of the African isles; they called for the tyrant in the name of liberty: they rejected in its name the constitutional monarch; they brought six hundred thousand foreigners into the bosom of France, to efface the humiliation of having seen them there during a few weeks; and this frightful day of the 1st of March, the day when Buonaparte again set foot on the soil of France, was more fertile in disasters than any epoch of history.

I will not lanch out, as has been too much done, into declamations of every kind against Napoleon. He did what it was natural to do in endeavouring to regain the throne he had lost, and his progress from Cannes to Paris is one of the greatest conceptions of audacity, that can be cited in history. But what shall we say of the enlightened men who did not see the misfortunes of France and of the world in the possibility of his return? A great general, it will be said, was wanted to avenge the reverses experienced by the French army. In that case, Buonaparte ought not to have proclaimed the treaty of Paris; for if he was unable to re-conquer the barrier of the Rhine sacrificed by that treaty, what purpose did it answer to expose that which France was possessing in peace? But, it will be answered, the secret intention of Buonaparte was to restore to France her natural barriers. But it was not clear that Europe would penetrate that intention, that she would form a coalition to resist it, and that, particularly at the time in question, France was unable to resist united Europe? The congress was still assembled; and although a great deal of discontent was produced by several of their resolutions, was it possible that the nations would make choice of Buonaparte for their defender? Was it he who had oppressed them whom they could oppose to the faults of their princes? The people were more violent than the sovereigns in the war against Buonaparte; and France, on taking him back for

her ruler, necessarily brought on herself the hatred both of governments and nations. Will it be pretended that it was for the interest of liberty that they recalled the man who had, during fifteen years, shown himself most dexterous in the art of being master—a man equally violent and deceitful? People spoke of his conversion, and there were not wanting believers in this miracle: less faith certainly was required for the miracles of Mahomet. The friends of liberty have been able to see in Buonaparte only the counter-revolution of despotism, and the revival of an old regime more recent, but on that account more formidable; for the nation was still completely fashioned to tyranny, and neither principles nor public virtue had had time to take root. Personal interests only, and not opinions, conspired for the return of Buonaparte, and of those mad interests, which were blinded in regard to their own danger, and accounted the fate of France as nothing.*

ART. VIII. COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites!—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?—POPE.

1. *The Pulpit; or a Biographical and Literary Account of Eminent Popular Preachers, interspersed with occasional Clerical Criticism: by Onesimus.*

"Though the author may occasionally offend, we are disposed to think, on the whole, that he may *do some good*, and that his hints may effect some *reform* in the pulpit. He certainly has not been an inattentive hearer, and he writes with *spirit* and *force*."—*Monthly Review*.

"We are at a *loss* to conjecture *any good* that can be expected from a publication of the nature of this now before us. It seems *rather* adapted to encourage minute and trifling criticism, in the room of unaffected piety; and to *do injury*," &c. "We forbear to enter into the author's criticisms, which in many instances are *unsound*, and *very seldom* are *any* to be found *judicious*."—*Anti-jacobin Review*.

"This singular and very extraordinary work is calculated to convey *wholesome admonition* to clergymen in general; and both *information* and *rational entertainment* to the reader, and to Sunday perambulators of the metropolis.—The *intelligent* author is *master* of his subject: his *knowledge* appears to be *general*; his

* It should have been stated that this article is composed of paragraphs extracted from different parts of *Mad. de Stael's* work.

experience to be founded on a long unwearied *assiduity*, and personal attention. After a careful perusal of his criticism, it may be truly affirmed that he is an *orthodox christian*, a *sound scholar*, and a *candid judge*. It must be confessed, this writer has treated the subject with *great delicacy*. This work, upon the whole, is entitled to *recommendation* for the *utility* of its *design*, and the *masterly manner* in which it is *executed*."—*European Magazine*.

"Onesimus amuses his readers with a deal of *gossip*, delivered in a *namby-famby*, *affected*, *inelegant* style. A book like this can never *delight* men of *taste* or of *purity*. We can safely affirm that this volume contains *nothing valuable*, except some of the quotations. The work is, indeed and in truth, a *catchpenny*. The author's views are almost constantly taken through a *distorting medium*. His criticisms evince but *little delicacy of taste*; and *scarcely any delicacy* toward character, or regard for personal feeling; *no intellectual penetration*, *no respectable acquisitions* in literature, *no true perception* of excellence in religious sentiment. The performance *teems* with the *grossest errors* in point of *narration*, and *many egregious errors of judgment*. It is *disfigured* by an *excessive cant*;* that most *disgusting* of all cants, the cant of *ignorant*, *affected*, *ungenerous*, *superficial criticism*. Throughout the work, there is such a cold indifference, such an *excessive want of discrimination*, as to *all* that is essential and peculiar to the *christian system*, &c." "As for the author's *ridiculous affectation* of fine writing; his forced and foolish antithesis, *puerile alliterations*, *bungling conceits*; and other instances of *false taste*, *bad grammar*, and *arrant nonsense*; we leave them to the admiration of congenial minds."—*Eclectic Review*.

2. *Gulscard, or the Accusation*; a Romance, by Horace Vere.

"The style of this novel is *always simple* and *dignified*, and in some parts even *masterly*; and the *story*, though rather intricate, is *interesting* and *moral*. The abbot's description of his own old age is *touching* and *pathetic*."—*Monthly Review*.

"It would be an *affront* to the *understandings* of our readers, were we to take up any more space than is really necessary, in

* Certainly an accusation of "*excessive cant*" of any sort, comes with most admirable grace and effect from the *Eclectic Review*! It is perfectly the pot abusing the kettle, or the Devil correcting sin.

speaking of this tale of Guiscard. The story is such a jumble of *stupidity* and *nonsense*, and such a medley of *incongruous* and *absurd* events, as to leave us not at all anxious for the result of a tale which affords *neither amusement nor instruction*. The *poor* and *hacknied* events," &c. "are plentifully repeated, *without* having the *merit* of *any thing* to captivate attention.—We have *not one single paragraph* of *sound sense, entertainment, nor instruction*, to recompense us for the *waste of time* which we have experienced in looking over this performance."—*Critical Review*.

3. *Letters from an Irish Student in England to his Father in Ireland.*

"These Letters contain nothing new. They consist of anecdotes, bon-mots, scraps of information, &c. gleaned from no higher source, in a majority of cases, than newspaper chit chat. Yet we do not mean to deny that the book may be read with *amusement*, and perhaps by some with *instruction*. It is light and various: *such* a one as we *would wish* to take with us into a stage-coach, or to find in the parlour of an inn."—*Universal Magazine*.

"The Irishman, if Irishman he be, has scraped together a variety of anecdotes which may *amuse* the idle and the frivolous in a rainy day."—*Critical Review*.

"There are, at some period of every man's life, moments when he is anxious to dissipate the melancholy under which he labours; but whether this is done by the conversation of his friends, or by amusing himself with literary trifles, is of little importance. To *any* person in this mood, or indeed to *all* whose only disposition is to while away the time, we may with great sincerity *recommend* the present volumes; in which they are likely to find, as far as our knowledge extends, a *faithful delineation* of the scenes described. The author's being a 'student' is of course entirely supposition; for were we obliged to detail our opinion of his character, it would be, that he was an *observant* and *accomplished* loungeur."—*British Critic*.

"—A *shameless imposition*, of the *meanest quality*; a collection of that *misérable* common-place on public characters and incidents, on the drama, and the arts, which may be called *town-gossip*, and heard in *every shop*; a *farrago* of newspaper-anecdotes, *threadbare* jests, and *pillage*." &c.; "with scarcely any thing original but the *impudent puffing*, the *dirty malice*, the *glaring false-*

hoods, the rancour against pure morality and sound religion,* the indelicate descriptions, and the matchless absurdities committed in retailing the various articles of trash and plunder."—*Eclectic Review*.

4. *The Christian Code, &c.; by an old Graduate of Cambridge.*

"This is an elaborate compilation, the patient occupation of some veteran divine,† whose reason for concealing his name does not appear. Lowered in value by a strange awkwardness of style, and by most inaccurate references to the sacred text, it still must be of use to those whose object it is to collate and compare the authorities of the divine oracles."—*British Critic (Preface)*.

"We cannot help thinking that the design of this author was, to show how very ill he could do what had been before done very well. The book cannot be characterised otherwise than by saying, it is the New Testament taken to pieces and put together again, so as to be as unmeaning, as unimpressive, and as ludicrous, as possible."—*Eclectic Review*.

"The author has displayed a very commendable degree of scriptural diligence in this ample digest of the christian dispensation. His work will form a useful book of reference for the clergy and other expositors of scripture."—*Critical Review*.

5. *Letters on Various Subjects, to and from William Nicolson, D. D., Archbishop of Cashel; illustrated with Literary and Historical Anecdotes, by John Nichols, F. S. A.*

"We are highly indebted to the editor for preserving to us this curious miscellany of Letters between this prelate and the most distinguished characters of his time. These volumes contain a great treasure of learning and knowledge."—*British Critic*.

"These volumes abound in various and valuable information on a great number of subjects."—*European Magazine*.

"We are clearly of opinion that the public would have been

* The publication in question had dared to slander the *Eclectic Review*, by asserting that its conductors were "violent, pedantic, hot-brained fanatics, attached to methodism." *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

† In another passage (the number for September 1809) the same review calls the author a "presumptuous layman." The *Critical Review* also calls him "a layman."

no great loser, had these Letters mouldered in manuscript for another century. Taken collectively, and as to any general use, we must candidly declare they are, in our humble opinion, 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' We must explicitly avow our opinion, that these Letters confer no real honour on the memory of bishop Nicolson. Neither his expressions nor his stile are at all sufficient to excuse the more obvious errors of the writer's mind; to atone for that self-complacent vanity which could relish the most uncouth and vulgar adulation; or neutralize that fretful acidity of temper," &c.—*Eclectic Review*.

"The learning and research of bishop Nicolson are sufficiently evinced in his 'Historical Library;' and the present Letters will tend to show that he was not only an industrious antiquary, but an amiable man. It will suffice to mention some of the names of those who have a share in this correspondence, to convince the reader that he is likely to derive at least some portion of instruction and of entertainment from the perusal.—Of most letters, the topics must necessarily be frivolous or ephemeral; and though some portion of this will be found in these volumes, yet they are often found mixed with matter of more general interest and importance.—These Letters contain a variety of interesting particulars."—"This correspondence contains much desultory information, and many amusing particulars relative to the literary pursuits of some eminent scholars and antiquaries of the age."—*Critical Review, and Appendix*.

6. Another Guess at Junius; and a Dialogue.

§ "We are in the preface told of many persons who most unquestionably were none of them the authors of those celebrated Letters" [Junius's]: "but we do most exceedingly doubt the stability of that conjecture which, in the centre part of the work, we find so often urged, and so finely decked with hypothetical argument; that the late earl of Chatham was."—*European Magazine*.

"Lord Chatham is the person round whose brow the writer of the present pamphlet endeavours to bind those laurels which public opinion seems to think due to the authorship of Junius.

* Misprinted perhaps for "the last age."

But the supposition of the present writer does not appear to rest on a more solid foundation than any of the preceding ones."—*Critical Review*.

"The author of this 'Guess' labours with much ingenuity to prove that at last, he has hit the right nail on the head, and that his conjecture assumes the shape and semblance of probability; but we cannot be of his opinion."—*Monthly Review*.

"Of all the 'guesses' respecting the author of Junius, that which is now before us is, in our opinion, the most improbable."—*British Critic*.

"This writer's 'Guess' attaches to no less a person than the illustrious earl of Chatham; and he brings forward a variety of evidence which, to say the least, compels us to regard his conjecture as the most probable."—*Eclectic Review*.

"We must confess, the author has made out a very plausible case. He has supplied some strong circumstantial or presumptive evidence, to induce a belief that lord Chatham was the author of Junius's Letters."—*Antijacobin Review*.

§. "The Dialogue of the Dead appended to this disquisition is ingenious."—*European Magazine*.

"The Dialogue of the Dead which follows this dissertation on Junius, is between lord Chatham and his son William Pitt. But we can discover neither wit nor ability in making the one talk like a fool, and the other like a rogue."—*Antijacobin Review*.

7. *Practical Observations on Gypsum, or Plaister of Paris, as a Manure*; by Richard Parkinson.

"Mr. Parkinson is of opinion, in opposition to Bergman and Kirwan, that gypsum, or Plaister of Paris, is not a manure."—*Eclectic Review*.

"As to the plaister, Mr. Parkinson says: 'It has certainly been proved to be a manure, but indeed a very partial one.'"—*Monthly Review*.

8. *The Sons, or Family Feuds; a Tragic Play, in five acts*: by T. Jones.

"This dramatic performance is not destitute of interest. The characters, if they do not glow with animation, do not freeze with

insipidity ; the sentiments are natural ; and the language is in general perspicuous and unaffected."—*Critical Review*.*

"There is nothing which surprises us more in the course of our literary function, than that perpetually recurring phenomenon, an author pertinaciously writing *without one qualification* for composition. Mr. Jones, who has heard, we presume, of a certain Shakspeare, thought he could write a play. It was a *most unlucky thought* for himself, and for us too."—*Universal Magazine*.

"It is irksome to analyse *nonsense* ; and yet, if this task never fell to our lot, we might grow sleepy with satisfaction. Our censorial powers however are seldom suffered long to lie dormant ; and if they had at present no other employment, they would find sufficient exercise in the examination of *this play*. From the manner in which it is printed, we imagine that it is intended for blank verse ; but we find *scarcely a line* in the whole composition, which is *not defective in metre*. The *plot* is *not superior* to the *execution*."—*Monthly Review*.

9. *Sermons on several Subjects ; by the late Reverend William Paley, D. D.*

"We do not think that the present sermons make any accession to the theological or literary fame of the author : and the *executors* would have acted *wisely* in not exposing them to public sale."—*Critical Review*.

"The *executors wisely* determined to prevent, by an authorized and correct edition, the certain risk of a surreptitious publication."—*Quarterly Review*.

ART. IX.—*An agreeable Man.*—*Society in London*. From Essays and Sketches, &c. London, 1819. New-York, 1820.

WHAT is meant by an agreeable man ?

In Spain an agreeable man is he who is possessed of a good person, and an incessant flow of talk. The science of conversa-

* The *Critical Review* adds : "The author has sometimes attempted to mingle wit with his gravity ; but this he *had* perhaps better not *have* essayed."—Perhaps too our readers will think that it would have been "better" if the critic *had have* written more grammatically.

tion is there in its infancy, and no distinction is made between him who talks much and him who talks well. The leading topic of a *bel esprit* is women; and the language itself is so formed as to confine praise or blame entirely to their bodily qualities. *Es buena mora*, literally, "she is a good girl," means she is a pretty girl. *Tiene merito*, "she has merit," means she has some good points in her face or figure. Besides being able to decide the proper degree of merit which every woman possesses, the Spanish agreeable man is able to cover obscurity with the veil which is just thick enough to make it admissible in good company, though even that is sometimes thrown aside like those which are worn on the Alameda. From this source he derives the principal fund of his conversation, and makes amends for a total ignorance on every kind of literature and politics. But then, he also knows the plays which are to be acted for the next month, and can tell, to a tittle, if a single indecent posture has been omitted in the fandango.

The agreeable man in Germany is quite a different sort of a person. He is a gentleman who endeavours to make wit and gallantry after the most approved models of the age of Louis XIV. But his specific gravity being much greater than that of the French nation, he is in fact, as little like M. de Coulanges or St. Evremond as can well be imagined. His little anecdotes are drawn from the Roman history, or, at best, from the Seven Years' War: his remarks and observations are conscientiously sincere, but insufferably dull; and his wit always disposes to melancholy.

In Italy an agreeable man is a much pleasanter person: his manners are particularly civil; he often has a good taste in the fine arts, and, perhaps, an agreeable talent for music; but there is a feebleness and effeminacy in his tone of thinking, which finally wearies; and his conversation is the pace of a *mandège* horse, trained till he has lost all freedom of action. Yet it must be owned, that there are a great many young men who are exceptions to this rule; it is easy to see, however, that they are exceptions. Their long disheveled hair, their wild rolling eyes, their vehement action, their loud harangues in society, their unusual language, and more unusual opinions, show at once that they are not formed after the general rule of national character.

If we go from Italy to England we shall find that the agreeable man gets more reputation, more eating, and more drinking, in re-

turn for his talk than any where else. He is perpetually invited to dinner, where from ten to five and twenty people are invited expressly to meet him; and, after all, it often happens that he is sullen or unwell, and will not speak a word from the beginning of dinner till the end. But if he should happen to be in spirits, he often talks so loud, or so disputatiously, that you are forced to bow to his opinions till after coffee. But if a rival wit has been asked to meet him, there generally arises a furious contest for superiority; each tries to gain a hearing for himself only, and each attacks his opponent with arguments too important for the hour of digestion.

France, perhaps, affords the best models of an agreeable man. In them we see the most refined politeness towards others, mixed with a most perfect confidence in themselves—a sprightliness which enlivens all around, and produces as much light by reflection as by radiation—a skill in placing every topic in the situation which alone can make it amusing in conversation—a grace in treating the most frivolous matters, a lightness in touching the most serious, and a quickness in passing from one to the other, which to all other Europeans must seem quite unattainable. They console themselves by saying the French are frivolous, by which they mean that they interest themselves in little frivolous concerns; but they forget to mention that they are the same people who marched into Lisbon and Moscow, and perfected the discoveries of Newton.

Such are the prominent characters in the conversation of their respective countries. But it may happen, that, although individuals may exist in a society, endowed with every power of entertaining and enlightening, yet the forms of society may be such that it is very difficult to obtain the full advantage of their superior qualities. This difficulty is the misfortune of London, where there are more men of cultivated understanding, of refined wit, and literary or political eminence, than in any metropolis of Europe. Yet it is so contrived, that there is little freedom, little intimacy, and little ease in London society. “To love some persons very much, and see often those that I love,” says the old dutchess of Marlborough, is the greatest happiness I can enjoy. But in London it is equally difficult to get to love any body very much, or to see often those that we have loved before. There are such numbers of acquaintances, such a succession of engage-

ments, that the town resembles Vauxhall, where the dearest friends may walk round and round all night without ever meeting. If you see at dinner a person whose manners and conversation please you, you may wish in vain to become more intimate; for the chance is, that you will not meet so as to converse a second time for three months, when the dice-box of society may, perhaps, turn up again the same numbers. Not that it is to be inferred that you may not barely see the same features again; it is possible that you may catch a glimpse of them on the other side of St. James's street, or see them near to you at a crowded rout, without a possibility of approaching. Hence it is, that those who live in London are totally indifferent to one another; the waves follow so quick that any vacancy is immediately filled up, and the want is not perceived. At the same time the well-bred civility of modern times, and the example of some "very popular people," have introduced a shaking of hands, a pretended warmth, a sham cordiality, into the manners of the cold and the warm alike—the dear friend, and the acquaintance of yesterday. Hence, we hear continually such conversations as the following:—"Ah! how d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you! How is Mrs. M——?" "She is very well, thank you." "Has she any more children?" "Any more! I have only been married three months. I see you are talking of my former wife—she has been dead these three years." Or, "My dear friend, how d'ye do—you have been out of town some time—where have you been—in Norfolk?" "No, I have been two years in India."

Thus, ignorant of one another's interest and occupations, the friendships of London contain nothing more tender than a visiting card. Nor is it much better, indeed it is much worse, if you renounce the world, and determine to live only with your relations and nearest connections: if you go to see them at one o'clock they are not up; at two the room is full of indifferent acquaintance, who can talk over the ball of the night before, and of course are sooner listened to than yourself; at three they are gone shopping; at four they are in the Park, at five and six they are out; at seven they are dressing; at eight they are dining with two dozen friends; at nine and ten the same; at eleven they are dressing for the ball; and at twelve when you are going to bed, they are gone into society for the evening. Thus you are left in

solitude : you soon begin again to try the world ;—let us see what it produces.

The first inconvenience of a London life, is the late hour of dinner. To pass the day *infransus*, and then to sit down to a great dinner at eight o'clock, is entirely against the dictates of common sense, and common stomachs. Some learned persons indeed, endeavour to support this practice by precedent, and quote the Roman supper ; but those suppers were at three o'clock in the afternoon, and ought to be a subject of contempt, instead of imitation, in Grovesnor square. Women, however, are not so irrational as men, in London, and generally sit down to a substantial luncheon at three or four : if men would do the same, the meal at eight might be lightened of many of its weighty dishes, and conversation would be no loser ; for it is not to be concealed, that conversation suffers great interruption from the manner in which English dinners are managed : first the host and hostess (or her unfortunate coadjutor) are employed during three parts of dinner, in doing the work of the servants, helping fish, or carving large pieces of venison to twenty hungry souls, to the total loss of the host's powers of amusement, and the entire disfigurement of the fair hostess's face. Much time is also lost by the attention every one is obliged to pay, in order to find out (which he can never do if he is short-sighted) what dishes are at the other end of the table ; and if a guest wishes for a glass of wine, he must peep through the Apollos and Cupids of the *plateau*, in order to find some one to drink with him ; otherwise he must wait till some one asks him, which will probably happen in succession, so that after having had no wine for half an hour, he will have to drink five glasses in five minutes. Convenience teaches that the best manner of enjoying society at dinner, is to leave every thing to servants that servants can do ; so that you may have no farther trouble than to accept of the dishes that are offered to you, and to drink at your own time, of the wines that are handed round. An English dinner, on the contrary, seems to presume beforehand on the silence, dulness and stupidity of the guests, and to have provided little interruptions, like the jerks which the chaplain gives the archbishop, to prevent his going to sleep during sermon.

Some time after dinner comes the time of going to a ball, or a

roul ; but this is sooner said than done : it often requires as much time to go from St. James's Square to Cleveland Row, as to go from London to Hounslow. It would require volumes to describe the disappointment which occurs on arriving in the brilliant mob of a ball-room. Sometimes, as it has been before said, a friend is seen squeezed like yourself, at another end of the room, without a possibility of your communicating, except by signs ; and as the whole arrangement of the society is regulated by mechanical pressure, you may happen to be pushed against those to whom you do not wish to speak, whether bores, slight acquaintances, or determined enemies. Confined by the crowd, and stifled by the heat, and dazzled by the light, all powers of intellect are lost ; wit loses its point, and sagacity its observation ; indeed, the limbs are so crushed, and the tongue so parched, that except particularly well-dressed ladies, all are in the case of the traveller, Dr. Clarke, when he says in the plains of Syria, that some might blame him for not making moral reflections on the state of the country ; but that he must own the heat quite deprived him of all power of thought.

Hence it is, that the conversation you hear around you, is generally nothing more than "Have you been here long ?"—"Have you been at Mr. Hotroom's ?"—"Are you going to Lady Death-squeezes ?" Hence, too, Mad. de Stael said, very justly, to an Englishman, "*Dans vos routs le corps fait plus de frais que l'esprit.*" But even if there are persons of a constitution robust enough to talk, they yet do not dare to do so, as twenty heads are forced into the compass of one square foot ; and even when, to your great delight, you see a person to whom you have much to say, and, by fair means or foul, elbows and tees, knees and shoulders, have got near them, they often dismiss you with shaking you by the hand, and saying "My dear Mr. —, how do you do ?" and then, continue a conversation with a person whose ear is three inches nearer. At one o'clock, however, the crowd diminishes ; and if you are not tired by the five or six hours of playing at company, which you have already had, you may be very comfortable for the rest of the evening.

It has been said very justly of science, that the profound discoveries of the greatest philosophers of one age, become the elements of knowledge to the youth of the next. It is nearly the reverse in conversation. The anecdotes which form the buzz of

card parties and dinner parties in one century, are in the lapse of a hundred years, and sometimes less, transplanted into quarto volumes, and go to increase the stock of learning of the most grave and studious persons in the nation ; a story repeated by the Dutchess of Portsmouth's waiting woman to Lord Rochester's valet, forms a subject of investigation for a philosophical historian ; and you may hear an assembly of scholars and authors, discussing the validity of a piece of scandal invented by a maid of honour, more than two centuries ago, and repeated to an obscure writer by Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper.

The appetite for remains of all kinds, has certainly increased of late, to a most surprising extent ; every thing which belongs to a great man, is eagerly hunted out, and constantly published. If Madame de Sevigné wrote some letters when she was half asleep ; if Dr. Johnson took the pains of setting down what occurred to him before he was breeched, this age is sure to have the benefit of seeing those valuable works on hot-pressed paper : all that good writers threw by as imperfect, all that they wished to be concealed from the world, is now edited in volumes twice as magnificent as their chief works. Still greater is the avidity for *ana* : it is a matter of the greatest interest, to see the letters of every busy trifier. Yet who does not laugh at such men ? To write to our relations and friends, on events which concern their interests and affections, is a worthy employment for the heart and head of a civilized man ; but to engrave upon the tittle-tattle of the day, with all the labour and polish which the richest gem could deserve, is a contemptible abuse of the pen, paper, and time which is on our hands.

It must be confessed, however, that knowledge of this kind is very entertaining ; and here and there amongst the rubbish, we find hints which may give the philosopher a clue to important facts, and afford to the moralist a better analysis of the human mind, than a whole library of metaphysics.

ART. X.—*The Abbot, by the Author of Waverley.* In three volumes. Edinburgh, London, and Philadelphia. 1820.

HERE is another of the delightful creations of the Scottish novelist—breathing in the same reality—imbued with the same gentle spirit—and touched and softened by the same poetical grace,

which have charmed us in his former romances. Like the best of these, it interweaves a tale of private fortunes, with the events of true, but most romantic history. There is in this course, at least as it is pursued by our author, much to elevate, to delight, and to soften. We do not, as in contemplating the stately narratives of the historian, seem to look on the great occurrences of the elder time from a philosophical eminence, whence we can discern only the vast masses, the deep shadows, and the magnificent confusion of the scene which he discloses. We live in the eventful days, and mingle among the breathing persons—tread the green sward and sweetly chequered path of private existence, and thence look up the statelier avenues on its sides, and catch glimpses of the wondrous and ever-varying prospect through the graceful boughs, which overhang its antique, yet living, verdure. Some disadvantages must, however, be admitted as necessarily attendant on this mode of blending truth with fiction. The chief of these is, that the tale can seldom be wound up by a catastrophe on which our sympathies may repose. If all terminates happily, for the historical, as well as the invented characters, we too often know that the bliss of the former was transient, and that the tale is but a piece cut out, as it were, from a series of events proceeding to a tragical or a dreary close. Still less are our feelings satisfied, when the novelist displays the wreck of glorious hopes, and the failure of romantic darings, and amidst the wide spread desolation, seeks only to build up a little fairy bower of private happiness, for the lowlier and less interesting of his characters.

The *Abbot* is professedly a continuation of the *Monastery*; which we do not think an advantage. Its story is essentially independent of its predecessor, and would have been as well conducted with entirely new characters. There is something painful in the acquaintance which it forces us to renew with old favourites, at an advanced, and less graceful period of their existence, instead of suffering us to think on them as flourishing for ever in youth, and beauty, and joy. It makes us feel as though we ourselves had grown old with them. Instead of the Halbert Glendinning of the *Monastery*, the high-souled, and enterprising peasant, fresh in hope, and exulting in the first taste of love, we have here the prosperous knight, after ten years of married life, with a stern air, sobered prospects, and enthusiasm chilled into mere prudence and resolve. Authors should not thus dissolve the

charms which they spread around us. Who wishes that Richardson had left us a romance introducing Sir Charles Grandison in his old age, and the divine Clementina as a superannuated devotee? It was a piece of witty malice in Fielding, to bring Pamela as Mrs. B. into Joseph Andrews, with haughty airs and sickly affections of aristocratic prejudice. The heroes and heroines of novels, are to us, for ever in the honey-moon, where their authors leave them. Their course may be to us ever beginning afresh—and they stand delighted on the margin of happy existence. Their re-introduction in the wane of life, gives us something of the pain which St. Leon felt on his second visit to his children. To think on them as yet flourishing in the spring-time of felicity, is to experience a return of our old sensations when first we became acquainted with them; to see them brought before us suddenly altered with the changes of years, is to feel more intensely the real sadnesses of our frail and transitory being.

The romance before us shows us Sir Halbert and his lady settled in the lake-girdled castle of Avenel, in the tenth year since their marriage. Two circumstances cast a shade over their domestic comfort; the long and frequent absences of the knight from home, in consequence of the troubles of the times, and his connection with the Earl of Murray, and the want of children. As the lady of Avenel, in one of her seasons of loneliness, walked pensively on the battlements of a range of buildings which form the front of the castle, gazing on the quiet and golden lake, her attention is attracted by a group of sportive children, who were launching a rustic ship on the water. Their joyous voices and lightly bounding forms, press on her in her childless condition, and while she caresses a noble stag-hound by her side, she can scarcely help expressing aloud the desire she cherishes for some higher object on which her affections might be dilated. At this moment a shriek is heard from the playful group; a boy, about ten years of age, had plunged into the water to extricate the ship from tufts of the water lily, and, after swimming fearlessly for a time, screamed aloud, and appeared in danger of sinking. While the child is painfully struggling, the dog swims to his aid, and tows him in safety to the boat, which had been sent to relieve him. He is taken into the castle, and there affectionately tended by the lady of Avenel, who, captivated by his exceeding beauty, and

rejoicing to find a child to nurse and love, resolves to bring him up in the castle.

But Magdalen Græme, his grandmother, a tall and stately woman, though clad in poor garments, waits to ascertain his safety. An interview between this lofty sybil and the lady of Avenel ensues, which we give at length, on account of the vivid idea it affords of the former. The lady having asked after her name and birth—

"Magdalen Græme is my name," said the woman; "I come of the Græmes of Heathergill, in Nicol-forest, a people of ancient blood."

"And what make you," continued the lady, "so far distant from your home?"

"I have no home," said Magdalen Græme, "it was burnt by your Border-riders—my husband and my son were slain—there is not a drop's blood left in the veins of any one which is of kin to mine."

"That is no uncommon fate in these wild times, and in this unsettled land," said the lady; "the English hands have been as deeply dyed in our blood as ever those of Scotsmen have been in yours."

"You have a right to say it, Lady," answered Magdalen Græme; "for men tell me of a time when this Castle was not strong enough to save your father's life, or to afford your mother and her infant a place of refuge.—And why ask ye me, then, wherefore I dwell not in mine own home, and with my own people?"

"It was indeed an idle question, where misery so often makes wanderers; but wherefore take refuge in a hostile country?"

"My neighbours were Popish and mass-mongers," said the old woman; "it has pleased Heaven to give me a clearer sight of the gospel, and I have tarried here to enjoy the ministry of that worthy man, Henry Warden, who to the praise and comfort of many, teacheth the Evangel in truth and in sincerity."

"Are you poor?" again demanded the Lady of Avenel.

"You hear me ask alms of no one," answered the Englishwoman.

Here there was a pause. The manner of the woman was, if not disreputable, at least much less than gracious; and she appeared to give no encouragement to farther communication. The lady of Avenel renewed the conversation on a different topic.

"You have heard of the danger in which your boy has been placed?"

"I have lady, and how by an especial providence he was rescued from death. May Heaven make him thankful, and me!"

"What relation do you bear to him?"

"I am his grandmother, lady, if it so please you; the only relation he hath left upon earth to take charge of him."

"The burden of his maintenance must necessarily be grievous to you in your deserted situation," pursued the lady.

"I have complained of it to no one," said Magdalen Græme, with the same

unmoved, dry, and unconcerned tone of voice in which she had answered all the former questions.

"If," said the Lady of Avenel, "your grandchild could be received into a noble family; would it not advantage both him and you?"

"Received into a noble family!" said the old woman, drawing herself up, and bending her brows until her forehead was wrinkled into a frown of unusual severity; "and for what purpose, I pray you?—to be my lady's page, or my lord's jackman, to eat broken victuals and contend with other menials for the remnants of the master's meal? Would you have him to fan the flies from my lady's face while she sleeps, to carry her train while she walks, to hand her trencher when she feeds, to ride before her on horseback, to walk after her on foot, to sing when she lists, and to be silent when she bids?—a very weathercock, which though furnished in appearance with wings and plumage, cannot soar into the air—cannot fly from the spot where it is perched, but receives all its impulses, and performs all its revolutions, obedient to the changeful breath of a vain woman? When the eagle of Helvellyn perches on the tower of Lanercost, and changes and turns to show how the wind sits, Roland Grame shall be what you would make him."

The woman spoke with a rapidity and vehemence which seemed to have in it a touch of insanity; and a sudden sense of the danger to which the child must necessarily be exposed in the charge of such a keeper, increased the lady's desire to keep him in the castle if possible.

"You mistake me, dame," she said, addressing the old woman in a soothing manner; "I do not wish your boy to be in attendance on myself, but upon the good knight, my husband. Were he himself the son of a belted earl, he could not better be trained to arms, and all that befits a gentleman, than by the instructions and discipline of Sir Halbert Glendinning."

"Aye," answered the old woman in the same style of bitter irony, "I know the wages of that service;—a curse when the corslet is not sufficiently brightened,—a blow when the girth is not tightly drawn,—to be beaten because the hounds are at fault,—to be reviled because the foray is unsuccessful,—to stain his hands, for the master's bidding, in the blood alike of beast and of man,—to be a butcher of harmless deer, a murderer and defacer of God's own image, not at his own pleasure, but at that of his lord; to live a brawling ruffian, and a common stabber,—exposed to heat, to cold, to want of food, to all the privations of an anchoress, not for the love of God, but for the service of Satan,—to die by the gibbet, or in some obscure skirmish,—to sleep out his life in carnal security, and to awake in the eternal fire, which is never quenched."

"Nay," said the Lady of Avenel, "but to such unhallowed course of life your grandson will not be here exposed. My husband is just and kind to those who live under his banner; and you yourself well know, that youth have here a strict as well as a good perceptor in the person of our chaplain."

The old woman appeared to pause.

"You have named," she said, "the only circumstance which can move me. I must soon onward, the vision has said it—I must not tarry in the same

spot—I must on—I must on, it is my weird. Swear, then, that you will protect the boy as if he were your own, until I return hither and claim him, and I will consent for a space to part with him. But especially swear, he shall not lack the instruction of the godly man who hath placed the gospel-truth high above these idolatrous shavelings, the monks and friars.”

“Be satisfied, dame,” said the Lady of Avenel; “the boy shall have as much care as if he were born of my own blood. Will you see him now?”

“No,” answered the old woman, sternly; “to part is enough. I go forth on my own mission. I will not soften my heart by useless tears and wailings, as one that is not called to a duty.”

“Will you not accept of something to aid you on your pilgrimage?” said the Lady of Avenel, putting into her hand two crowns of the sun. The old woman flung them down on the table.

“Am I of the race of Cain,” she said, “proud lady, that you offer me gold in exchange for my own flesh and blood?”

“I had no such meaning,” said the lady, gently; “nor am I the proud woman you term me. Alas! my own fortunes might have taught me humility, even had it not been born with me.”

The old woman seemed somewhat to relax her tone of severity.

“You are of gentle blood,” she said, “else we had not parleyed thus long together.—You are of gentle blood, and to such,” she added, drawing up her tall form as she spoke, “pride is as graceful as is the plume upon the bonnet. But, for these pieces of gold, lady, you must needs resume them. I need not money. I am well provided; and I may not care for myself, nor think how, or by whom, I shall be sustained. Farewell, and keep your word. Cause your gates to be opened, and your bridges to be lowered. I will set forward this very night. When I come again, I will demand from you a strict account, for I have left with you the jewel of my life! Sleep will visit me but in snatches, food will not refresh me, rest will not restore my strength, until I see Roland Græme. Once more, farewell.”

“Make your obeisance, dame,” said Lilius to Magdalen Græme, as she retired, “make your obeisance to her ladyship, and thank her for her goodness, as is but fitting and right.”

The old woman turned short round on the officious waiting-maid. “Let her make her obeisance to me then, and I will return it. Why should I bend to her?—is it because her kirtle is of silk, and mine of blue lockram?—Go to, my lady’s waiting-woman. Know that the rank of the man rates that of the wife, and that she who marries a churl’s son, were she a king’s daughter, is but a peasant’s bride.”

Roland Græme, the child thus introduced into the castle, grows up in favour of the lady, but with little show of regard from her husband. Thus he passed his boyhood, attending on his lady as a page, with little regular instruction or controul, proud, gallant, and adventurous, envied and disliked by the servants, and admired

by the surrounding peasantry. An irruption of his insolent petulance brings on a quarrel between him and Adam Woodcock the falconer, which incites Henry Warden, who resides at the castle as chaplain, to give a public rebuke to the impetuous page. This produces no beneficial impression on the youth, who rushes from his seat, hastily crosses the chapel, and violently throws the door after him. He is shortly after summoned to attend his mistress; when his fate is decided by an interview, the account of which we will extract as one of the most vivid scenes which our author has set before us.

Roland Græme entered the apartment with a loftier mien, and somewhat a higher colour than his wont; there was embarrassment in his manner, but it was neither that of fear nor of penitence.

"Young man," said the lady, what trow you, am I to think of your conduct this day?"

"If it has offended you, madam, I am deeply grieved," replied the youth.

"To have offended me alone," replied the lady, "were but little—You have been guilty of conduct, which will highly offend your master—of violence to your fellow-servants, and of disrespect to God himself, in the person of his ambassador."

"Permit me again to reply," said the page, "that if I have offended my only mistress, friend, and benefactress, it includes the sum of my guilt, and deserves the sum of my penitence.—Sir Halbert Glendinning calls me not servant, nor do I call him master—he is not entitled to blame me for chastising an insolent groom—nor do I fear the wrath of heaven for treating with scorn the unauthorised interference of a meddling preacher."

The Lady of Avenel had before this seen symptoms in her favourite of boyish petulance, and of impatience of censure or reproof. But his present demeanour was of a graver and more determined character, and she was for a moment at a loss how she should treat the youth, who seemed to have at once assumed the character not only of a man, but of a bold and determined one. She paused an instant, and then assuming the dignity which was natural to her, she said, "Is it to me, Roland, that you hold this language? Is it for the purpose of making me repent the favour I have shown you, that you declare yourself independent both of an earthly and a heavenly master? Have you forgotten what you were, and to what the loss of my protection would speedily again reduce you?"

"Lady," said the page, "I have forgot nothing. I remember but too much. I know, that but for you, I should have perished in yon blue waves," pointing as he spoke to the lake which was seen through the window, agitated by the western wind. "Your goodness has gone farther, madam—you have protected me against the malice of others, and against my own folly. You are free, if you are willing, to abandon the orphan you have reared.

You have left nothing undone by him, and he complains of nothing. And yet, lady, do not think I have been ungrateful—I have endured something on my part, which I would have borne for the sake of no one but my benefactress."

"For my sake!" said the lady; "and what is it that I can have subjected you to endure, which can be remembered with other feelings than those of thanks and gratitude?"

"You are too just, madam, to require me to be thankful for the cold neglect with which your husband has uniformly treated me—neglect not unmingled with fixed aversion. You are too just, madam, to require me to be grateful for the constant and unceasing marks of scorn and melevolence with which I have been uniformly treated by others, or for such a homily as that with which your reverend chaplain has, at my expense, this very day regaled the assembled household."

"Heard mortal ears the like of this!" said the waiting-maid, with her hands expanded, and her eyes turned up to heaven; "he speaks as if he were son of an earl, or of a belted knight the least penny."

The page glanced on her a look of supreme contempt, but vouchsafed no other answer. His mistress, who began to feel herself seriously offended, and yet sorry for the youth's folly, took up the same tone.

"Indeed, Roland, you forget yourself so strangely," said she, "that you will tempt me to take serious measures to lower you in your own opinion, by reducing you to your proper station in society."

"And that," added Lillas, "would be best done by turning him out the same beggar's brat that your ladyship took him in."

"Lillas speaks too rudely," continued the lady, "but she has spoken the truth, young man; nor do I think I ought to spare that pride which has so completely turned your head. You have been tricked up with fine garments and treated like the son of a gentleman, until you have forgot the fountain of your churlish blood."

"Craving your pardon, most honourable madam, Lillas hath *not* spoken truth, nor does your ladyship know aught of my descent, which should entitle you to treat it with such decided scorn. I am no beggar's brat—my grandmother begged from no one, here nor elsewhere—she would have perished sooner on the bare moor. We were harried out and driven from our home—a chance which has happened elsewhere, and to others. Avenel Castle, with its lake and its towers, was not at all times able to protect its inhabitants from want and desolation."

"Hear but his assurance!" said Lillas, "he upbraids my lady with the distresses of her family!"

"It had indeed been a theme more gratefully spared," said the lady, affected nevertheless with the allusion.

"It was necessary, madam, for my vindication," said the page, "or I had not even hinted at a word that might give you pain. But believe, honoured lady, I am of no churl's blood. My proper descent I knew not; but

my only relation has said, and my heart has echoed it back and attested the truth, that I am sprung of gentle blood, and deserve gentle usage."

"And upon an assurance so vague as this," said the lady, "do you propose to expect all the regard, all the privileges, due to high rank and to distinguished birth, and become a contender for privileges which are only due to the noble? Go to, sir, know yourself, or the master of the household shall make you know you are liable to the scourge as a malapert boy. You have tasted too little the discipline fit for your age and station."

"The master of the household shall taste of my dagger ere I taste of his discipline," said the page, giving way to his restrained passion. "Lady, I have been too long the vassal of a pantoufle, and the slave of a silver whistle. You must find some other to answer your call; and let him be of birth and spirit mean enough to brook the scorn of your menials, and to call a church vassal his master."

"I have deserved this insult," said the lady, colouring deeply, "for so long enduring and fostering your petulance. Begone, sir. Leave this castle to-night—I will send you the means of subsisting yourself till you find some honest mode of support, though I fear your imaginary grandeur will be above all others, save those of rapine and violence. Begone, sir, and see my face no more."

The page threw himself at her feet in an agony of sorrow. "My dear and honoured mistress—" he said, but was unable to bring out another syllable.

"Arise, sir," said the lady, "and let go my mantle—hypocrisy is a poor cloak for ingratitude."

"I am incapable of either, madam," said the page, springing up with the exchange of passion which belonged to his rapid and impetuous temper. "Think not I meant to implore permission to reside here; it has been long my determination to leave Avenel, and I will never forgive myself for having permitted you to say the word *begone*, ere I said, 'I leave you.' I did but kneel to ask your forgiveness for an ill-considered word used in the height of displeasure, but which ill became my mouth, as addressed to you. Other grace I asked not—you have done much for me—but I repeat, that you better know what you yourself have done, than what I have suffered."

"Roland," said the lady, somewhat appeased, and relenting towards her favourite, "you had me to appeal to when you were aggrieved. You were neither called upon to suffer wrong, nor entitled to resent it, when you were under my protection."

"And what," said the youth, "if I sustained wrong from those you loved and favoured, was I to disturb your peace with idle tale-bearings and eternal complaints? No, madam; I have borne my own burthen in silence, and without disturbing you with murmurs; and the respect which you accuse me of wanting, furnishes the only reason why I have neither appealed to you, nor taken vengeance at my own hand in a manner far more effectual. It is well, however, that we part. I was not born to be a stipendiary, favoured by his mistress, until ruined by the calumnies of others. May Heaven

multiply its choicest blessings on your honoured head ; and, for your sake, upon all that are dear to you !”

He was about to leave the apartment, when the lady called on him to return. He stood still, while she thus addressed him : “ It was not my intention, nor would it be just, even in the height of my displeasure, to dismiss you without the means of support ; take this purse of gold.”

“ Forgive me, lady,” said the boy, “ and let me go hence with the consciousness that I have not been degraded to the point of accepting alms. If my poor services can be placed against the expense of my apparel and my maintenance, I only remain debtor to you for my life, and that alone is a debt which I can never repay ; put up then that purse, and only say, instead, that you do not part from me in anger.”

“ No, not in anger,” said the lady, “ in sorrow rather for your wilfulness ; but take the gold, you cannot but need it.”

“ May God evermore bless you for the kind tone and the kind word ; but the gold I cannot take. I am able of body, and do not lack friends so wholly as you may think ; for the time may come that I may yet show myself more thankful than by mere words.” He threw himself on his knees, kissed the hand which she did not withdraw, and then hastily left the apartment.

Lilias, for a moment or two, kept her eye fixed on her mistress, who looked so unusually pale, that she seemed about to faint ; but the lady instantly recovered herself, and declining the assistance which her attendant offered her, walked to her own apartment.

Roland quits the castle, and leaves a string of golden beads behind, which discloses his secret attachment to the catholic faith. This his mysterious grandmother had exhorted him secretly to cherish, and he had obeyed her rather in dislike to the strait laced puritanism of Henry Warden, than from any deeply rooted love to the elder creed. Now, at once forlorn and free, he seeks the well of St. Cuthbert, where a holy man was wont to reside, from whom he hoped protection, until he could send to the monastery, where Edward Glendinning, under the name of Father Ambrose, still resided. He finds this little sanctuary deserted and spoiled by violence—the spring half choaked—the altar thrown down—the huge stone crucifix broken in pieces—and the whole spot covered with the marks of recent desolation. He determines, at least, to raise the fragments of the holy emblem, and succeeds better than his hopes. While he is engaged in this pious office, Magdalen Græme suddenly appears, and rejoices thus to meet again the grand-child, from whom she had so long been parted. She addresses him in mysterious language, as one destined for some high and perilous mission ; and while she tends

him with maternal fondness, asserts a claim to his unquestioning acquiescence in her will, which he is ill-disposed to yield. He suffers her, however, to guide him, on the following day to an old convent, where the abbess and her niece yet lingered, after the forcible dispossession of the sisterhood. The two old women express the strange design of leaving the youth and maiden together, to become better acquainted, as they are to be fellow labourers in the same cause ; and accordingly the page is suffered to talk with Catharine Seyton, a strange laughing and bantering girl, who proves the heroine of the tale. In the morning, Roland leaves the convent with his aged guide, for the monastery of Kennaquhair, sustained by the hope, of seeing Catharine Seyton at Edinburgh, whither they were afterwards to travel. When they reach the monastery, they find its few inmates installing, "with maimed rights," father Ambrose in the dignity of Abbot, Eustace having recently died, and the office being of far more peril than authority or grandeur. While they were thus piously attempting to sustain their persecuted religion, a band of peasants rush in wild uproar, with grotesque masks and strange habiliments, to burlesque the ceremony, not so much in protestant bigotry, as in the spirit of old frolics, which had been universally permitted by the Roman church in the plentitude of its power. During the confusion, Halbert Glendinning arrives—commands his vassals to make merry elsewhere—and recognizes Roland, whom he bespeaks with kindness, and dismisses with Adam Woodcock to Edinburgh, on a commission to his patron, Murray, then Regent of Scotland. Light of heart, Roland arrives at Edinburgh, where he has the good fortune to rescue the Earl of Seyton from an affray, and to see Catharine for an instant in her father's house, whither he had rashly pursued her. He has also a strange encounter at the hostelry of St. Michael's, with a youth whom he firmly believes to be Catharine Seyton in disguise, and from whom he receives a short, but beautifully wrought sword, with an injunction, that he shall not unsheath it, until commanded by his rightful sovereign. At length he is sent by Murray to Lochleven, the castle of the Douglasses, where Mary of Scotland was confined,—ostensibly to serve that unhappy lady as a page, but really as a spy on her actions. At Lochleven he meets Catharine, attendant on the queen, and witnesses the deeply interesting scenes in which Mary resigns her crown, to which she

is directed by a scroll concealed within the sheath of Roland's mysterious sword. The following is the picture of the first audience of the messengers from the Regent with the Queen, whom they were commissioned to depose :—

At this moment the door of the inner apartment opened, and Queen Mary presented herself, advancing with an air of peculiar grace and majesty, and seemed totally unruffled, either by the visit, or by the rude manner in which it had been enforced. Her dress was a robe of black velvet. A small ruff, open in front, gave a full view of her beautifully formed chin and neck, but veiled the bosom. On her head she wore a small cap of lace; and a transparent white veil hung from her shoulders over the long black robe, in large loose folds, so that it could be drawn at pleasure over the face and person. She wore a cross of gold around her neck, and had her rosary of gold and ebony hanging from her girdle. She was closely followed by her two ladies, who remained standing behind her during the conference. Even Lord Lindesay, though the rudest noble of that rude age, was surprised into something like respect, by the unconcerned and majestic mien of her whom he had expected to find frantic with impotent passion, or dissolved in useless and vain sorrow, or overwhelmed with the fears likely in such a situation to assail fallen royalty.

"We fear we have detained you, my Lord of Lindesay," said the Queen, while she curtsied with dignity in answer to his reluctant obeisance; "but a female does not willingly receive her visitors without some minutes spent at the toilette. Men, my Lord, are less dependent on such ceremonies."

Lord Lindesay, casting his eye down on his own travel-stained and disordered dress, muttered something of a hasty journey, and the Queen paid her greeting to Sir Robert Melville with courtesy, and even, as it seemed, with kindness. There was then a dead pause, during which Lindesay looked towards the door, as if expecting with impatience the colleague of their embassy. The Queen alone was entirely unembarrassed; and, as if to break the silence, she addressed Lord Lindesay, with a glance at the large and cumbersome sword which he wore, as already mentioned, hanging from his neck.

"You have there a trusty and a weighty travelling companion, my Lord. I trust you expected to meet with no enemy here, against whom such a formidable weapon could be necessary? It is, methinks, somewhat a singular ornament for a court, though I am, as I well need to be, too much of a Stuart to fear a sword."

"It is not the first time, madam," replied Lindesay, bringing round the weapon so as to rest its point on the ground, and leaning one hand on the huge cross-handle, "it is not the first time that this weapon has intruded itself into the presence of the House of Stuart."

"Possibly, my Lord," replied the Queen, "it may have done service to my ancestors—Your ancestors were men of loyalty."

"Ay, madam," replied he, "service it hath done; but such as kings love

neither to acknowledge nor to reward. It was the service which the knife renders to the tree when trimming it to the quick, and depriving it of the superfluous growth of rank and unfruitful suckers, which rob it of nourishment."

"You talk riddles, my Lord," said Mary; "I will hope the explanation carries nothing insulting with it."

"You shall judge, madam," answered Lindsey. "With this good sword was Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, girded on the memorable day when he acquired the name of Bell-the-Cat, for dragging from the presence of your great-grandfather, the third James of the race, a crew of minions, flatterers, and favourites, whom he hanged over the bridge of Lauder, as a warning to such reptiles how they approach a Scottish throne. With this same weapon, the same inflexible champion of Scottish honour and nobility, slew at one blow Spens of Kilspindie, a courtier of your grandfather James the Fourth, who had dared to speak lightly of him in the royal presence. They fought near the brook of Fala; and Bell-the-Cat, with this blade, sheared through the thigh of his opponent, and lopped the limb as easily as a shepherd's boy slices a twig from a sapling."

"My Lord," replied the Queen, reddening, "my nerves are too good to be alarmed even by this terrible history—May I ask how a blade so illustrious passed from the House of Douglass to that of Lindsey?—Methinks it should have been preserved as a consecrated relic, by a family who have held all that they could do against their king to be done in favour of their country."

"Nay, madam," said Melville, anxiously interfering, "ask not that question of Lord Lindsey—and you, my Lord, for shame—for decency—forbear to reply to it."

"It is time that this lady should hear the truth," replied Lindsey.

"And be assured that she will be moved to anger by none that you can tell her, my Lord. There are cases in which just scorn has always the mastery over just anger."

"Then know," said Lindsey, "that upon the field of Carberry-Hill, when that false and infamous traitor and murderer, James, sometime Earl of Bothwell, and nick-named Duke of Orkney, offered to do personal battle with any of the associated nobles who came to drag him to justice, I accepted his challenge, and was by the noble earl of Morton gifted with this good sword, that I might therewith fight it out.—Ah! so help me Heaven, had his presumption been one grain more, or his cowardice one grain less, I should have done such work with this good steel on his traitorous corpse, that the hounds and carrion-crows should have found their morsels daintily carved to their use!"

The Queen's courage well nigh gave way to the mention of Bothwell's name—a name connected with such a train of guilt, shame, and disaster. But the prolonged boast of Lindsey gave her time to rally herself, and to answer, with an appearance of cold contempt—"It is easy to slay an enemy who enters not the lists. But had Mary Stuart inherited her father's sword as

well as his sceptre, the boldest of her rebels should not upon that day have complained that they had no one to cope withal. Your Lordship will forgive me if I abridge this conference. A brief description of a bloody fight is long enough to satisfy a lady's curiosity; and unless my Lord of Lindsey has something more important to tell us than of the deeds which old Bell-the-Cat achieved, and how he would himself have emulated them, had time and tide permitted, we will retire to our private apartment, and you, Fleming, shall finish reading to us yonder little treatise *Des Rhodomantades Espagnoles*."

"Tarry, madam," said Lindsey, his complexion reddening in his turn; "I know your quick wit too well of old to have sought an interview that you might sharpen its edge at the expense of my honour. Lord Ruthven and myself, with Sir Robert Melville as a concurrent, come to your Grace on the part of the Secret Council, to tender to you what much concerns the safety of your own life and the welfare of the State."

"The Secret Council?" said the Queen; "by what powers can it subsist or act, while I, from whom it holds its character, am here detained under unjust restraint? But it matters not—what concerns the welfare of Scotland shall be acceptable to Mary Stuart, come from whatsoever quarter it will—and for what concerns her own life, she has lived long enough to be weary of it, even at the age of twenty-five. Where is your colleague, my Lord—why tarries he?"

"He comes, madam," said Melville; and Lord Ruthven entered at the instant, holding in his hand a packet. As the Queen returned his salutation, she became deadly pale, but instantly recovered herself by dint of strong and sudden resolution, just as the noble, whose appearance seemed to excite such emotions in her bosom, entered the apartment in company with George Douglas, the youngest son of the Knight of Lochleven, who, during the absence of his father and brethren, acted as Seneschal of the castle, under the direction of the elder Lady Lochleven, his father's mother.

Roland soon finds himself in a situation which would have embarrassed a youth of principle. He is not, however, greatly distressed by conflicting duties; but, urged by pity for the queen, and love for her attendant, he becomes a party to her plans of escape. These, aided by George Douglas, grandson of the lady of Lochleven, who cherishes a deep, though hopeless passion, for the lovely captive, are finally successful, chiefly through the ingenuity of Roland. After her escape, the novel follows the fortunes of Mary until the defeat of her army and her flight into England, where she was to meet with so wretched a fate. The inferior persons, however, are made happy. Roland is discovered to be the legitimate son of Julian Avenel—is recognized as the heir of Sir Halbert Glendinning—and is married to Catharine, whose liveliest pranks appear to have been played off by her brother

Henry, who resembles her as Sebastian does Viola. After this union, the white lady of Avenel, whom our readers will remember in the Monastery, "is seen to sport by her haunted well, with a zone of gold around her bosom, as broad as the baldric of an earl."

This is, we are aware, but a meagre sketch of the plot of *The Abbot*, but we regret our defects the less, as most of our readers have doubtless read it for themselves; and a little will suffice to recal its principal features to their memory. The work is, we think, on the whole, more equable than most of the productions of its author. It has fewer either of stoopings or uprisings—less of merely wearisome detail, and scarcely any of those grand and unforgettable scenes which chequer his earliest romances. It has nothing in it at all comparable to the sublime and affecting scenes at Carlisle in *Waverley*—to the coming in of the sea, or the last moments of Elspeth, in *The Antiquary*—to the romantic majesties and humanities of *Rob Roy*—to the battle of Loudon-hill, or the perils of Morton among the Covenanters, in *Old Mortality*—to the sweet heroism of Jenny Deans, or the natural loveliness of the lily of St. Leonard's, in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—or to the magnificently awful scenes with which the *Bride of Lammermuir* closes. Perhaps even *The Monastery* has features of more "mark and likelihood" than *The Abbot*, in the frank-hearted Mysie Happer, and the delicate fantasies breathed forth by the White Lady of Avenel. But there is in this novel an interest more gentle, more continuous, and more unbroken, than in any by which it has been preceded. Its style, in the narrative and reflective passages, has more of elegance than its author has hitherto deigned to preserve. While he acknowledges the practical benefits of the Reformation, he dwells fondly and pensively on the decaying symbols of the Catholic religion, and treats with due philosophic gentleness the ancient and wide-spread errors of his species. No one has better exemplified the truth that man does not live alone on that which satisfies his reason, but requires objects on which he may repose his imagination and his affections. He looks tenderly on all that man has venerated; and ever finds in it something to excite new love and veneration, if not for the objects of respect, at least for their reverers.

The Abbot is, perhaps, scarcely equal to most of its predecessors in the spirit and reality of its persons. There is, indeed,

great skill, and singular forbearance, in the manner in which it treats the character of the lovely and ill-fated queen. This celebrated woman has had so many incorrigible foes and tedious champions—has given occasion to so much wretched sophistry and wearisome display of antiquarian research, that her name seemed rather fitted to “point a moral” than to “adorn a tale.” But our author has managed her introduction so exquisitely, has been so chary of the glimpses which he has permitted us to snatch of her antique loveliness, and has breathed around her so sweet and feminine a grace, that she seems as fresh to us as though we now were first acquainted with her beauty and her sufferings. She captivates here in spite of her controversial advocates. We know not any modern work which gives with so little seeming effort, the feeling of grace so womanly, and of beauty so unspeakably ravishing. We treat the stories of her guilt as idle tales, without desiring other conviction than that which we feel in her looks; confiding in the truth of nature, and certain that she would not so err from herself, as to “embower the spirit of a fiend, in mortal paradise of such sweet flesh.” Catharine Seyton, the regular heroine, is very inferior. She is a strange problem, and not worth solving. The author vexes us by attributing to her wild extravagancies, and then explaining that they were really played off by her twin brother. We suspect this solution to be an after-thought, and think any one who attentively examines the story will agree that this is probable. The novelist, we conceive, had formed a vague idea of an original character, whose female softness and modesty should be overcome by high enthusiasm and singular fortune, and who, thus unhinged, should seek refuge in a boisterous vivacity, and affected manliness of demeanour. But wanting the power, or the time, to finish off the nice and reconciling shades of this portraiture, he had recourse to the poor artifice of attributing to the brother all which he could not readily explain in the sister. The scene at the rustic fair, in particular, could scarcely have been planned with the idea that the dancer in a female dress, who, though with a face concealed, was taken for a beautiful woman, was really a daring and impetuous soldier. Whether our conjecture be correct or otherwise, the scenes as at present explained, are very unpleasant blemishes.

Roland Græme is one of the least admirable of heroes. He is froward, insolent, and impetuous, without any of the gentleness

of humanity to atone for the want of rigid and unbending principle. Yet he is one of the most vivid of the author's portraits, full of the spirit of lusty life, of youth rejoicing in its strength, and of hope which fortune has no power to destroy. We seem to behold him with the holly branch in his cap, light and careless as the feather on the breeze, bounding on from novelty to novelty, incapable of remorse for the past or dread of the future.

Magdalen Græme, though scarcely a character, is a very striking figure in the romance; always appearing with great theatrical effect, and in a picturesque attitude; and thrilling us by her passionate lamentations over the decay of her faith, which are softened by her fond affection for her foster child. She is not, however, at all comparable with Elspeth or Meg Merrilies.

Adam Weathercock is very slightly marked; the Abbot not at all, though he gives the work its title. George Douglas is a noble sketch, but it is no more. Surely the author might have found a source of the highest interest in the still and deep passion of that Scotch noble, which led him, the contemplative, the reserved, and the proud, joyfully to resign family, fortune, life, and renown, for the deliverance of a queen from whom he had no hope of requital!

Rare as is our author's faculty of observation, and fictitiously as he employs its results, we think his power of creating and vivifying characters, has sometimes been the subject of excessive eulogy. He has been compared, in this plastic art to Shakspeare, as though he were only inferior to him in wanting the graces of poetry. This appears to us an error, which even national partialities can hardly excuse. The very strict *keeping* of all the persons in the romances, the very marked characteristic features of all their speeches, even on trifling occasions, which seems so palpably to define them, are proofs of the vast inferiority of their author to the poet with whom they have dared to compare him. There is nothing of this singleness either in the moral or the physical creations of nature. There is more of colours and lines which are universal, more intermixture of shade with shade, more of gentle connexion and all-pervading harmony throughout every scene, than the novelist can afford to suffer. He is compelled perpetually to discriminate his persons by fear lest his readers should confound them. They always seem conscious of their vocation, and appear almost as if they were acting parts, and

anxious at every moment not to forget their cue, or deviate from the peculiarities allotted to them. Shakspeare had not need of this wearisome jealousy. He could permit each trait gradually to spread over the surface of the character, without fear that it would lose its colouring. He did not tremble lest his persons should lose their individuality by the predominance of universal qualities. His persons, therefore, while they can never be confounded, appear in the easy negligence of nature, partake largely in general qualities, and excite universal sympathies.

ART. XI. *Amyntas. An Idyl.* From the German of Solomon Gessner.

LYCAS and I came from Miletum, bearing our offerings to Apollo. We perceived, at a distance, the hill on which the temple, adorned with columns of resplendent white marble rose, from the bosom of a laurel grove, toward the azure vault of heaven: beyond the grove, our view was lost in the sea's unbounded surface. It was mid-day. The sand scorched the soles of our feet, and the sun darted his rays so directly on our heads, that the shadows of the locks of hair which covered our foreheads, extended over the whole face. The panting lizard dragged himself with pain among the ferns that bordered the path. No sound was heard, save that of the grasshopper chirping amidst the meadow's withered grass. At each step there rose a cloud of fiery dust that inflamed our eyes, and bedaubed our parched lips. Thus we laboured on, oppressed by languor; but soon increased our pace, when we saw before us, even on the border of our path, some high and spreading trees. Their shade was dark as night. Seized with religious awe, we entered the grove, and there inhaled a most refreshing breeze. This delicious place afforded, at once, all that could regale every sense. The tufted trees inclosed a verdant spot, watered by a pure and gelid stream. The branches of the trees, bending with golden fruit, hung over the channel; and the wild rose, jessamine, and mulberry, twined in rich clusters round their trunks. A bubbling spring rose from the foot of a monument, surrounded by honeysuckles, the sickly willow, and the creeping ivy.—O gods! I cried, how enchanting is this place! my soul venerates the beneficent hand that planted these delightful shades. His ashes here, perhaps, repose. See

here, cries Lycas, see those characters that appear through the branches of the honeysuckle on the front of the tomb. They, perhaps, will tell us, who it was vouchsafed this solace for the weary traveller? He turned aside the branches with his staff, and read these words :

“ Here rest the ashes of Amyntas, whose whole life was one “ continued series of bounteous deeds : desirous to extend his “ goodness far beyond the grave, he hither led this stream, and “ planted these trees.” Blessed be thy ashes, generous man ! May thy posterity be for ever blessed ! While I was speaking, we perceived, at a distance, some person advancing towards us. It was a young and beauteous woman ; her shape was elegant ; in her deportment appeared a noble simplicity ; on her arm she bore an earthen vase. Advancing to the fountain, she addressed us in a courteous voice. You are strangers, she said, fatigued, no doubt, with a tedious journey in the heat of the day. Say, do you want any refreshment you have not here met with ? We thank you, I replied, we thank you, amiable and beneficent woman. What could we wish for more ? The waters of this stream are so pure, so delicious are these fruits, and these shades so refreshing ! We are filled with veneration for that worthy man whose ashes rest here : his bounty hath anticipated every want the traveller can know. You seem to be of this country, and doubtless knew him. Ah ! tell us, while we repose beneath these cooling shades, tell us who was this virtuous man ?

The woman, then seating herself at the foot of the tomb, and leaning on the vase, which she placed by her side, with a gracious smile replied :

His name was Amyntas. To honour the gods, and do good to mankind, was his greatest felicity. There is not a shepherd on our plains, who does not revere his memory with the warmest gratitude ; not one who does not, with tears of joy, relate some instance of his uprightness or beneficence. I owe to him, myself, all that I enjoy ; it was by him that I became the happiest of women—here her eyes were filled with tears—I am the wife of his son.—My father died, leaving my mother and myself in grief and poverty. Retiring to a solitary cottage, we there lived by the labour of our hands, and by the bountiful benevolence of virtue.—Two goats, which gave us milk, and the fruits of a small orchard, were all our wealth.—These comforts did not long last ;

my mother died, and I was left alone without support or consolation. Amyntas then took me to his house, and committing to my care the conduct of his family, was, to me, more a father than a master. His son, the handsomest of all the shepherds of these hamlets, saw with what tender solicitude I sought to deserve so dear an asylum. He saw my faithful labours and assiduous cares.—He loved me, and he told me that he loved me. I would not confess, to myself, what my heart at that moment felt.—Damon, I said, forget thy love; I was born in indigence; and am quite happy to be a servant in thy house. This to him I often earnestly repeated: but he would not forego his love.

One day, while I prepared our fleecy stores before the cottage door, Amyntas came and sat down by me, before the morning sun. After looking a long time at me, with a gracious smile, he said—My child, thy candour, cares, and modesty delight me. I love thee, and I will, if the gods shall prove propitious, I will make thee happy.—Could I, O my dear master, could I be more happy, if I were worthy of your bounty? was all I could reply; while tears of gratitude flowed from my eyes. My child, he said, I would honour the memory of thy parents; I would see, in my old age, my son and thee made happy. He loves thee: will his love, tell me, will his love make thee happy? The work fell from my hands; I trembled, blushed, and stood motionless before him. He took me by the hand: My son's love—tell me, again he said, will his love make thee happy? I fell at his feet, and my voice died on my lips. I pressed his hand to my cheek, bedewed with tears; and, from that fortunate day, I have been the happiest of women. She paused a while, then, drying her eyes, continued thus: Such was the man, whose ashes here repose! You may still wish to know how he brought hither this stream, and planted the trees: I shall now inform you.

In his latter days, he frequently came to this spot, and seated himself on the side of the highway. With an affable and smiling aspect, he saluted the passengers, and offered refreshment to the weary traveller. And what, he one day said, if I should here plant fruit-trees, and under their shade conduct a fresh and limpid stream? Both shade and water are far distant. I then shall so-lace, a long time after I am gone, the man fatigued with travel, and him that faints amid the noon-day's ardour. This design he soon executed. Hither he conducted that pure stream, and around

it disposed these fertile trees, whose fruits ripen in different seasons. The work complete, he repaired to the temple of Apollo, and having presented his offering, he made this prayer : " O God, " prosper the young trees I have just planted, that the pious man, " as he resorts to thy temple, may refresh himself under their " shade !"

The god vouchsafed to hear his prayer. Amyntas, rising early next morning, directed his first looks towards this spot ; but, how was he transported, when, instead of the saplings he had planted, he saw tall and spreading trees ! O God ! he cried, what do I behold ! Tell me, O my children, is it a dream that deludes me ? I see the plants, that I set but yesterday, changed into vigorous and lofty trees. Transported with devout admiration, we all went to the grove. The branches of the trees, already in their full vigour, and loaded with fruit, bowed down to the flowery turf. O wonderful ! the old man cried, shall I, even in the winter of my days, still walk beneath these shades ! We poured forth our thanksgiving, and sacrificed to the God who had granted, nay, even exceeded, the prayers of Amyntas. But, alas ! this old man, so favoured by the gods, did not long frequent this bower. He died, and we have here deposited his remains, that all who repose under these shades, may bless the precious relics.

At this relation, impressed with deep respect, we blessed the ashes of the worthy man ; and said to his daughter : " This stream " we have found most pleasing ; by these shades we have been " refreshed, but much more by the recital you have made. May " the gods, each moment of your life, pour down their blessings " on you !" And, filled with divine sensations, we directed our steps to the temple Apollo.

ART. XII.—*The Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman.* 4 vols. 12mo. Murray. London.

THE interest which attaches to biography on the principle so happily expressed by Terence, ' *Homo sum ; nihil humani à me alienum puto,*' is perhaps excited in the most intense degree by narratives of persons who have been providentially preserved from shipwreck, or who have been abandoned on some desert coast. Such narratives have an influence and value independently of mere amusement and information. The necessity of

providing the means of subsistence and security, by single and unaided efforts of mental foresight and bodily exertion, calls forth all the resources of skill, of fortitude, and courage, with which man is endowed, and exercises whatever is natively great in his natural character. At the same time the state of existence presented to us is that of a creature more *visibly* dependent, so to speak, than in ordinary circumstances, on an ever-watchful Providence; a source of thoughtful piety is opened within us; and if there be a spot on which a cold and sullen atheist might catch a spark of gratitude towards the unseen Father of the universe, or feel a momentary leaning for support on something of metaphysical aid and protection, that spot must be sought on the Isle of Juan Fernandez, or in the forests of American India.

Robinson Crusoe is a book of admirable use with reference to boyhood: it raises feelings truly and practically religious; it sows the seeds of self-dependent energy, in acting and thinking, of calm, cheerful, and steady daring, of wise resignation in circumstances that are inevitable, and of active enterprise in all possible undertakings. The novel of De Foe, however, is not a mere book for children: it was popular for all ages and all classes; but this popularity first took root from the belief, impressed by the artless style of the narration, that the history was genuine. Adventures, striking yet probable, and clothed with fidelity of moral description, occur in various imaginary travels, and are read with satisfaction from the justness of the imitation and the accuracy of the selected particulars; but this interest is feeble compared with that which is inherent in such works as the voyages of Hawkesworth. Robinson Crusoe still pleases; but much of the pleasure which it originally conveyed is abated by the knowledge that the story is a virtual romance, constructed on the rude materials of Alexander Selkirk. Who does not perceive that the rough diary of the seaman, irretrievably sacrificed to the vanity of authorship, would be now an invaluable treasure?

Viewing the work before us as a story of entertainment, there is one essential point in which its inferiority will appear very manifest if compared with Robinson Crusoe, or with the ingenious imitation of that romance, entitled Philip Quarll: a book with respect to which it is impossible not to regret that it should be disfigured with so much vulgar trash in the introductory part of the story. There is in both these productions a solitary individuality of inte-

rest wonderfully affecting, and stimulating to the curiosity. It is in proportion to his destitution and entire self-dependence that a character of this kind engages our sympathy and attention. We follow him through his woods, and along his shore, and into the hut which he has constructed with his own hands, with that sort of awe and admiration which attaches to some supernatural being ; and this is the reason why in Quarll, where the singleness of interest is complete, a child finds always more delight than in Crusoe : the green monkey is preferred to Friday, the savage ; not merely because the tricks and docility of a tutored animal are surprising and diverting to a childish imagination, but because the isolated state of the man is more absolute and impressive.

This peculiarity of interest is, in Penrose, limited to only a short period of the time embraced by his journal. His solitude gradually diminishes ; the charm of stillness, the majestic repose of nature yield up their possession of the mind ; his cave is peopled ; the seclusion of his coast is violated by European mariners ; and the silence of his forest of palms is broken by Dutch accents, and the Scotch and Irish brogue. He becomes a centre, around which other characters revolve ; and the attention that should be absorbed in one, is divided and dissipated among many.

If, however, we regard the Journal as a record of authentic facts and actual observations, it assumes an interest distinct from that which has been described, and possesses a value beyond that of merely influencing the imagination, in the features which it presents of savage manners, and the details which it exhibits of natural history. The pretensions of the work are, in every view of it, considerable. We shall reserve our opinion of its authenticity till we have given some sort of analysis of its contents, and put our readers in possession of the circumstances attending its production.

Llewellyn Penrose was born near Caerfilly in Glamorganshire in 1725. His father was a seaman, and was cast away off the Texel in Holand in a ship called the Union frigate, belonging to Bristol. The widow married a schoolmaster. Penrose had always cherished an inclination for the sea ; he had a talent for design, and was accustomed to sketch boats and ships sailing in different directions. But this desire was thwarted by his stepfather, who wished to bind him to an attorney ; and by his persecuting importunities drove him at last to seek his own fortune. He left

his home in the month of September, 1744, and arriving at Bristol crossed over to Ireland in a collier. This very pardonable exertion of the spirit of independence, implanted in man for the most beneficial purposes, he appears to regard with much compunction, and confounding the contiguity of events with cause and effect, ascribes to this act of filial ingratitude, as he terms it, the subsequent visitations of Providence: visitations of bounty and of mercy, which spread for him a table in the wilderness, and brought friends around his cavern hearth, and children about his knees. We believe the general moral reflections of the work, so inconsistent with the simple brevity of a seaman's journal, to have formed no part of the original, and to have been deduced from the several incidents by the editor himself.

After meeting with the usual vicissitudes of seafaring men, Penrose, in the year 1746, embarked on board of an old Indian, called the Harrington, bound for Jamaica. On the passage homeward the vessel was taken by a Spanish fifty-gun ship, called *El Fuerto*, and carried into the Havanna. The crew was afterwards sent with a flag of truce to Jamaica; but on beating through the old Bahama Channel, the ship was found so leaky as to oblige them to steer for the island of New Providence. Penrose is here again seized with a fit of moralizing, on that defect of a prophetic instinct which he feels himself compelled to call his folly, and which is manifested in driving on the business of his vocation by entering on board a schooner privateer in the year 1747. During a cruise, while the ship is lying-to, and the other hands are employed in fishing, he, with two other men, leaps into a boat that is along-side, and pushes off in pursuit of a tortoise: on their return, the boat is veered astern, and he remains in her, and having been overcome with liquor drops asleep: on waking he finds the schooner had by some accident slipped the rope, and sailed without the boat. He sees the ship in the offing, but completely out of reach of hailing or signal; and continuing to drive along the shore in hopeless consternation, puts at length into a small cove or beach: "I now began to look around me, and could see nothing but a wild country of palmetto trees and shrubs; but whether inhabited or not by human beings I was perfectly ignorant."

While he is gazing round him, he observed a man standing on the shore at some distance, naked, with an oar in his hand; and

after some hesitation ventured to show himself. The savage "clapped his hands over his eyes, leaning forward; then spread them abroad;" took him by the hand, and exclaimed "Christinos;" making at the same time a cross on the sand. On Penrose answering in Spanish, the savage beckoned him to follow; and led the way, where was a canoe, with a woman and boy: both in a state of nudity. Seeing them much alarmed, Penrose patted the child on the head, which pleased the savage; who gave him a piece of roasted turtle. The female, however, was by no means so complacent or so hospitably inclined as her husband; for on the latter going among the high grass after another boy, she set up incessant screams at the idea of being left with the strange white man, and the savage was obliged to return: and willing to humour the nervous terrors of his wife, he gave Penrose a calabash, and pointing to a distance cried out "aqua, aqua:" Penrose was a dupe to this artifice, and running officiously for water, saw, on his return, the Indians paddling away in their canoe with all possible expedition.

The place on which he had landed was an island, only about half a mile across: but five miles distant he perceives a larger island, as he thinks: or "perhaps," he observes, "the main itself." It is stated that he afterwards ascertains this to be the fact: though on some Dutch mariners conjecturing that the country must be Costa Ricca, he makes no remark in opposition to their opinion: the savages who make excursions to visit him in his retreat talk often of Carthagera: yet he professes himself totally unable to obtain any certain information as to the particular part of the coast on which he had been thrown.

He puts off for this new shore; and enters a lagoon (laguna) or lake; with mangrove trees hanging over his head, 'laden with oysters, like traces of onions;' and spoonbills and cranes sitting on the branches, unscares by, and not noticing his approach. Walking up the bank he discovers a cave running into a rock, about ten feet in height, and eighteen in width, with a gravelly bottom. Here he fixes his abode, subsisting on raw fish which he catches in the lake; but on this diet, he grows weak, and loses his flesh. One day, while walking on the sea-shore, after a thunder-storm, he discovers a smoke, which proceeds from a tree that had been set on fire by the lightning. He immediately gathers a quantity of drift wood, and lading his boat with sand, lays on it

some of the ignited wood ; and covering it over, transports it under the projecting rocks of his cavern. He is thus enabled to dress his fish ; and he contrives to supply the fire with poppamack wood ; which retains flame till the minutest particle is consumed. He afterwards invents a tinder-box, by means of a spongy increscence on the dead stumps of trees, some white flint pebbles, his pocket knife, and a shell.

As Crusoe had his parrot, Penrose has his hawk : which he procures in a singular manner. The bird had pounced on a bunch of land-crabs which Penrose had tied together and left on the beach ; but on rising with them into the air was brought to the ground by the weight, as well as entangled by the claws of the crabs. This bird, whom he names Yellow-bill, he gradually domesticates, and amuses himself by talking with him.

From the reckoning which he kept of his time by means of shells, he found he had been in this desert spot a year and four months ; and determined to take a short voyage. The following curious misconception is very natural to a person in his peculiar situation.

“ As I turned round a low rocky point, I was suddenly struck with the sight of several human skulls, as I took them to be : they were white as snow. I put to shore and went up to them, and found my conjectures right.* I saw likewise that, in times long past, fires had been made there ; as I found remains of ashes and the ends of burnt sticks. This satisfied me that the place had been frequented ; and, as I supposed, by a wretched race of cannibals. I took up two or three of the skulls and put them into the canoe, and determined to get out of this place as soon as possible. I therefore put along shore, and spent much time in viewing places till the night came ; I then landed. Not long after this, the clouds began to gather thick all around ; the rain came on, with thunder and lightning. I landed up my boat high and dry, and endeavoured to get under shelter myself ; but the flashes were so frequent, and the thunder so terrible, that I thought one of the claps had separated the portion of the globe where I was stationed. I was so stunned by it that I stood motionless for some time ; and as soon as I could well recover myself, I ran down, and threw the skulls upon the beach ; through a foolish and idle superstition that they were somehow connected with the storm which had happened. After this I walked about the shore till day began to peep ; when the clouds were dispersed, and the sun arose fair and clear. I had not a dry thread about me. My fire tackling,

* This is not accurately stated, as will hereafter appear.

and food were all afloat in the boat. I began to spread out my clothes and to bale my canoe. This occupied me till the sun was about two hours high. Curiosity prompted me to take up one of the skulls, and as I turned it round in my hand, I observed that it had no marks where the teeth should be. I began to examine another, and found the same defect. I concluded now they could not be human, but that they were the skulls of loggerhead tortoises."

Intending to clear away some of the brushwood which surrounds his cave, he sets fire to a heap of dry bark; the flame however catches the high trees, and blazes with a crackling, as he describes it, like thunder, for the space of seven or eight days; till it is extinguished by a glut of rain. Walking over the desert of ashes, he finds the limbs of the cedar and cotton tree, as well as the remains of the plantain: the devastation of the latter was a mortifying circumstance, as the fruit is a substitute for bread. He then turns his mind to the making of fishing lines, by a method which he learned from an old negro; this was, to soak the leaves of the corritoo, or the aloe, and then work it into fibres. Having reached the third year of his residence, he procures another household companion in a young fawn, which he decoys and fastens to a tree; whither the doe comes to suckle it.

With the superstition common to seamen, he is often frightened by an owl that hoots on moonlight nights. This had been described to him by a negro as a walking vampire of the height of a man; which could only be killed by a silver bullet. He afterwards dreams that the country is inundated, and that, like a second Noah, he wanders in his canoe on the face of the waters. This dream was, it seems, in some degree, verified; the lagoon overflows up to the entrance of his cavern. He hurries away with his moveables to high-water mark, and remains for two days. The doe follows him; but the poor hawk is forgotten, and is found starved in a bush on his return. This accident induced him to build a hurricane-house, made like an awning, and thatched with palmetto leaves.

He contrives a sort of panniers or saddle-bags, which he fastens on his deer; who attends him with familiar docility on his voyages and rambles. She also is so trained as to assist him in hunting the guanos; chasing them like a greyhound, and striking them dead with a stroke of her hoof.

This is the *Lacerta Guana* of Linnæus; an animal of the

lizard kind, that grows to the length of four feet, and lives in holes of rocks. The inhabitants of the Bahama isles make them their chief food, and hunt them with dogs. Penrose describes them as burrowing in the ground like rabbits. A strange mistake occurs in vol. 2. p. 122. where it is said "a large guano was upon the green among the lime-trees : I pointed out the *bird* as a fine mark : " it should be the reptile. The animal is known also in the East Indies.

An adventure now occurred to him, which broke the sameness of his solitude with a gleam of human intercourse, and gave a brighter colouring to the prospect of his secluded existence.

Crossing over to what he calls the Bird Island for conchs and welks, a sort of shell-fish, he discovers a canoe, a mile to the westward of his cave, and two persons on shore. He puts back immediately, hauls up his boat, and places himself behind some trees. The two persons went to and fro with extravagant and uneasy gestures, often looked into the canoe, and then went away again ; sometimes caressing each other, at other times throwing sand on their heads and uttering cries. On approaching, he distinguished an Indian youth and girl ; who fled away, inflexible to his call. In the canoe he found an old savage expiring. By degrees the former two were persuaded to return ; when they threw themselves on the ground, and placed his feet, one after the other, on their heads. When the old man was dead, Penrose prevailed on them to paddle in their canoe along with his boat : and having landed, he buried the body, and invited them within his cave ; where they consented to domesticate with him. This certainly strikes us as an improbable part of the story : these young Indians had the means of returning to their tribe with the same ease that they came ; and there seems no sufficient reason to account for their voluntary stay. The new inmates, however, lose their melancholy and their shyness, converse by signs, and learn to articulate English words. The youth catches the word " come ; " and the girl pronounces suddenly the name of the deer, " Miss Doe," with perfect plainness. He discovers that they are called Ayasharre and Ya-lutta ; which names he changes to Harry and Luta. The latter soon cherishes towards her host sentiments of a warmer nature than gratitude. The progress of her affection, and the artless manner in which he is made acquainted with it, are natural and interesting :

"When we were at this sport, (of quoits) on the beach, Luta appeared to be much elated, whenever I won the game. This I found never failed to occasion much snickering between her and Harry; but as it always passed in their own language, they thought I paid no attention to it. Some time after this, as they were together with me in the cave, Harry came and stood before me and said, "Where you come?" this I knew was meant to ask me from whence I came. I was at a loss how to give him in language, the information he required; so I pointed to the sea, and made signs that I had slept often during my voyage in a canoe, before I arrived at this shore. This I found made them very thoughtful, and the girl wept much. To pass it off as well as I could, I began to instruct them in words. Harry, observing me to be much pleased with his sister's pronunciation, leaped up at once on his feet, and taking Luta's hand, put it into mine: then fell to shouting, hallooing, whooping, dancing, and making his obedience to us after the manner I had learnt (taught) him; and thus he went on like one frantic with joy. All this while the girl stood looking silently on the ground."

The previous description of this Indian maid we have preferred quoting in this place.

"The girl seemed to be about the age of seventeen, and nearly five feet three inches in height; her complexion was nut-brown, or rather a slighter tint; her eyes black, and the whites of them of a china cast, inclining to a blue; her nose and mouth small; her teeth white as snow and even as dice; her neck and bosom of the finest form imaginable; and her arms and legs finely proportioned; her hair black as jet; parted before, and curiously tied behind; hanging down in plaitings, united together by strings of beads of many colours, to a great length. Round her neck, arms, and legs, she wore three rows of teeth belonging to the tiger or some such animal; and round her loins ran a narrow piece of wove striped cotton."

This is precisely "the beautiful romantic animal" whom Steele with playful elegance describes in his *Tattlers* as the creature Woman, "at whose feet the lynx should cast his spotted skin; the peacock, the parrot, and the swan their feathers; for whom the sea should be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature, that is the most consummate work of it." On this occasion we should, we confess, have forgiven the solitary Penrose, if he had been surprised into a little warmth and wildness of transport and impatience: but the presence of this Indian Eve, fresh from the hand of nature, seems never to have

quickened for a moment the even current of his blood ; and on the proposal of Ayasharre, somewhat unceremonious we confess, he soberly observes, " it was impossible to have any objection, as she was a young creature of so charming a disposition."

He discovers a more commodious cavern, and is on the point of removing thither, when he is surprised by a canoe with three savages, standing right in for the shore. They belong to the same tribe as Ayasharre and Yalutta ; and one of them, Komaloot, is a kinsman. Their touching on the coast was accidental ; as the youth and his sister, after having been sought for on many different shores, had naturally been given up for lost.

Their meeting is described as calling forth expressions and gestures of great ecstasy ; and we are again compelled to wonder that this attachment of the two Indians to their tribe and kinsmen should not have induced them, after their father's death, to return in the canoe that brought them. On Penrose appearing, Luta throwing her arm round his shoulder, gave them to understand that he was her husband. " They all three saluted me kindly in their way ; at the same time, examining my person, remarked that I was larger than they ; for they were light small men, but well proportioned."

Penrose remarks it as a peculiarity in this people, that they show their teeth much, and rarely close their lips when conversing. Their conversation in the cave, affords an instance of a sense of humour more refined than might have been expected from savages. They had been out to sea in search of a ship, or as they called it, a great canoe lately wrecked ; and Penrose enquires, through Luta, whether the crew were English or Spaniards. " They replied the latter, by their clothes, and the little wooden crosses about their necks ; saying they knew the English threw such things away, unless they were made of gold and silver ; as the English did not use wooden gods, thinking them of no value. This made me smile upon Luta ; and she said something which made them all laugh. I enquired what it was. She very ingenuously told me that she had informed them I had no God at all that she ever saw."

The savages visit his intended new dwelling, and caution him against the tigers and wood-cats ; of which he had seen nothing in his present cave, these animals avoiding the low mangrove grounds near the sea, as they are disturbed by the noise of the

waves. They advise him to make a fire on their approach, as the smoke is sufficient to scare them away. On their departure, after a few days, Penrose endeavours to procure from them some necessaries. The habit of barter with Europeans probably renders the savages interested. They offer shoes, but make a difficulty respecting hatchets, kettles, and twine. However, on a reproach from Luta, that they would part with nothing even to her, they laugh good-humouredly, and consent to leave them some more useful articles than shoes ; as a hammer, knives, and a saw ; some fish-hooks and sail-cloth. While they are going Ayasharre commissions them to procure him a wife from among his tribe ; a request which again exemplifies their turn for humorous jocularly, by occasioning mirth ; but they promise to advise with their people. While they were with him, Penrose tried by all possible means to learn the part of the coast on which he had been cast, but without success ; except that he ascertained the land to be a continent.

Four years and six months had elapsed since his residence on this shore, at the time of his removal to the new cavern. They chose the inner part for a bed-chamber, and made fires to drive out the bats ; which appear to have been as numerous, though not quite so troublesome, as the harpies in the *Æneid*. An unlucky incident throws a gloom over their new habitation. One afternoon he is alarmed by the poor doe flying home with a tiger-cat sticking fast between her shoulders ; and he is obliged to dispatch her with a hatchet. Of the skin he makes a jacket : he had heretofore gone with his body naked, and found great annoyance from an insect called the doctor-fly ; of the size and shape of our common hive-bee, but with a head of bright Saxon green ; whose bite draws blood like a lancet.

In the sixth year they discern canoes at a distance. Eight persons, men and women, land with Komaloot at their head. The greeting is marked by a wild cordiality. " They all run together in a cluster ; fall to weeping, laughing, hugging, and even proceed so far as to bite each other. One of the men throws out of the boat some arms, and then falls to dancing." Penrose writes their names on flat stones, and learns their signification ; as the savage names are all expressive either of sensible objects or national habits. Thus Ayasharre is *swift runner* ; Yalutta, *green grove* ; and Komaloot, a *searcher*. Komaloot took a young woman called Cara-wouma, or beloved ~~dancing~~, by the hand,

and, according to the savage custom, made a long oration to Penrose; turning round for assent, and being answered by a consentaneous exclamation from all the rest: Ayasharre smiling at his sisters, and they nodding their heads in reply. Penrose, when this was finished, led the girl to Ayasharre, and joined their hands, and a great shout concluded the ceremony. Owagamy, a savage of rank, made him understand that it was usual to drink some fresh water with friends, as a welcoming. He filled a calabash in the stream, and after it had been passed round, they all became more familiar. They dined on fish, and Ayasharre gave a song, attended with variety of action and snapping of the fingers. After this they all rose and danced, holding each other's hands, moving in a sort of trot, and stopping at intervals to give a loud whoop. This agrees with Mr. Long's account in his travels among the savage Canadian tribes, who have eleven different sorts of dances, which he enumerates; and each dance accompanied by its peculiar whoop. They then lay down and fell asleep at the porch of the cave.

The savages had brought some sweet potatoes, cushoo nuts, and gourd seeds, with other plants: and Owagamy presented him with one of two dogs, whom he admired, of the colour of rusty iron, with erect ears, sharp snout, and a stumped tail; it never barked, but sometimes gave a sort of howl. On their taking leave, he asked when they would repeat their visit? And they replied, "as soon as they could walk by their neighbours with good countenances:" by which he judged they were at war. He besought them that they would never reveal his abode to the Spaniards; as they might seize and send him to the mines. They made signs that they would rather be burnt with fires than betray him.

One day, while swimming, he was stung by a species of Zoophyte. "These sea-eggs are of that class of beings which seldom move from their station. They are of many different sorts, shaped like an orange, divided into curious lines of partition; spotted with green, yellow, red, and brown. Some have no thorns at all; but the sort from which I received my injury have darts four or five inches long, and are black."

His Indian wife, habitually skilful in vulnerary cases, applies to his feet some prickly-pear-leaves, split and toasted; the thorns

came away with the leaves. The puncture was sufficiently virulent to induce fever.

At the close of his ninth year, he receives another visit from the savages, who bring with them a young Indian, for the purpose of entreating an asylum for him; though they have at first the address to affect that their visit has no particular object besides friendship. He was in the danger of the mines from the holy vengeance of a Spanish priest; inasmuch as he had broken a small cross tied to a rosary. We fear the zeal of this pious father was but lukewarm; as in the good old days of Cortes and Pizarro, of humane and religious memory, the dropping of a monk's breviary from the hands of a simple Inca, was a signal for letting slip the dogs of war, blood-hounds and men, on a whole people. This youth also Penrose receives as one of his family, and gives him the name of Toby.

The next party are more numerous, amounting to twenty-five, males and females. They regale on a large fish cut in pieces for a stew, with roasted yams and plantains. Their table is the ground, but the ladies sit on mats; an arrangement of gallantry, which contradicts the general body of evidence as to the treatment of women in the savage tribes. Dr. Pinkard, speaking particularly of the tribes of South America, describes the females as sitting apart from the men, with their backs turned to them, sullen and silent.

An instance occurs of virgin shyness, which we should not have looked for in an Indian girl.

"Owagamy told Toby that he might return home again with them, as Padre Bastano was now dead, and he had never been inquired for at all. Toby hearing this gave me a side look. I at once told him his abiding with us was only during his own pleasure; he was free to return whenever he thought proper. Upon this, Toby casting his eye on a young girl in the company, called *Matta-linea*, or red fruit, asked whether she had a husband or not? This put the whole company in a roar of laughter. The girl looked like a fool, got up, and leaving her seat, went to the fire side."

We believe it is not usual for the savage lover to address his courtship to the mistress. The *arbuta* and *fira lecta*, the bribes of love, are offered, not to the damsel, but to the parents; the bride is bought, not wooed.

The girl is inflexibly coy, and desires first to go home. Toby attends her, but disclaims any wish to leave Penrose, in a speech which is characteristic of the figurative eloquence of the savage nations.

"I protest before all these my people you Penoly, (so they call Penrose) to be my good friend and brother. So long as the sun gets up and goes to sleep, and his sister the moon comes after to give light in the night; when blackness covers the trees and the wide sea; when I am dead in my sleep, sick, or lame; and while I am able to shoot with an arrow; let me remain with you. But if Penoly say, Go, then Sama-lama go with his people."

It is said, "during this harrangue, all the women were in tears."

Toby returns without Matta-linea, who had been married to another. To make him amends, a fine girl called Rava is brought to him by the savages. The story is now saddened by the loss of Luta; who dies in giving to Penrose a second son. This affecting incident is spoiled by a long exhortation of Penrose; in which he says to those around him: "The Great One has thought proper to try, and perhaps to purify me by this great affliction. It is my duty to submit; it is your duty to give me every consolation and assistance which my forlorn and helpless situation may require." Of this edifying discourse how much could have been understood by the Indians? We account this among the moral garnishings of the editor; which, however proper in themselves, and laudable in intention, injure the verisimilitude of the history.

In the eighth year of his residence, a large ship is driven to the coast in a gale. The hoisting of the Dutch Jack has a sort of torpedo effect on the imagination; which has been ranging in palmetto woods, and resting under the Gothic shade of lofty grottoes, with creatures innocent and light of heart, as were the sons and daughters of men in that age when the arts of civilized life began to appear; when Jabul first pitched his tent, and penned his fold, and Jubal handled the harp and the organ. As a work of fancy, the romantic charm of the narrative is from this period broken; and "Godart Somer Engele spraken en der schip," acts like a cabalistic spell on the enthusiasm of our previous sensations. The crew land, and are entertained by Penrose. The ship is bilged during the night, but they save some barrels of

beef, and bags of bread, and some brandy and gin. The latter became the cause of a tragic event; and the bloody foot of the murderer leaves its print in this Indian hermitage. Penrose having, in concert with the captain, prudently concealed the spirits, one Brandt, suspecting the young savage Toby, shoots him with a pistol; and is himself pistoled in retribution for his villany by Somer, the Dutchman already mentioned as speaking English. Somer, apprehensive of being called to account for this at home, stays behind with Penrose on the crew again putting to sea in their boat. The Captain was named Meert, and they took their departure, the 30th August, 1754.

Penrose marries Rava, the widow of Sama-lama; and Somer becoming melancholy and discontented visits the savage tribe in company with Ayasharre, and returns with an Indian wife, Mattanany; whom he names Eva. In his tenth year, Penrose, searching after a guana which had been shot by Ayasharre, discovers in a thicket a pyramid of stones; which he displaces with the help of Somer; and digging under, finds a plank, which covers a human skeleton. Supposing an Indian to have been buried there, he appeals to Ayasharre; who says, "they don't do that way." On one side of the skull is a deep indentation, as from the blow of an axe. Near the bones is a large bottle stopped with pitch. On breaking off the neck, it is found to contain three rolls of written paper, one within the other. The writing consists of a round robin, the names chiefly English; an oath of horrible imprecations; and a sort of talismanic drawing of a head, hands, and feet, with weapons; superscribed, "Nimrod's portion," and marked under, 19 feet, S. W. with a dart of direction. Penrose, when in the island of New Providence, had been made acquainted with the practices of buccaneers, or pirates; and he gives a fearful explication of these mysterious circumstances.

"It had been an old custom among these wretches, when chance threw any large booty in their way, not to trust it in their vessel, but to hide it on islands, quays, and secret places along the coast; using a most diabolical ceremony at the interment of their ill-gotten riches. Bad men are generally credulous, and superstitious to a degree; and stick at no cruelty in the performance of those infernal rites they fancy necessary to their success and preservation. It was a custom with them after having signed a round robin, and administered the oath of secrecy, to bury their treasure: they would then sacrifice some poor unfortunate Spaniard, negro,

or mulatto, and bury him ; in order that his spirit might be a kind of guardian, to preserve their treasure inviolate and untouched till they should return. Papers similar to the above were usually buried near the corpse in bottles to preserve them ; and they generally contained in a kind of mystical writing the secret of their treasure, and where it was deposited."

Digging at the distance, and in the direction prescribed by the paper, he in fact discovers a vast mass of plate ; consisting of dishes and basins of silver, with rich raised work, representing coats of arms ; and silver gilt candlesticks, carved with the inscription, Isabel Rubialis, 1605 ; together with a great quantity of dollars, and some gold coin. Some of the latter he gives for ornaments to the women and children ; which leads to some sort of elucidation respecting the buried treasure. One of the savages inquiring, some time after, where they got these ornaments, and being answered that the gold had been found on the sea-shore, says that he supposed it to have been some of the money which the countrymen of Penrose had hidden, when they came along the coast to plunder the Spaniards, in his old father's time ; and that, when he was a child, there died among them a very old white man, who had been one of those people. " He remembered his name was Yaspe ; moreover that his father, when talking with him, had heard him tell : that he had been at the plundering of churches, and getting great riches : that on a time, he with a number of others had buried a very rich treasure on the coast, to the northward of their dwelling, where they belayed a young mulatto fellow to keep watch over it : that his father and some other Indians, among whom was old Coduuno, who died in the canoe with Penrose, proposed to go with him in search of it ; but that old Yaspe told them, in case he was to find out the very spot, neither he nor they would be any thing the better for it ; as it would, on their digging, continually keep sinking lower in the earth." One of the names in the round robin is Jasper Cary.

In the twelfth year, a sloop from St. Jago de Cuba, which had been struck by lightning, puts into the bay. The Captain is an Irishman, of the name of Dennis Organ. Penrose purchases with the dollars some books ; among which are, *The Fairy Queen*, *The Spectator*, and *Don Quixote* ; together with *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Ovid's Epistles*. It is not said whether these last were translations ; and it does not appear from the early history of Penrose, that he had attained to a knowledge of Greek and Latin.

Having supplied himself with a mast, the Irishman sails away; after vainly soliciting Penrose to accompany him.

Some time after, Somer, attended by Ayasharre, pays another visit to the Indians, in the hope of recovering his health. They return with a third person, a Scotchman, named Norman Bell. He had been a pedlar, a puppet-show merry-andrew, and a quack-doctor's mountebank, and latterly a sailor; and had come among the Indians to escape the effects of a holy zeal in one of the righteous and meek brotherhood of Spanish priests; who had paid attentions, not merely spiritual, to a mulatto woman, his wife; and who, conscious of detection, had manifested a particular ardour for his conversion to the pure faith of Rome.

Somer dies of a decline, and Eva, weeping over his grave, is comforted by Penrose with a hope that Bell may consent to supply the place of her dead protector. The Scotchman is, however, cautious of a second marriage. The next visit of the savages is made in rather a hostile temper. One of them makes a speech full of forcible metaphors, in which he says:

"Has not the wind of voices gone through the trees, and by the side of the shore, that my brothers and sisters have given their flesh and their blood to mix with yours? Show me more friendship than this, and we shall then own that it is whiter than ours. Now we hear the voice in the wind, saying, Oh! the blackness is coming, with the bird that devours the dead. Must we not all go to sleep? Our sister here, shall she return without the covering of affection, because her love is gone to sleep? Could she keep him awake any longer?"

This is an intimation that Eva's widowhood is a breach of friendship with their tribe; a genuine trait of savage manners. Bell, feeling the impolicy of creating any misunderstanding with this people, consents with a good grace to wed the widow. The Indians appear, however, still suspicious of the treatment of their tribeswoman; and land again armed, and in something of a jealous mood; but on being satisfied of Bell's affectionate conduct, their heartiness and mirthful openness are restored in a moment. Bell entertains them with merry-andrew tricks, and feats of strength and agility. The marriage was, however, inauspicious. Poor Eva, rambling into the woods, in search of certain roots, falls a prey, as they afterwards discover, to a tiger. This must be the jaguar, an animal of the tiger kind, which is indigenous to

America: which is not striped like the tiger of the east, but spotted. Bell goes in quest of her to the country of the Indians, who easily persuade him to another wife, in the person of another young widow, Aanora, or a thing desired; and she receives the name of Janet.

The party is still further increased by an old Spaniard of the name of Nunnez, and Quammino an aged Negro, who is found at some distance, in a cave of his own, whither he had fled from the tender mercies of Jamaica planters. The principal events of the narrative are closed by the death of Bell, who is drowned in a struggle with a large fish which he had harpooned; and by an event still more remarkable, the death of Penrose himself, in the twenty-seventh year of his residence. He loses the use of his limbs by eating of a poisonous fish. The journal is continued by his son Owen, who, it must be owned, has acquired a notable proficiency in his paternal tongue. The dying words of Penrose are faithfully reported 'in good set terms:'

"Respect my memory: lay me in the grave by your mother Luta. Preserve my journal; and with care put it into the hands of the first European, or white man, who shall arrive on this coast. Pay him handsomely, and beg him to deliver it safe to some of my countrymen. Tell my good Indian friends that, in my last moments, I spoke of them with gratitude and tenderness. My sight begins to grow dim, &c."

After burying the body they send intelligence to the Indians, who visit them, and invite them to their country; but they prefer remaining in their old habitation. The journal breaks off abruptly: but a letter is annexed, signed by Mr. Paul Taylor, and dated New-York, 1783; we are told the address is *unfortunately* wanting. This contains an account of the delivery of the MS. into his hands by two Indians, who spoke good English, and gave him fifty pieces of eight as a reward for carrying it to England.

In our progress through the journal, we have occasionally noticed certain alleged facts which appeared to us unwarranted by probability, and others which seemed to militate against general testimony. As we think the internal evidence is that by which the authenticity of the narrative must be established, if it can be established, it is important to note how far the representations of savage manners coincide with those which have been exhibited by travellers of repute, and reported by judicious historians. We

have already hinted at the delicacy and deference shown by the Indians towards their women in Penrose's Journal : now it is asserted by Robertson, vol. i. p. 319, 4to. ed. that "to despise and to degrade the female sex is the characteristic of the savage state in every part of the globe." Gumilla, in his account of the savages on the Orinoko, published at Madrid, records the speech of an Indian woman, to which he was himself an ear-witness, defending the act of female infanticide by the oppressions and insults which, if her daughter grew up to womanhood, she would have been compelled to bear. The same practice, and on the same account, is affirmed, in the voyages of Mackenzie, to exist among the tribes in the centre of North America. That the tribe which visits Penrose is comparatively civilized cannot be said : the dress is at once a criterion of civilization ; and these have neither the doublet and biggins, the cloak nor the plumed cap, which distinguish the Moscos and Arancans : they wear no clothing whatever, except a band or apron. La Perouse asserts, that he found among the savage nations uniform deceit, vice, and barbarity ; yet if the descriptions in Penrose of their candour and generosity towards strangers, and their domestic and affectionate temper among each other, be faithfully coloured, we must no longer accuse Rousseau of paradox in his preference of the savage to the civilized state.

We would not, however, be understood to try the manners of every individual clan, in every minute particular, by one common standard. These nations differ in character as in customs ; some being as noted for their affability and good faith in their dealings, as others for their lies, their thievery, and ferocity. The tribe in Penrose's account seems most to resemble the Aruacs on the north-eastern coast of South America, whom Stedman describes in his voyage to Surinam ; but we are left entirely in the dark as to what clan is meant. He seems to have been placed between the savages of Darien on the one side, and those of Maracaibo on the other ; the former remarkable for their ferocious nature, the latter considerably advanced in civilization, wearing a vest, and riding on horses. There might possibly be intermediate tribes, who, while preserving the simplicity of their wild state, offer a contrast in their humane and innocent habits and propensities to the vices and cruelty of more barbarous clans.

Certain characteristics, indeed, have a *nécessité*, which seems to

carry a conviction of their genuineness. Such are the notions of the Indians respecting a watch, that there must be a spider within it, charmed into a owyook, or witch, to keep it moving and ticking; their belief that certain deer have ears in their feet, the bed of the auricular nerve being supposed to lie in a groove of the fore-leg bone; and the appellation which they give to ardent spirits, calling them "fool's water;" together with the custom of their surrendering their weapons in charge to some friend, when they sit down to drink rum, "lest they should revenge the death of their old fathers a thousand moons ago." Dr. Pinkard relates of the savages of Brazil, that they drink by alternate reliefs, half the party sitting by sober to watch those that are helpless and senseless.

We see no reason to doubt the several particulars which he details relating to the natural history of the reptiles, insects, birds, and fishes, in the new world. Many facts of this kind have been classed with the fabling traditions of Aristotle and Ælian, which are yet familiar to practical naturalists. The circumstance of the bird fluttering in helpless fascination over a serpent, into whose mouth it is about to fall, agrees with what is related by Pennant of a squirrel; and by Vaillant, both of a bird and a mouse. These writers seem, however, to ascribe this property of the serpent to some torpifying quality in the eyes, which they describe as fixed glaringly and intently on the paralysed victim. This is likely an error; and of this Penrose says nothing. The stupor of the creature occasioned by the terror of imagination, seems a less probable cause than the influence of some gaseous poison in the breathings of the serpent. It should be observed that Penrose speaks merely of a yellow snake; and that the above writers ascribe this ensnaring power to the rattle snake.

It is usual, in books of this nature, to find the outworks of external evidence strong. We can participate in the reader's surprise, when he discovers that these are, in the present instance, the least tenable; and that, however he might have been disposed to yield a general credence to the facts assumed by the narrator, as having actually happened within the sphere of his personal observation, the matter is left in complete uncertainty; and perhaps, there never was an occasion, in the annals of historic literature, on which scepticism was more reasonable. Of the

validity of this assertion we shall enable our readers to form their own judgment.

The advertisement informs us that, some years ago,* an old man, who had seen better days, applied for charitable relief to the late Mr. Thomas Eagles, a gentleman who adorned the character of an English merchant by his taste for literature and painting; and who, it is important to remark, was well known in his particular circle, not merely as a critic and a judge, but as a writer; a periodical paper, entitled the Crier, having been contributed by him in weekly essays to a newspaper called Felix Farley's Bristol Journal. Mr. Eagles placed the old man at a merchant's alms-house in Bristol,† endowed for the reception of decayed mariners; and, finding something superior in his manners and conversation, frequently invited him to his table. The old man dying in this asylum, bequeathed to Mr. Eagles some books, prints, and, in particular, the MS. of the Journal of Penrose. This MS. appears to have lain many years in the hands of Mr. Eagles, who prepared it for the press; and it is now published under the auspices of his son, a gentleman, as we understand, of classical attainments, and of rising reputation as an artist. The work is dedicated to Mr. West, who is not unconnected with the circumstances relating to Penrose, as will appear from the following memorandum, found among Mr. Eagles's papers, and dated 10th July, 1805.

"Mr. Annesley brought Mr. West to my lodgings: he dipped into Penrose's Journal, and read several pages in different parts. He seemed very attentive to my history of Williams, and put several questions to me: he said every answer I gave tended to confirm his opinion. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have looked at several parts of this book, and much that I have seen *I know to be true*. I knew the man too; and, what is more extraordinary, had it not been for him, I should never have been a painter. It happened thus: I had a relation at Philadelphia of the name of Pennington, whom I used frequently to visit while there; I saw a person carrying a picture, a landscape, the first I believe I had ever seen. I was very much struck with it, and desired the person to shew it

* The expression "some years" seems too limited; for the writer states his having often seen the old man at his father's table, when he was himself a boy.

† The advertisement says only, "in this city;" and the writer has omitted to subscribe the place of his residence.

me. He did; and asked me if I was fond of painting; and, if I was, desired me to come to his house, and he would show me other things. I saw there some cattle pieces; admired them; and inquired how he could paint them so accurately. He said he would show me the secret; and took a small box which proved to be a camera. He shewed me the construction of it. I went home, and was not at rest till I had made one for myself; and my father gave the glass out of an old pair of spectacles to complete it. My delight was then to go into the farm-yards, and, by means of my camera, draw the cattle. I knew that Williams had seen many of the things which he describes in his Journal; and he gave me the same account of them. He first lent me the lives of the Painters, which confirmed my inclination for the art. I take it he adopted the name of Penrose from a ship-builder of that name, who was a great friend of his. Williams afterwards came to England. I was of some service to him in London; but, of a sudden, missed him from town; and, on inquiring of one Smith, an engraver, who knew him well, he told me he was gone to Bristol, as he was very poor, and had almost lost his eye sight, to claim some provision to which he was entitled from the parish. I was struck with this coincidence with the history of Williams: it induced me to put farther questions concerning him, which confirmed my opinion that it was my old friend's composition which was before me; and what you had shewn me of the Lives of the Painters, I knew to be his hand-writing.—13th. Saw Mr. West again. He said, 'Perhaps I am the only person in existence who could give any account of William's life and manners. *He first came to Virginia from London, in a ship commanded by Captain Hunter. Between this time, and his appearance at Philadelphia, where I first met with him, was an interval of more than twenty years, which I consider him to have passed in the adventures related in the Journal.*'

Further mention of Williams occurs in a letter from Mr. West to Mr. Eagles.

"From the year 1746 to 1760, my attention was directed to every point necessary to accomplish me for the profession of painting. This often brought me to the house of Williams; and, as he was an excellent actor in taking off character, he often, to amuse me, repeated his adventures among the Indians; many of which adventures were strictly the same as related in your MS. of Penrose; as was also his description of the scenery of the coasts; the birds on them; in particular the Flamingo birds, which he described, when seen at a distance, as appearing like companies of soldiers dressed in red uniforms. He spoke the language of the savages, and appeared to me to have lived among them some years. I often asked him how he came to be with them. He replied, he had gone to sea when young; but was ne-

ver satisfied with that pursuit ; *that he had been shipwrecked*, and thrown into great difficulties ; but Providence had preserved him through a variety of dangers. He told me he imbibed his love for painting *when at a grammar school at Bristol.*"

On this statement we have to make a few observations.

The attestation of Mr. West to the truth of many of the adventures related in the journal is not founded on actual *knowledge*, but on *belief* ; it amounts to no more than that Williams had told him much of the same story.

The statement as to Williams's history is directly at variance with the relation of Penrose. Penrose never came to Virginia ; never was at Philadelphia ; never was at a grammar-school at Bristol, or at Bristol at all, otherwise than taking ship there ; and never was shipwrecked. The only coincidence is the name of the commander of the vessel being Hunter.

The Irish captain, Orger, inquires of the journalist if he was ever on board the *Namur* ; as he was acquainted with one David Penrose on board that ship in 1738. Penrose replies that the date was too old for him, but that he might have been a relation. Penrose, therefore, should by this testimony, be the real name, and Williams the adopted one ; yet the reverse is stated. However this be, it is plain, that the object of the statement is to prove Williams is the identical Penrose ; and the consequence follows, that the narrative cannot be true.

Farther, the question naturally suggests itself, whether the work be a faithful copy of the MS. or whether the editor, like Defoe, has practised on the papers for the exercise of his own ingenuity ?

Mr. West recognises the hand-writing of Williams ; but we are explicitly told, in a note, that the MS. which Mr. West saw, was not in Williams's hand-writing, but in that of Mr. Eagles. The character which he recognized appears to have been a writing in the margin of a book, (the *Lives of the Painters*,) which, as far as we can collect, seems to have been the identical book sent to Mr. West in Philadelphia, and conveyed by bequest to Mr. Eagles at Bristol. The recognition of the written character, therefore, has nothing to do with the original MS.

That the language has not merely been corrected, but that reflections have been ingrafted upon the narration, is plainly deducible, both from the cast of style, and from the ambitious and pointed

morality built upon the incidents that arise. There is something suspicious in the following passage :

"How often did I wish to have the associate of my youth, Bill Falconer, with me, to explore these beauties, and to record them in his sweet poetry ; but, alas ! I parted with him in Old England, never, perhaps, to meet more in this world. His may be a happier lot. Led by a gentle star, he may pass through this busy scene with more ease and tranquillity than has been the portion of his humble friend Penrose ; and though when time or accident may destroy this mortal body, my bones may be destined to whiten the unfrequented desert, may thine, my gentle friend, rest in peace in the sepulchre of thy fathers."

As we do not give Penrose credit for any portion of prophetic sympathy, we believe this passage to have been written by one well acquainted with the fate of Falconer. The expression of "humble friend" is questionable. Falconer was the son of a barber at Edinburgh. He was born in 1730: entered very young on board a merchantman at Leith ; was shipwrecked on the passage from Alexandria to Venice ; and came to London with his poem of the Shipwreck, in 1762, sixteen years after Penrose had sailed for Jamaica. It does not seem very likely that Falconer and Penrose should ever have been thrown together. There is a romantic air, a study of effect, about this acquaintanceship. The style speaks for itself. We doubt whether the papers of the old almshouse pensioner contained any thing of "gentle stars," or of "bones whitening a desert."

In the following extract we trace the pen of the elegant and philosophical essayist :

"How often have I soothed my melancholy thoughts in this solitude, by contemplating the divine works of the Almighty Framer of the world. In these moments I felt myself humbled, but not degraded. I could not explain the mysteries of creation, nor lift up the impenetrable veil which divine wisdom had interposed to restrain human pursuits within proper limitation ; but I felt myself a reasoning being, dignified by an intellectual capacity superior to the animals around me. I could trace events up to their causes, and derive consequences from remote relations by a faculty finer than instinct ; a faculty which seemed to unite me to the Divine Author of my being, in whose image I was formed."

If it be apparent that the editor has pointed the incidents with moral reflections, how are we to draw the line that bounds his in-

terference? True; the journal may be substantially the same journal; but if, like the counsellor's patched bag, it has undergone such repeated piecing, as to be, in all outward appearance, renovated, it becomes a nice question of casuistry to decide on its identity. We presume to ask, where is the manuscript? Of the conclusion, indeed, we acquit the editor, as it would have obviously defeated his own end, should his purpose have been the weaving of a consistent and credible fiction. It had been easy to convey Penrose from America, and not lose sight of him till he died in the charitable assylum at Bristol; or the journal might have ended abruptly, and the reader would have supplied the sequel. The catastrophe must, therefore, be the invention of Williams himself; and we are desired to pin our faith on the veracity of a narration, which is ended by a gross and palpable falsehood. Had Williams, who mentions his being familiar with the practices of pirates, actually belonged to their body? and was he apprehensive of any danger to himself while living, or of any slur upon his name when dead, from the literal record of his adventures, and the identifying of his person? The superintendent of the publication tells us, that the delicacy of his father restrained him from pressing the old man as to any particulars of his private history. To us it is matter, not merely of regret, but of surprise, that a man who had met with such extraordinary adventures should have sate for years at his benefactor's table with a seal upon his lips. It appears, also, that the communicativeness of the old man flowed free to Mr. West; yet the sum of that gentleman's testimony amounts to little more than the Scotchman's recollections of the subjects contained in Macpherson's bloated rhapsody: that "he remembered to have heard it in his childhood; and that he heard Ossian, and Oscar, and every one of them." The advertiser's chain of evidence is a rope of sand:

He shakes the box: he shows all fair:
His fingers spread, and *nothing* there.

He did, however, what he could; and is plainly not wanting in ability, or inclination, to have done more, if more could have been done: but there is no way of enabling people to conceive that a man may eat turtle at Bristol, after having been fairly laid under the sod in America.

Certain facts and observations, which are wrought into the

body of this ambiguous composition, bear internal marks of being genuine memoranda ; and were, probably, collected during a residence with some savage tribe. Had they been no less equivocal than the biography, we could not easily have found terms of sufficiently strong reprehension to mark our censure of fictions, calculated to bewilder incipient knowledge, and to mislead the curious and inquiring mind. As it is, provided one or two coarse incidents, before and during the voyage from England, be expunged from a future edition, we can conscientiously recommend the book as adapted for youth ; but, for that class of readers, it should be compressed into one volume, and printed in a cheap form. As a true narrative it would have had higher claims ; but we can grasp nothing tangible and substantial in the shape of authenticity :

Ter frustra compressa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

ART. XIII.—Thury on the Catacombs of Paris.

Description des Catacombes de Paris, précédée d'un précis Historique sur les Catacombes de tous les Peuples de l'ancien et du nouveau Continent. Par L. Héricart de Thury, Maître des Requêtes, Ingénieur en Chef au Corps Royal des Mines, Inspecteur-Général des travaux souterrains du Département de la Seine. 8vo. Paris et Londres, 1815.

THE catacombs of Paris are, probably, the largest subterranean sepulchres in the world, far surpassing in extent those of ancient Thebes, of Rome, Naples, and Malta. These excavations were originally quarries, whence stone was dug, for many centuries, for constructing the edifices of Paris, and were at first made as chance, or perhaps the facility of working them, directed. These quarries being, in the course of time, exhausted, and the entrances to them having fallen in, or being filled up, their existence was for a long time totally forgotten, until several fatal accidents happened in the year 1774, when the attention of the French government was directed to them, and the extent of the very imminent danger which menaced Paris became known, together with the necessity of taking the most prompt and effectual measures for averting it. Orders were issued for a general inspection of the excavations, of which plans were also taken, towards the close of

1776: the vague reports which had been in circulation, were now converted into certainty, and the fact was proved, that the churches, palaces, and most of the public roads belonging to the southern quarters of the French metropolis, were on the point of being precipitated into immense gulfs. The danger was the more formidable as it presented itself in every point at once, so that all required immediate and simultaneous attention; and unfortunately there were no data by which to regulate the measures necessary to be adopted, in order to remedy so tremendous an evil, or even to arrest its progress. A report having been transmitted to the Council of State relative to the real condition of the excavations, a special committee of inspection was appointed, which has subsisted to the present time. This committee having taken cognizance not only of the ancient exhausted quarries, but also of all the other quarries of limestone, sand, gypsum, and other subterraneous works in the environs of Paris, first directed its attention to the prevention of immediate danger; and, by a series of long continued labours, which it is not necessary here to enumerate, have so admirably disposed the solid works in these excavations, that each subterranean street corresponds with the street above, and the numbers of the houses under ground also correspond with those on the surface of the earth: Hence, if the ground should sink in any part of Paris, a suitable remedy may instantly be applied.

These excavations reach beneath the extensive plain of the Fauxbourg of St. Germain, forming nearly the whole of the southern half of Paris, and under a small part of the department of the Seine in the northern division. From his official situation, as Inspector-General of the Quarries and Subterraneous Works of Paris, M. Hericart de Thury possesses every requisite advantage to qualify him for describing, with correctness, these vast depositories of the dead, which have hitherto been imperfectly known and inaccurately delineated. To the traveller, therefore, who may visit the Catacombs of Paris, he has certainly rendered an important service by publishing the volume, of which we are now to present an account to our readers.

M. de Thury divides his work into four parts, the first of which offers a compendious notice of the catacombs of the ancients: in the second, the physical structure of the catacombs of Paris is investigated, and an account is given of the working of the ancient

quarries, together with the circumstances, already adverted to, that led to the appointment of commissioners for the general inspection of quarries and subterraneous works. The third part is appropriated to a description and itinerary of the Catacombs of Paris, and of the monuments and inscriptions which they contain, and also to a narrative of some recent historical particulars connected with them. The last portion of M. de Thury's book, which is somewhat quaintly entitled *Opinion du Siècle*, consists of detached verses, thoughts, and inscriptions, extracted from the register of the Catacombs, which is usually presented to visitors for the purpose of recording their sentiments, and also of some extracts from the French Journals, together with a cursory review of a few publications, in which the Catacombs are mentioned.

Omitting the account of the ancient catacombs, of which, however interesting in itself, we could give little besides a catalogue of places, we shall briefly trace the history of the subterraneous sepulchres of Paris; and shall proceed to conduct our readers through them in the character or quality of guides.

The cemeteries of Paris were originally without the walls of the city; but, as its boundaries were gradually extended, they became surrounded by buildings. Of these the cemetery belonging to the church of the Innocents was the most capacious as well as most distinguished: for more than seven centuries it had served as a receptacle for the dead, for upwards of twenty parishes: the number of corpses interred in it had been annually increasing, each year averaging about three thousand; and in the course of thirty years previous to its suppression, upwards of ninety thousand persons had been buried there. Most of these were deposited in common pits from five to six metres (about eighteen or twenty feet) in depth, in which it was the practice to suffer the dead to accumulate to the number of twelve or fifteen hundred; the amount of separate interments being annually not more than one hundred and fifty, or two hundred at most. Such a vast assemblage of dead bodies, covered with little more than a foot of earth, could not but prove highly injurious to the health of those who resided in its immediate vicinity. So early as the year 1554, the suppression of this cemetery had been ineffectually demanded: in 1725, 1734, and 1737, the inhabitants of the neighbouring quarters presented strong addresses on the subject to the

parliament of Paris, who commissioned MM. Hunault, Lemery, and Geoffroy to attend to it; but these gentlemen in vain suggested measures for remedying the evil complained of. In the years 1746 and 1755, complaints were renewed with as little success as the preceding: at length in 1780, the inhabitants in general, being greatly alarmed by accidents which had happened in the cellars of the Rue de la Lingerie, in consequence of the vicinity of a common pit that had been opened towards the close of 1779, and which was destined for the reception of upwards of two thousand bodies, addressed a Memorial to the Lieutenant-General of the Police; in which they showed the injury the public health must sustain from the proximity of such a focus of corruption, the number of bodies interred in which, to adopt their own expressions, "exceeded all measure and all calculation, and had raised the soil upwards of eight feet above the neighbouring streets and houses." This application was seconded by an elaborate, historical, and physical Memoir, by M. Cadet de Vaux, Inspector-General of the Objects of Health, by whom it was read to the Royal Academy of Sciences; and on the 9th of November, 1785, the Council of State issued an Ordinance, directing that the site of the cemetery of the Innocents should be converted into a public square, proper for establishing a market thereon, after the requisite canonical forms were complied with. At the request of the Lieutenant-General of the Police,* the Royal Society of Medicine appointed several gentlemen, eminent for their medical and chemical knowledge, commissioners for carrying this design into execution.

Immediately on the issuing of this Ordinance, M. Guillaumot, Inspector-General of Quarries, was commanded to select and prepare a suitable spot for the reception of the bones of the great charnel-house of the Innocents; who, having recommended the ancient quarries situated beneath the plain of Mount Souris as most eligible, from their vicinity to the city, directed the requisite works to be executed for rendering the quarries secure: and

* M. de Crosne. In this office he succeeded M. Lenoir, to whom the honour is due of having first suggested the idea of converting the ancient quarries of Paris into catacombs, and of having required the suppression of the church of the Innocents, the exhumation of its cemetery, and the conversion of the latter into a public square.

on the 7th of April, 1786, the Catacombs of Paris were solemnly consecrated by the grand vicars and other dignified clergy of that capital. The bones from the cemetery of the Innocents were first deposited here during the months of January, February, and March, 1785. The business of exhumation was continued during the months of September to March, 1787, and was completed during the months of August, 1787, to January, 1788. The utmost order prevailed in carrying on the different works, the arrangements of which frequently presented a truly picturesque appearance. The vast number of flambeaux and of rows of torches which were every where burning, and shed a dim funereal light around the surrounding objects; crosses, tombs, and epitaphs intermingled; the silence of the night; the thick cloud of smoke that concealed the place where the labourers were at work, whose operations could not be distinguished, and who appeared to flit along like shadows; the various ruins caused by the pulling down of edifices; the subversion of the soil in consequence of the exhumations; altogether formed a scene most impressively awful. The solemnity of the spectacle was augmented by religious ceremonies; by the conveyance of coffins; by the splendour which accompanied the removal of the tombs of the most distinguished personages; by the funeral cars and cenotaphs; by the hearses filled with bones, and slowly proceeding at the close of day towards the new catacombs prepared without the walls of the city for their reception; by the appearance of these vast excavations, and the solid arches which seemed to cut off the abode of the living from the dead; by the dismal light of the place; the frightful crashing of dry bones, which, as they were thrown in, rolled along with a terrific noise that was echoed through the long series of arches; every thing, in short, concurred to place before the eyes the image of death, and to inspire the most solemn recollections of man's universal doom and final catastrophe.

These different operations were conducted under the superintendence of the ministers of religion; and while every respect was paid to this removal of the ashes of the dead, equal attention was bestowed on those monuments which were worthy of preservation either from their antiquity or their beauty. In the mean time, nothing was neglected that could promote the salubrity of the cemetery of the Innocents, and prepare it for public use: solid

masonry work was constructed over each of the open pits ; a thick layer of cement was spread, which, while it consolidated the surface of the earth, was admirably adapted to intercept all the exhalations that might arise ; every part was laid open to the access of air and wind ; precautions were taken to conduct thither a spring which should never dry up ; in short, every possible attention that was required by the removal of the bones, and the suppression of the neighbouring houses, was most scrupulously bestowed ; and the public welfare was promoted without regard to the interest of individuals.

These undertakings could not fail to produce important results to science : the changes, which animal matter undergoes in its progress towards total decomposition, had hitherto, for many obvious reasons, been but little attended to : the disgusting circumstances by which they are accompanied, the real danger to health, and that decent reverence for the dead which prevails in all countries, had concurred to interpose almost insuperable obstacles to scientific investigations of this very interesting subject. The present opportunity, therefore, was too important to be neglected ; and, accordingly, M. Thouret, one of the committee for superintending the exhumations, devoted himself to a series of experiments and researches, the result of which he communicated in a report to the Royal Society of Medicine at Paris.* Of these researches, M. de Thury has given an interesting abstract ; and as they disclose some important facts which we do not recollect to have seen noticed in any of our chemical journals or works, we shall present the author's outline of M. Thouret's discoveries to our readers :

" The decomposition of bodies is effected by three different stages. The first is *destruction*. In this stage, with the exception of the bones, which, however, ultimately crumble into dust, the whole tends towards a resolution into gas—into fugacious principles that become volatilised. With these the earth is either overcharged, or transmits them to the atmosphere.

" The second stage is *the changing of bodies into fat mummies (momies grasses.)* in consequence of the disengagement of their gases and their action upon the soft parts. This effect takes place particularly in large common pits, such as those of the Innocents were : the bodies do not appear to have diminished in

* Rapport sur les exhumations du cimetière et de l'Eglise des Saints Innocens. par M. Thouret. *Journal de Physique*, tom. xxxviii. p. 249,

bulk, nor to have undergone any alteration. On minute examination, however, all the soft parts are found to be converted into a pulpy substance, frequently solid and of different degrees of whiteness, yielding beneath the fingers, unctuous and saponaceous to the touch, and becoming hard in a dry air, but softening when exposed to a moist atmosphere. In this state, which is a new kind of mummification, the bodies are capable of being preserved; the change is not only superficial, it also pervades the whole thickness of the flesh. None of the parts that enter into the composition of the human body can be compared with this new substance, somewhat resembling spermaceti, and to which chemists have given the name of *adipocire*.*

"The third effect, resulting from the continuance of bodies in the earth, is their conversion into *fibrous mummies*, which are formed by the too rapid absorption of the fluids by the earth that surrounds them, and the dryness occasioned by exposure to the powerful rays of the sun, the non-disengagement of the gas from the animal humours, and the absence of their reaction upon the bodies.

"In each of these three states, various modifications may take place, accordingly as the disengagement of gas is opposed or facilitated by circumstances; but, from the minutest inquiries, it appears that bodies are not dissolved in the earth, and that they do not become the food of worms, which only make their appearance when bodies are exposed to the air."†

The complete success which attended the exhumation of the cemetery of the Innocents, the great extent of the catacombs, and the certainty of there being sufficient room to receive the contents of all the vaults and burial grounds annexed to the churches of Paris, determined the government to direct the removal of all the bones taken from those of the suppressed churches. These were afterwards piled, together with those of the victims of the French revolution, into separate heaps, with brief inscriptions indicating

* A series of important chemical experiments on *Adipocire*, by M. Fourcroy, is published in the *Annales de Chimie*, tom. iii. p. 120. v. 154. vii. 146. and viii. 17. Some additional facts were communicated to the Royal Society of London, in the years 1794 and 1795, by Dr. Gibbes. See their *Transactions*, vol. lxxxiv. p. 164, and lxxxv. p. 239. EDITOR.

† M. Thouret, in the conclusion of his report, announced a larger work on this subject, to be illustrated with plates, exhibiting the various changes which the human body undergoes. The chemical part of the volume was to have been written by M. Fourcroy. More than twenty years have elapsed, and the expectations of science are now for ever frustrated, as the valuable collection which those gentlemen had formed, was totally dispersed during the revolution.

the place whence they were removed. The history of these exhumations, which M. de Thury relates at considerable length, it is not necessary for us to detail. We have only room to state, that, during the successive revolutions which distracted France, the catacombs fell into a state of confusion, and in many places, of ruin; the air had become stagnant and unwholesome, and water, oozing from above, had rendered them extremely unsafe. From this state of disorder, the Catacombs were restored to their present state of uniformity and admirable arrangement, which originated with Count Frochot, Prefect of the Department of the Seine, and M. de Thury: and by the activity and care of the latter, who arranged the whole under the Count's directions, those improvements and appropriate embellishments have been made, which annually render the Catacombs of Paris more interesting, and at the same time more awfully impressive. Three years only have elapsed since these works were completed; and an inscription records their accomplishment in the year 1812, which at the same time pays an honourable tribute to the memory of M. Thiroux de Crosne, Lieutenant-General of the Police, by whom they were originally established, as well as of Count Frochot, who directed their restoration and enlargement.

Three staircases form the channels of communication between the Catacombs and the surface of the earth. The first is situated in the court of the western pavilion of the Barriere d'Enfer, or, of Orleans; the second at the tomb of Isoire:* it was made at the first establishment of the Catacombs, but has been condemned ever since the year 1794, when the estate on which that tomb stood was sold. The third is in the plain of Mount Souris, at a short distance from the subterraneous aqueduct of Arcueil.† The inclosure of the Catacombs is further secured by three gates; 1. the western gate, which (as its name implies) is situated on the west, and at which visitors generally enter: 2. the eastern gate, called the Gate of Port Mahon: it is not open to the public, being appropriated solely for the admission of the officers and servants

* The tomb of Isoire, or Isouard, is so called, according to tradition, after a celebrated robber, who formerly committed depredations in the environs of Paris.

† Erected by order of Mary de Medicis for the purpose of conveying the waters of Bungs to Paris.

belonging to the Catacombs ; and, 3. the Southern Gate, beneath the tomb of Isoire, whence it has derived its name.

The staircase of the Barriere d'Orleans is that by which visitors generally descend, having previously been amply supplied with wax-candles and tinder-boxes by the guides (*sous-conducteurs*) to whom a small gratuity is usually given. From this point it is that we now purpose to make a tour of the Catacombs with our readers, and to point out to them the most remarkable objects that may present themselves by the way.

Our tapers, then, being lighted, we descend this winding staircase, consisting of ninety steps, to a depth of nearly seventy feet below the surface of the ground : hence we proceed, for about a quarter of an hour, along a winding gallery or passage, varying both in breadth and in height, but considerably larger than those in the catacombs at Rome ; guided by a black line, which is traced along the roof of the passage, and serves the visitors as a clue through this awful and prodigious labyrinth. Its roof is supported partly by the rock itself, in which the quarries have been worked, and partly also by massive stone pillars, on which are incised the date of the year when they were executed, and the initial letters of the inspector's name who superintended the work. At different distances, to the right and left, we perceive vast excavations or quarries, which would communicate with innumerable others, that extend to a considerable distance beneath the plains of Mont Rouge, and under the Fauxbourg of St. Jacques, had it not been found necessary to intercept these communications, on account of smugglers, who had contrived to carry on their illicit traffic by means of these subterraneous passages.

Having traversed these galleries for a considerable distance in a line with the subterraneous aqueduct of Arcueil, the way takes a south-western direction through an irregular gallery about two hundred metres (something more than six hundred and fifty feet) in length, and conducts us to a staircase leading to a lower and ancient quarry, which, from the circumstance we are about to mention, has received the appellation of the Quarry of Port Mahon. A soldier, who had accompanied Marshal Richelieu to Minorca, and had suffered a long imprisonment at Port Mahon, was, on his discharge, obliged to work in the quarries. In the course of his labour, he was led to the discovery of this quarry in 1777, in consequence of the falling in of the strata of stone that separated

it from the upper quarry. The extent of this spot, and its natural situation, induced Décure (such was the veteran's name) to form it into a little private apartment, where he took his meals while the other labourers ascended to the surface of the earth. Shortly after he had settled himself in this double quarry, Décure, recollecting his long captivity in the above-mentioned fortress, beguiled his leisure hours by cutting in relief a plan of its fortifications on the soft rock : his work was commenced in 1777, and finished in 1782. As however Décure had laboured in silence and solitude, the entrance to his little apartment was extremely difficult. To complete his labours, therefore, he undertook the construction of a convenient staircase, when, unfortunately, while he was raising the last pillar that was to support it, and the dimensions of which he had not accurately taken, the rock fell upon him, and so wounded him as to occasion his death in a short time after the accident. An inscription, cut in the rock by order of M. Guillaumot, the then Inspector-General, commemorates the industry of this ingenious man.* During the revolution, the relief of Port Mahon was wantonly mutilated : sufficient, however, still remains to show the patience, memory, and natural talent of this poor fellow, who, M. de Thury remarks, had he been properly instructed when young, most certainly would have attained a high proficiency in the arts. Independently of the attraction presented by this curiosity, for such it ought to be considered, this part of the quarries has high claims to the notice of geologists, who may here see a very interesting precipitation of the stone banks or strata which separate the upper and lower quarries. The rocks are broken, confusedly heaped together, and apparently on the point of falling down : a single weak stone, arrested in its fall by two blocks, prevented the general moving of the mass, and, like the key-stone of an arch, keeps the whole of this chaos together. The view of these ruins is very striking, and has furnished the author, in common with many other artists, with a fine subject for the pencil : a pretty engraving of it illustrates his detailed description of this subterraneous wonder.

* His stone table and seats are still preserved in an ancient excavation or apartment which Décure used to call his *saloon*. Here the Count d'Artois, accompanied by several ladies of the court, in 1787, partook of a repast on this table, when they visited the quarry of Port Mahon.

Various fossil remains and other interesting objects present themselves in these quarries, to the lovers of geology and mineralogy, which we have not room to describe. We shall therefore transport our readers at once to the vestibule of the Catacombs themselves. It is of an octagonal form; the principal gate is of a black colour, and ornamented with two columns of the Tuscan order, on which are inscribed the following sentence, which was originally composed for the cemetery of St. Sulpice :

HAS ULTRA METAS BEQUIESCUNT BEATAM SPERM EXPECTANTES.

On the lintel of this gate the following verse of Delille is cut in the rock:

ARRETE ! O'EST ICI L'EMPIRE DE LA MORT.

On entering the Catacombs the mind is awfully impressed with the long galleries and numerous apartments, all furnished, or (if we may be allowed the expression) ornamented with bones. The largest skulls and thigh-bones are symmetrically disposed in compartments, and form as it were the facing of these mournful walls, behind which are placed the smaller bones. The remains of not less than two millions of mortals slumber here, the aggregate of at least ten generations, with all their gigantic projects and all their insect cares; and this subterraneous population is computed to be three times as numerous as that which is still moving on the surface of the Catacombs. In some of the apartments are altars, similar to those occurring in the modern French churches; others are made in imitation of the antique, and are sometimes composed of bones cemented with plaster. Every where inscriptions present themselves, written in black letters on a white ground, containing sentences according with every kind of system, some religious and others philosophical.

The principal objects of attention in the Catacombs are, 1. The Mineralogical Collection : 2. The Pathological Collection ; 3. The Crypt of St. Laurence ; 4. The Altar of the Obelisks ; 5. The Sarcophagus of the Lacrymatory ; 6. The Pedestal of the Sepulchral Lamp ; 7. The Fountain of the Samaritan Woman ; 8. The Tombs of the Revolution ; 9. The tombs of the Victims of the Massacres on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792 ; 10. The Staircase of the lower Catacombs ; and 11. The Pillar of the Clementine Nights.

1. *The Mineralogical Collection* was formed by M. Gambier La-
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pierre, keeper of the Catacombs, under the direction of M. de Thury, in less than fifteen days : it is deposited in a cabinet appropriated to its reception, and presents a complete series of specimens of all the strata of earth and stone which constitute the soil of the Catacombs. Each specimen is placed upon a separate ledge, indicating the respective thickness of the stratum whence it was taken ; the whole together forms the thickness of the mass of soil. These specimens are classed according to the natural superposition of the different formations, beginning with the lowest strata, or those which were first deposited. M. de Thury has given a very interesting and minute account* of the various articles that enter into this valuable collection, which we regret that our contracted limits forbid us to specify ; and he has further illustrated his description with an ingeniously constructed oryctognostic table, or section, tinted so as to represent the colours of the different strata, the constituent parts and respective thicknesses of which are also indicated. Further, around this mineralogical cabinet there are tables and shelves arranged, on which M. de Thury has disposed the various kind of fossil shells belonging to particular strata, together with specimens of fossil wood and phylloides or impressions of leaves : to these are likewise added specimens of various earthy or mineral substances collected from the quarries under the tomb of Isoire.

Lastly, that nothing might be wanting to complete the history of the soil of the plain of Mount Souris, he has placed in a corner of this mineralogical cabinet fragments of an antique aqueduct, erected by the Romans below the present Catacombs, for the purpose of conveying water from Rungis and Arcueil to the palace of Thermæ* built by the emperor Julian. Hence it will appear that the mineralogical cabinet of the Catacombs is highly deserving of attention from the antiquary, the architect, and especially from the geologist, who will find, in the fossilised vegetable and animal remains of a former world which are here preserved, additional proofs of the truth and exactness of the Mosaic history.

2. *The Pathological Collection* comprises an assemblage of diseased bones, originally made by M. Thouret, of whose theory of mummification we have given an outline in a former page ; and who promised to give an account of the most remarkable changes

* Description des Catacombes, pp. 82—136.

† So called from the tepid baths which this palace contained.

presented by this rich collection of diseased bones. Unfortunately, however, for the interest of science, he died without performing his promise : and, as no materials for such a work have been found since his decease, M. de Thury has collected and arranged them under the following classes :

Diseases of the bones are divided into two orders : I. Diseases of the bones themselves, that is, of their substance and their continuity ; and II. Diseases which attack their articulations or their contiguity.

The first order is divided into three sections, viz. 1. Diseases of the bones belonging to the head ; 2. Those of the trunk or body ; and, 3. Those of the members ; it comprises fractures, wounds, exostoses, or osseous tumours on the surface of the bone, necrosis or mortification, caries, bones softened by the rickets, bones brittle, and osteo-sarcomatous bones, or such as are affected with tumours partaking of the nature of flesh and bone.

The second order is, in a similar manner, divided into three sections, viz. 1. Diseases affecting the sutures of different parts of the head ; 2. Those of the trunk or body ; and, 3. Those of its different members : it includes ankylosis or stiffness of the joints, callosities, exostoses, &c.

There are several specimens of each disease, exhibiting it in its different stages ; and a particular table is appropriated to the display of such skulls as are most remarkable for their conformation, dimensions, protuberances, &c.

3. *The Crypt of St. Laurence* is an ancient and very spacious excavation, the great depth of which recommended it as a repository of the bodies removed from the cemetery of St. Laurence, at the time of its suppression in November, 1804, and when the street of the same name was opened. All the dry bones taken out of that cemetery have been collected and arranged so as to form a separate crypt, the entrance to which is supported by two columns of the Doric order of Pæstum. At its extremity is a pedestal constructed of bones, the mouldings of which are formed of tibiae, or leg-bones of the largest size ; and the dado or square trunk of the pedestal is surmounted with a head in a fine state of preservation.

4. *The Altar of the Obelisks.*—The northern part of the Catacombs having sunk down in several places, there was reason to apprehend a general falling in of the superincumbent earth. To

prevent this disaster, M. Guillaumot, the inspector-general in 1810, directed pillars, walls, and counter-walls to be built wherever there was any appearance of danger. The high altar and obelisks which decorate this crypt are therefore nothing but works of consolidation concealed under the ornamental form of these monuments. The altar is copied from a magnificent ancient marble tomb, discovered a few years since between Vienne and Valency, on the banks of the Rhone; the obelisks are reductions of ancient obelisks; and the two pedestals on the right and left of the altar, are constructed of bones in a similar manner to that in the crypt of St. Laurence. This chapel or crypt of the obelisk contains several appropriate inscriptions, chiefly taken from the Scriptures.

5. *The Sarcophagus of the Lacrymatory* is likewise one of the great works of consolidation to which a sepulchral form has been given: it is also known under the name of the *tomb of Gilbert*, from the following verses inscribed on a rock behind this Sarcophagus; they are extracted from his ode on Death and the Last Judgment.*

Silence, êtres mortels! vaines grandeurs silence!

Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs :
Je meurs, et sur ma tombe, où lentement j'arrive,
Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs.

Soyez bœni, mon Dieu, vous qui daignez me rendre
L'innocence et son noble orgueil !
Vous qui, pour protéger le repos de ma cendre,
Veillerez près de mon cercueil !

M. de Thury has given (in Plate V) an interesting view of this sarcophagus.

6. *The Pedestal of the Sepulchral Lamp.*—The necessity of ob-

* Nicholas-Joseph-Laurens Gilbert, who was born in the year 1751 at Fontenay-le-Chateau, in the vicinity of Nancy, was a young poet, the ardour and fire of whose imagination were so great as to render him insane for several months before his death, which prematurely happened in the year 1780 when he was only 29 years old. His last hours, however, were cheered and enlightened by the consolations of religion. He left a variety of odes, satires, and other poetical productions, which have been published in two volumes 8vo.

taining a more free circulation of air in the Catacombs induced the workmen to place a large vessel of fire on a block of stone ; and the appearance of this suggested the idea of substituting a sepulchral lamp in its place. The lamp is in the form of an antique cup, and was the first monument erected in the Catacombs. Opposite to it is the *Pillar of the Memento*, a large and massive cruciform column or triangular cross, which has received its name from the following striking sentences, extracted from the Mass for Ash-Wednesday :

MEMENTO, HOMO, QUIA PULVIS ES,
ET IN PULVEREM REVERTERIS.

And behind the latter column is the *Pillar of the Imitation*, so called because the four inscriptions that ornament it have been taken from the celebrated work of Thomas à Kempis *De Imitatione Jesu Christi*.

7. *The Fountain of the Samaritan Woman*.—This appellation has been given to a spring that was discovered in the soil of the Catacombs by the workmen, who established a reservoir here to collect the water for their use. As the waters gushed out of this bason into the works, it became necessary to take their level ; and advantage was taken of the difference of levels to construct over this spring a staircase, a bason, and a subterraneous aqueduct ; and, the roof or top being intersected in different directions by fissures, and cracks, the workmen were obliged to erect pillars and contreforts, the monumental forms of which have greatly contributed to the embellishment of this fountain. It was originally termed the *Spring of Lethe*, or of *Oblivion*, and the following inscription was affixed :

——— “ Animæ, quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices et longa oblivia potant.”*

This, however, has been removed, and the sublime address of

* *Æneid*. lib. 6. v. 713—715. Thus translated by Pitt :

To all those souls, who round the river wait,
New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.
To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,
And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.

Jesus Christ to the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well has been substituted for it (John iv. 13, 14), whence its present name is derived.

On the 25th of November, 1813, four gold fish were thrown into the basin of this fountain, where they have become perfectly domesticated. They answer to the signs and call of the keeper, but have not hitherto propagated their species: three of them retain their colour in all its primitive lustre; but the fourth is distinguished from the others by some dark spots. The workmen belonging to the inspection are of opinion that these gold fish indicate the approaching changes of the weather, and that they continue on the surface, or sink to the bottom of the water, accordingly as the weather is wet or dry, cold or hot.

M. Gambier-Lapierre, who is keeper of this part of the Catacombs, and is charged to keep a journal relative to these fish, has made an important observation, which will probably account for the opinion entertained by the workmen respecting the effects of approaching changes of the weather upon the fish. In those changes which are clearly indicated, for instance, in stormy weather, the great equinoctial winds, and rapid transitions from one temperature to another, M. Gambier has remarked, 1. That the waters of the fountain became more or less turbid; 2. That this state apparently preceded rather than followed the changes; 3. That its duration corresponded with that of the crisis of the atmosphere; 4. That it was frequently perceptible only by very small degrees; and, 5. Sometimes, particularly during the great crises, the water became so suddenly turbid, that the phenomenon was at first attributed to its being disturbed by the workmen.

These observations, which perfectly agree with those which have so often been made on springs and fountains on the surface of the earth, may serve to explain those made by the workmen, and to account for their opinion above mentioned, as the more or less disturbed state of the water did not allow them to distinguish the fish with equal facility.

8. *The Tombs of the Revolution.*—This appellation has been given to the spacious crypt which contains the tombs of those who were the earliest victims of the French Revolution. The place of interment, and the period when the remains of these unhappy

persons were committed to the Catacombs, are respectively marked by the following inscriptions.

I. COMBATS DE LA PLACE DE GREVE, DE L'HOTEL DE BRIENNE, ET DE LA RUE MESLEE CHEZ LE COMMANDANT DU GUET, LE 28 ET 29 AOUT, 1788.

On the 25th of August, 1788, M. Loménie-Brienne, archbishop of Thoulouse, and minister of finances, gave in his resignation. No sooner was this circumstance made public, than a commotion was raised among the artisans, workmen, and the populace of Paris generally, who were instigated by the disguised agents of a powerful faction. They assembled on the Place Dauphine, and afterwards on the Pont-Neuf, where they burnt the ex-minister's effigy at the foot of the statue of Henry IV. Having been driven back by the guards, they rushed on the latter, disarmed them, burnt the guard-house, and rushed in crowds to the Hôtel de Ville, on the Place de Grève. A commanding force was waiting there for them, and received them with repeated discharges of musketry, which, however, did not disperse them until a considerable number was left dead on the spot.

In consequence of the resignation of M. de Lamoignon, keeper of the seals, the populace rushed in still greater numbers to the Hôtel de Brienne, Rue St. Dominique, with the design of setting it on fire; but the troops, entering at the same time by the two extremities of the street, charged the seditious, who were dispersed with considerable loss. At the same time a still more numerous and furious mob attempted to burn the house of the Chevalier Dubois, commandant of the guard. The troops were under arms, and for a long time confined themselves to repelling and dispersing them; but their obstinate resistance, and a shower of stones, having compelled the guards to come to close quarters, the mob was put to flight, leaving the most mutinous dead on the spot.

II. COMBAT DE LA MANUFACTURE DE PAPIERS PEINTS (PAPER-HANGING MANUFACTORY) DE M. REVEILLON, FAUBURG ST. ANTOINE, LE 28 AVRIL, 1789.

In the following year, on the 28th of April, a considerable number of the inhabitants of the Fauxbourgs Saint Antoine and Saint

Marceau (the basest of the populace of Paris), proceeded to the paper-hanging manufactory of M. Reveillon, a gentleman of acknowledged probity, who employed a great number of workmen, to whom he was a father and benefactor. Having burnt him in effigy, the seditious, maddened with wine and rage, plundered and burnt his manufactory. The military arrived with orders to disperse the mob, whose assaults with a shower of stones, bricks, and tiles, the French and Swiss guards bore for a long time, though many of them were dangerously wounded. Their impatience increased with the audacity of the assailants; orders were at length given to repel force by force. Their vengeance now became terrible; whoever was found on the roofs of the houses was shot; and every one that was either in the rooms or cellars was put to the bayonet.

Five days did the bodies of those who perished on this occasion remain exposed, that the people might recognise their relations; after which, the archbishop of Paris ordered the clergy of St. Hypolite to perform a solemn service for them, in these Catacombs, in the presence of their families and the public, where their remains were interred.

III. COMBAT DU CHATEAU DES TUILERIES, LE 10 AOUT, 1792.

A relation of all the circumstances connected with the massacres committed on this and the following days would lead us into too wide a field of discussion; in order, however, that our readers may have some idea of the melancholy catastrophe, commemorated by this inscription, we shall avail ourselves, as M. de Thury has also done, of the brief description given in the "History of the French Revolution, by a Society of Latin Authors."^{*}

"All those who had distinguished themselves by their infamy and their turbulent audacity; all those who had shamefully dissi-

^{*} *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Revolution Francaise, par une Soci   d' Auteurs Latins*, 8vo. Paris. Vendemiaire, an 9, (1801). This truly unique work is one of the most curious of those which record the annals of the Revolution; it contains a series of extracts from the Roman classics, most ingeniously selected and arranged, so as to form a history of that melancholy period. Though published anonymously, its real authors are M. Heron de Villefosse, and his friend the late M. Durozoir.

pated their patrimony ; all those, in fine, whose crimes or whose disorderly conduct had driven them from their country, rushed into Rome as into a common centre.*

" They excited a tumult ; and suddenly all of them, without any leader, rushed to the palace.†

" He (the sovereign) was deaf to all energetic council. An obstinate resistance might render the conqueror inexorable to his wife and children ; and that consideration overpowered him with grief and tenderness. He went forth from his palace in mourning apparel, surrounded by his family, in deep affliction. His infant son was carried in a small litter, with all the appearance of a funeral ceremony.‡

" A constant din of arms was heard, and warlike preparations were seen in every quarter.§ The insurgents opened themselves a passage : they stormed the gates of the palace, and slew the foremost soldiers.|| But those who defended the royal residence, inspired with courage, were desirous of assisting the vanquished, and of repelling the enemy : in the interior of the palace, however, nothing was heard but groans, disorder, and confusion."¶

The cannon thundered on every side ; the walls and roofs of the houses were pierced with shot ; and discharges of musketry were continued incessantly. The Chateau was on fire in several places ; the troops fled ; the mob rushed on them, put them to death, and mutilated their remains ; their bleeding limbs were carried about as trophies ; the carnage was at its height ; and blood streamed on every side.

* Sallust in Bell. Cat. c. 37. Omnium, qui ubique probro, atque petulantia maxime præstabant ; item alii, per dedecora patrimoniis amissis ; postremo omnes, quos flagitium aut facinus domo expulerat ; hi Romam, sicuti in sentinam, confluxerunt.

† Sueton. in Othon. c. 8. Tumultum excitaverunt, ac repente omnes nullo certo duce in palatium concurrerunt.

‡ Tacit. Hist. lib. iii. c. 67. Surdæ ad fortia consilia Vitellio aures. Obreuebatur animus miseratione curaque, ne pertinacibus armis, minus placabilem victorem relinqueret conjugi ac liberis.—Pullo amictu palatio degreditur, mæstâ circum familiâ. Simul ferebatur in lectibula parvulus filius, velut in funebrem pompam.

§ Tacit. Hist. lib. i. c. 83.

|| Virgil. Æneid. lib. ii. v. 494.

¶ Ibid. lib. ii. v. 486, 487.

9. The Tombs of the Victims of the Massacres on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792.

The transactions of these tremendous days we shall describe from the same source whence we have borrowed for the preceding page.

"Irritated at the slowness of the executions, the tyrant at one blow ordered all who were detained in prison to be put to instant death. A dreadful carnage followed: neither age nor sex was spared; the noble and the ignoble perished without distinction. Neither friend nor relation dared to approach: none were permitted to sooth the pangs of death, to weep over the deceased, or to bid the last farewell. Guards were stationed to watch the looks of friends, and to catch intelligence from their tears, until at length the bodies were carried away. All were struck with terror, and the last office of humanity was suppressed. Cruelty went on, increasing; and every sentiment of the heart was smothered in silence.*

The capital was never at any period so distracted with anxiety and terror: society was at a pause; relations, friends, and strangers, stood at gaze; no public meeting, no private confidence; things inanimate had ears, and roofs and walls were deemed informers.†

On the following days, and for a long time after, the city was given up to assassins, each of whom had the privilege of choosing his own victims."‡

Under the direction of M. Guillaumot, Inspector-General of Quarries, M. Laplace keeper of the Tomb of Isoire, protected by the silence of the night, caused the remains of those who had perished on these different days, to be interred in the Catacombs, with as much decency as circumstances would permit. Their bones are concealed from view behind a wall painted black, which for a long time presented only the following brief notice:

D. M.
II. et III.
SEP^{mb}.
MDCCXIII.

During those days of terror, no expiatory altar could be raised; and M. de Thury assures us that he incurred censure for having

* Tacit. Annal. lib. vi. c. 19.

† Tit. Liv. in Suppl. lib. 88. art. 18, 19.

‡ Ibid. lib. iv. c. 69.

afterwards erected a temporary one to their memory. Two marble tablets will in future commemorate the names of the most illustrious of these victims; on another tablet above the tomb is the following inscription, from the pen of M. Hezette, vicar of the church of St. Jacques du Haut-Pas.

D. O. M.

PIIS MANIBUS CIVIUM

DIEBUS II^æ. AC III^æ. SEPTEMBRIS, MDCCXCII.

LUTETIÆ TRUCIDATORUM.

Hic palmam expectant cives virtutis amore
Conspicui; Cives Patriz, Legumque Deique
Cultores, diris heu! tempestatibus acti,
Immoti tamen ut scopuli, rectique tenaces,
Infrenæ plebis deliramenta perosi.
Hos, dum crudelis discordia sceptrâ tenebat,
Hortatrix scelerum, contemptaque jura jacebant,
Sævâ cæde cohors furis incensa peremit.
Siste gradum, inque pios fletus erumpe, viator,
Castas funde preces, et candida lilia sparge.

Det illis Dominus invenire misericordiam a Domino in illâ die.

Paul. II. ad. Timoth. I. 18.

The other side of the tomb presents two inscriptions, in verse, from the works of John Baptist Rousseau. A solemn service is in future to be celebrated in the Catacombs, on the anniversary of the 2d and 3d of September.

10. *The Staircase of the Lower Catacombs.* The Lower Catacombs having been formed one story below the ancient quarries, a communication was established between them and the upper Catacombs by means of an open flight of steps formed in the strata of stone which separated the two quarries. The infiltrations, however, of water from an adjoining spring, rendering the passage both steep, slippery, and dangerous, M. de Thury directed a commodious staircase to be constructed on the same spot, the low and roomy steps of which should facilitate the descent to, and ascent from, the lower Catacombs. Beneath this staircase, an aqueduct has also been built, in order to draw off the waters of the spring, and direct them towards the well of the tomb of Isoire; and on each side of the staircase are two Doric pilasters, wrought into the mass of bones.

11. *The Pillar of the Clementine Knights* derives its name from

four beautiful stanzas extracted from the *Clementine Nights*,* (a poem composed on occasion of the death of Ganganeli, Pope Clement XIV.) and which serve as its inscription.

This very massive column is situated beneath the tomb of Isoire, and was constructed for the purpose of supporting the roof or top of the quarry, which was rendered extremely insecure by very numerous cracks and fissures. The inscriptions of this column particularly fixed the attention of the Emperor of Austria, who descended into the Catacombs on the 16th of May, 1814, and several times repeated the two concluding verses of the following stanza, one of the four just mentioned, to which he frequently called the attention of the officers and other persons belonging to his suite :

Parlate, orridi avanzi ; or che rimane
Dei vantati d'onor gradi, e contrasti ?
Non son follie disuguaglianze umane ?
Ove son tanti nomi, e tanti fasti ?
E poich' andar del mortal fango searchi
Che distingue i pastor dai gran monarchi ?

Nott. Clem. Cant. i. st. 8.

Ye horrid ruins ! say, what now remains
Of those proud ranks and honours, in which erst
So much ye gloried ? Say, where are now
Those transient distinctions ? Where, those names
So great, with all their splendid pageantry ?
Who henceforth can discern between the ashes
Of the poor shepherd and of that proud king,
To whose behest submissive nations bend ?

The staircase which leads out of the Catacombs is between two and three hundred toises from the barrier, on the east of the road to Orleans, which is crossed under ground ; a black line, traced along the low roof, marks the path which the visiter of these dreary regions has to follow. Such are the Catacombs of Paris ; an establishment, not only convenient, but also absolutely necessary in so populous a city ; where, however, capacious its cemeteries may be, the graves are liable to be re-opened after

* Notti Clementine, poema in quattro canti, in morte della Santa Memoria di Clemente XIV. Pontefice ottimo massimo, di Goggi Bertola. Arezzo, 1775.

the lapse of a few years, and long before the bones can possibly be consumed.

We have not room to notice all the particulars relative to the plans for the *future* improvement of the Catacombs: the inscriptions are not the least interesting to the contemplative visiter, from the variety of religious and philosophical sentiments they exhibit. Such of them as were put up during the reign of terror, convey the gloomy principles of fatalism and annihilation, which the then ruling tyrants decreed to be the national doctrines; while others enforce all those bright hopes of a resurrection, and that immortality, which it is the peculiar glory of the Christian revelation to "have brought to light."

ART. XIV.—*Select Pieces in Verse and Prose.* By the late John Bowdler, Esq. Junior, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at law. 2 vols. 8 vo. pp. 683. London, 1817. [From the British Review.]

MR. BOWDLER was the son of John Bowdler, Esq. of Hayes, in Kent, and was born in the year 1783. Even from his earliest years he appears to have given indications of his future eminence. Before he could stand alone, a relation of much sagacity said of him—"If he is a fool I will never trust physiognomy again." When a mere child, he discovered those thoughtful and contemplative habits which distinguished him at later periods of his life. He received every kind of instruction with avidity; and early displayed that bias to religion which constituted the highest ornament of his future life, and the strong anchor of his dying hours. Not merely a decided progress, but a change, is discernible in the current of his religious opinions, as traced in the pages of the work before us.

Mr. Bowdler was sent early as a day scholar to the Grammar School at Sevenoaks, where his parents then resided; and was thence removed to Hyde Abbey School, and thence to the College at Winchester, though not on the foundation. The writer of the memoir prefixed to these volumes, the truly respectable father of Mr. Bowdler, attributes much of his success in that institution to the kind and judicious treatment of the then master, Dr. W. Stanley Goddard; and considers that an instructor of a less kind and courteous spirit would have been dangerous to a boy of his naturally irritable temperament.

Mr. Bowdler, sen. had proposed to fix his son with a proctor; but to this the son objected, as giving him no prospect of becoming "Lord Chancellor;" an object which, it may be presumed, quickens the legal zeal of not a few hundreds in the English realm who have not the same reasonable hopes of attaining it. He was accordingly placed with a solicitor; a destination to which, though it deprived him of the benefits of a university education, he cheerfully submitted, when informed that it best suited the finances of his father. This situation, however injurious it might have proved to ordinary minds, opposed no effectual barrier to his rising genius. It is unquestionably of the highest importance, as a general rule, that a mass of information should be collected, and a habit of thinking acquired, by various reading, and by the ardent pursuit of some abstract subject, before the mind is compelled to concentrate its powers upon professional studies. A division of labour is more favourable to the accomplishment of the object pursued, than to the mind of the individual pursuing it. And he who is driven too early to walk the narrow round of professional study, will, in many instances, like another drudge about as happily circumstanced, grow blind to every object around him. The four years, therefore, spent in the university, are of inestimable value to common minds, by detaining them in the walks of general science or literature, before they put on the harness of the profession. But where the mind is sufficiently ripened or vigorous to reap the common fruits of university education, either at school, or amidst the intervals of professional engagements, these four years may, doubtless, be considered as time lost to professional eminence, if spent in the university. The result of employing these in the office of a solicitor may be discovered in the case of Mr. Bowdler. Many will remember his first appearance in the courts of law, armed at the first moment of his legal birth with all the technical knowledge of his profession, at a period when others are fretting away days and nights in woful graspings and searchings after it. The case of Mr. Bowdler, however, is no example for men of smaller powers than his own. And nothing would more completely ensure the failure of nineteen-twentieths of our legal probationers, and the general deterioration of the law courts, than that the present liberal method of pursuing the science should be neglected, and the hard desk and immeasurable parchments of the office be substituted for academic groves, and the

general pursuit of classical literature and abstract science. When one of the New Zealand chiefs carried home some seed-wheat to his countrymen, he persuaded them to sow it; but when grown up, he could not convince them that the corn was to grow on the head, or that either patience from them, or sunshine from heaven, was to ripen the crop; they therefore dug it up, to search for the harvest at the root instead of the head of the stem, and before it had time to ripen at either head or root. Thus is it sometimes with students, and sometimes with the parents of students, and pretty generally with those Scotch philosophers who deem their own incalculable attainments an all-sufficient testimony to their mode of education. They wish to reap at the wrong end of life, and to make the brain productive when the medullary substance is only half formed.

But whatever may have been the effect upon the mind, in Mr. Bowdler's case, of this mode of training, there is great reason to apprehend its dangerous influence upon his body. The editor thus speaks of his situation: "It was in the heart of the city; and being lodged and boarded in the house, he had few opportunities of enjoying the pure air of the country. Though treated with much kindness by his master and his family, the confinement was great; and his eagerness to acquire at once legal and other knowledge led him to apply too intensely to his studies; until from these, or other causes, he was seized with one of those dreadful long fevers which, even when not fatal, often prove injurious to the constitution."

Having partially at least recovered from this attack, he was entered at Lincoln's Inn; and soon after he became member of a literary society, where all subjects, except those of religion and politics, were debated among the members. There are those who can remember his first appearance in that assembly. He looked young for his years; had little at that time of manner or aspect to give authority to his words, and was wholly unpractised as a public speaker. But from the moment he first rose, it was felt that he was no common man. With the most remarkable fluency in words—one of the calamities of the thoughtless and ignorant, he combined an equally remarkable fluency of thoughts. He plunged at once into all the depths of his question; loved to grapple with its difficulties; and if he was not always heard and admired, it was only because some of his auditors had not know-

ledge, depth, patience, or industry to comprehend him. It must indeed be admitted, that oratory is more conversant with the popular than with the profound reasonings upon the point to be argued—with those reasonings which the mind can receive and weigh in the hurry and tumult of discussion. And we are not sure that the power of abstraction and generalization in the mind of Mr. Bowdler might not have prevented his ever becoming a very popular and effective orator upon the stage of public debate. But these habits of mind eminently fitted him for a profession, of which some of the questions are among the most subtle, refined, and intricate, which can be proposed to the understanding of man. His powers may not have fitted him for the skirmish of political discussion; but they must have ensured his success in the hard contest of genius and erudition in the courts of law.

At the expiration of his clerkship, he was placed as a pupil with a gentleman of great business in the Court of Chancery; and when that gentleman obtained a silk gown, Mr. Bowdler himself was called to the bar in 1807.

He did not long wait for business, but his earliest hopes were shaded by disappointment and alarm. A cough, at first slight, but assuming a more alarming character every day, soon awakened the anxiety of his friends. He was ordered to quit London, and prepare to winter in the south of Europe. From a journal made during this expedition, we shall soon make some extracts.

Mr. Bowdler returned to England after an absence of about nine months, in August, 1811; but was obliged to set sail again for the Mediterranean in the following October. The greater part of the next winter was spent in Sicily and "Malta, with kind friends (says the editor), for such he found, or made, wherever he went."

In May, 1812, he once more returned to his native country; but in so feeble a state, that instead of attending the courts, he was compelled to take refuge, as an alternative for a third migration, in the house of a relation near Portsmouth. There he gained sufficient strength to resume, after some months, his professional employments, which he continued during the winter of 1813, and the following year. But the crisis was now come. Mr. Bowdler had been allied in the bonds of most intimate friendship with that distinguished statesman and Christian, Henry Thornton. On his return to London, about the middle of January, 1815, he

found that revered individual upon his dying bed. Though the melancholy of the scene was doubtless brightened by those blessed beams which the hope of a true Christian sheds upon his last hours, the shock was perhaps too severe for the tender frame of Mr. Bowdler. At that moment the feeble strings which detained him from a brighter world gave way. A blood-vessel broke in the night, and he died within a few days, weeping only for the sorrows of others, contrite for his sins, reposing upon his Saviour, rejoicing to throw off the coil of this mortal nature, and to escape to that invisible world whither in faith and hope he had often soared, and to dwell with that God to whom he had consecrated his life and labours.

We give the following extract from this narration, which presents us with a brief sketch of his character.

"His character, ably drawn, would be highly interesting: but were I capable of doing justice to it, my hand would be stopped by his having expressed to that most kind and noble friend in whose house and presence he expired, an earnest desire that no panegyric on his character should be written. I will therefore only mention a few facts, 'and let his own works praise him.'

"While a boy, he was certainly very irritable, impetuous, and eccentric; but being likewise sensible, affectionate, and well-principled, he seldom went wrong, and was easily reclaimed.

"As his reason ripened (which it did very rapidly), his principles were confirmed, and at length obtained an almost complete command over all his appetites and passions. They subdued the impetuosity of his temper, and extinguished his inordinate ambition so entirely, that he who once would hear of no line which did not lead to the Woolsack, when in the opinion of many he had a fair prospect of reaching it, would gladly have accepted any appointment suitable to his situation, which would have secured him a provision for life; and would even have preferred one not likely to revive a thirst for worldly honours.

"Though in his early years he was not aware of the necessity of economy, no sooner had he learned that the times, and the education of their children, had rendered it prudent for his parents to retrench some of their personal accommodations, than he imposed such strict restraints on his own expenses, that it became necessary for me to contrive means of putting a little money into his pocket, and even to encourage him to spend it; and I believe I may venture to assert (what perhaps few parents can,) that he never wasted a guinea of mine. Yet no sooner had he acquired even a very little of his own, than he began to exercise acts of generosity, as well as of charity. But when ill health again made it probable that he might become burthensome to others, he im-

mediately resumed his former restraints." (Vol. i. Memoir, p. xv.—xvii.)

The following extract records the general kindness of Mr. Bowdler's friends, and especially of the lamented individual whose death, as we have seen, was so intimately connected with his own. Such examples are honourable to religion, and to human nature, when brought under its influence. They serve to show that, although among the classes where dissipation and indulgence have concentrated all the affections of the mind upon self no real friendship exists, among those who love God there are multitudes who ardently and disinterestedly love one another. All human bonds dissolve at the touch of self-interest, but there is a golden chain which, descending from heaven, surrounds the world, and binds every man to his brother.

" But having thus avoided offending the delicacy of the living, I hope I may, without impropriety, mention the truly parental kindness which he experienced during the latter part of his life, from two departed friends—the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Thornton. Of Mr. Thornton, he has himself drawn a sketch in the following tracts, under the appropriate name of Sophron : and his character has since been given by an able hand, with equal moderation and justness. It would ill become me to attempt to delineate the many virtues which raised him and his excellent lady so high in the esteem of their numerous friends : but I cannot refrain from seizing this opportunity of expressing the gratitude and affection which I must ever feel and cherish for their unbounded kindness to my departed child. Their house was to him a second home. They loved him as if he had been their own. And from facts which have come to my knowledge, I am convinced, there was nothing they could have done for a son which they would not gladly have done for him. This poor acknowledgment is the only return I can make, but ' He who seeth in secret will reward them openly.' " (Vol. i. Memoir, p. xx. xxi.)

We now turn from the life of Mr. Bowdler, to those posthumous writings which are presented to us in these volumes. They consist of a journal, in the form of letters, drawn up during his two voyages to the South of Europe ; of verses ; of a few essays ; of two reviews, one inserted in the *Christian Observer*, and one in the *British Review* ; of theological tracts ; and of extracts from letters to his friends.

The journal was evidently designed exclusively for the use of his intimate friends ; but it is impossible to read it without feel-

ing our obligations to those who have given it a wider circulation. There is an air of cheerfulness, thankfulness, kindness, and piety about it, which is very taking; and we shall be glad to find it adopted as a model by such of our voyagers as may be at a loss for the best medium by which to convey to their friends their various and profound discoveries in foreign lands.

We give a single specimen, in order to shew the manner of its execution.

*" Mediterranean,
" Monday, Nov. 12, 1810.*

" My dear Mother,

" My Journal is public property; but it is time that a portion of it should be inscribed to you; as authors, you know, are fond of patrons and patronesses, and those who are provident manage so to divide their pieces, that they may get as many as they can. I closed the second packet to my father before we entered the Straits. Shortly after that concluded, we changed our course from south to east, and stood into the Mediterranean. My uncle says, the Straits of Gibraltar are among the finest things to be seen in Europe, and I can well believe it. It was about two o'clock when we passed between Cape Spartel and Cape Trafalgar, which form the entrance or gorge of the Straits; the day was delightfully fine, and the view highly grand and interesting. The Straits lay directly before us, like a dark defile ramparted with hills. Those on the Spanish side are lofty and irregular, and if seen alone would be thought highly striking; but the Barbary mountains are much higher, their faces exceedingly dark, and their ridges running up into an endless variety of peaks and precipices. In front of them all, towards the further end of the Straits, but forming a principal object from its magnitude and decided character, stands Apes' Hill, a bare and lofty mountain, breasting the waters, from which it rises almost perpendicular. Behind this, at a considerable distance, rise some very elevated mountains, which stretch away to the south-east, till they become invisible. These I understand to form part of the western extremity of Atlas; but I do not feel quite sure of the fact. On the opposite side, and also at a considerable distance, the highest point of the rock of Gibraltar was just visible, peering over an intervening promontory. I am a bad landscape painter at best, but in order to form any idea of the scene I describe, you must observe, that at the point of view from whence the picture is drawn, that is between the Capes Spartel and Trafalgar, there is a breadth of (I suppose) from thirty to forty miles at least, the average breadth of the Straits being from ten to fourteen, or thereabouts. Thus we entered this celebrated pass, and the hour of dinner being arrived, I left the deck, and went below. Some short time before sun-set, we came up again. We were now in the midst of the Straits,

having passed Tangier, and a little island and town called Tariffa; of the last of which I had a very good view. The island is at present occupied by English troops. Ceuta was in view, a promontory in position not unlike Gibraltar, to which it is nearly opposite, being united to the continent of Africa by a neck of low land; but its elevation is not in appearance a fourth of that of our noble rock. This grand fortress was now clearly visible, and amidst many striking objects undoubtedly the most striking. It stands out directly in front of the Straits, which seem there to take a little bend to the south-east, and the beams of the setting sun were resting upon it. Till this time the day had been remarkably clear and brilliant. The sun now sunk into the ocean directly behind us, and we were fortunate in coming just at that period of the year when every thing conspired to give effect to the noble scenery around us. It is obvious that there can be only a small space of time during which a sun-set could be seen through the Straits in the ocean, the hills on each side obstructing the view during the greater part of the year. The wind, which had been gentle since our entering the Straits, now fell almost entirely, and the moon, which was nearly full, gave a new and softer character to the objects around us. It was a peculiar advantage to be able to see the triple effect of clear day-light, a setting sun, and full moon, upon this romantic defile. I think the last was the most interesting. There was so little wind that we were now in some danger of not being able to make the bay of Gibraltar; for a strong current sets into the Mediterranean, which, if there had been literally no breeze, would have carried us by the southern point of the rock. I remained upon deck till near ten p. m. (for the softness of the air removes all fear of cold) and we were then floating very slowly and imperceptibly into the bay, with so gentle a breeze that the sails flapped under it: the night was clear and beautiful, and the sea quite smooth. I here saw a sight perfectly new to me, which proved what I believe I have already mentioned, respecting the clearness of the atmosphere:—this was Venus with a halo round her, like the moon:—And so to bed and to sleep, which I manage now much better than I did.” (Vol. i. Journal, p. 15—18.)

The verses are various in their pretensions to excellence. Some of the first were written at early periods of his life, and are chiefly valuable, as indicating the kindness and warmth of his heart, and his early habits of acquisition. The first by which our attention was arrested are those written in 1801, before he went abroad for the recovery of his health. These our readers may take as a specimen of his poetical powers.*

* See the poetical department of this Number.

The other verses in this collection are little if at all inferior to these. They are, generally speaking, flowing, harmonious, classical, and correct. They are rarely, or never, disfigured by bad taste. They display a mind familiar with the best models; and unseduced by the corrupt example of later bards. But they disclose few of those felicities of expression or idea, few of those master strokes, of those indigenous beauties, of those vivid and peculiar conceptions, of those breathing thoughts and burning words, which Fancy scatters from her 'pictured urn' on the chosen sons and daughters of poesy. Mr. Bowdler was a pleasing, but, we conceive, that he never would have been a great poet. It is difficult, however, to judge of the capabilities of one who wandered in the meads of imagination with the clog of Coke upon Littleton round his leg, and who could never pursue the creations of his fancy for half an hour without finding it enthroned in awful dignity with a judge's wig in the court of chancery. Mr. Bowdler gives us in one part of these volumes a specimen of poetical law, constructed probably to assist his own memory; and we have reason to wonder, perhaps, that his muse ever soared into a loftier region. It is very delightful, however, to know that the hardest drudges, perhaps, in the world, we mean, the young law practitioners, are indulged with any such occasional excursions into those higher and purer regions so favourable to their health and spirits.

It is, however, to the *prose* writings of Mr. Bowdler that we must turn for any fair exemplification of his talents as a thinker, an inventor, and a writer. And here we discover infallible evidence of his high endowments in all these capacities. The essays which precede the reviews are not equal to the rest of the volumes. The essay upon French literature, may confidently challenge a comparison with any thing which has appeared since the revolution. The review on Dugald Stewart's Philosophical Essays, which appeared, we understand, in the Christian Observer, we do not hesitate to designate as one of the best abstracts, on the state and history of metaphysical science, which has met the public eye. We hear that Mr. Stewart himself thus designated it, and considered it as indicating great powers of thinking and discriminating, as well as of fine writing in this particular department. It is difficult to review that which is itself a review; but we cannot resist giving to our readers the following extract,

which is part of a delineation of the advantages of metaphysical studies.

"But the advantages which belong to the study of the philosophy of the mind are not merely negative. Not to mention the hints that have been obtained from the researches of metaphysicians for the judicious management of the understanding, and the more perfect lights which may be anticipated from their future labours, this science borders so closely upon others of the most unquestionable importance, that some insight into it seems necessary for the perfect understanding of subjects which nobody thinks himself at liberty to despise. Its connection with physics is so close, that the ancient writers classed them together, or, rather, considered the philosophy of mind as a part of the philosophy of nature. Of philology at least one half, and that the most important half, is strictly metaphysical. In morals the case is so nearly similar, that a man might as reasonably entitle himself a learned physician though he had never studied anatomy, as esteem himself an adept in moral science without having obtained an intimate acquaintance with the affections, passions, and sentiments of the human heart. Indeed, all moral writers *must* be, in a greater or less degree, metaphysical; though, to be sure, it must be owned that all metaphysical writers have not been very moral. Politics, which profess to regard only the external condition of mankind, have perhaps less connection with inquiries concerning the mind than the sciences already mentioned; yet every body has doubtless heard of political metaphysics; and though we should have no objection to admit that the questions in that department which have occasioned the most eager controversies are, for the most part, frivolous; yet, so long as there are foolish men who will insist upon discussing them, it is exceedingly proper that there should be wise men sufficiently prepared to discuss them also. Lastly, in theology, the most important and interesting of all studies to an immortal and accountable being, who is there that is not sensible of the value of metaphysical knowledge in conducting us through the great questions of predestination, election, and free-agency? What violence have some Calvinistic divines done to the common sense and feelings of mankind, what perilous approaches to practical Antinomianism have they sometimes made, in the stiff, unqualified, and really unphilosophical statement of their favourite doctrines! What mere verbal frivolities, what contradictory propositions, and, sometimes, what dangerous errors and heresies have some Armenian writers fallen into, from their ignorance of the difficulties which unquestionably embarrass their tenets respecting the will!" (Vol. ii. pp. 13—15.)

"These are some of the advantages which may fairly be considered as belonging to the cultivation of those studies which are

commonly called metaphysical. To all this, and to whatever else has by different writers been urged in favour of such pursuits, the common reply is, 'that they are exceedingly dangerous; they make men *sceptical*.' Now it is natural to ask the many worthy and respectable persons by whom this objection is made (what perhaps they have not always recollected to ask themselves), 'What is it you mean by scepticism?' If that word is used to denote a habit of mind slow and cautious in forming its conclusions, sufficiently distrustful of itself to be desirous of knowing what can be urged against the inferences which it inclines to adopt, and even so far diffident of its performances as to be perfectly willing, upon the appearance of new lights, to re-examine those positions which had been adopted upon no slight investigation; if this, or any thing like this meaning, belongs to the word scepticism, we cannot hesitate to say, that those who object to the metaphysical studies on such grounds, pass upon them, in the form of a censure, a very high eulogium. There is hardly any habit more pernicious, not merely in scientific researches, but daily and hourly in every department of life, than that loose indolent way which men have of jumping upon their conclusions in all sorts of subjects, and accepting, almost without examination, sentiments and maxims of the most extensive practical import. If, on the other hand, by scepticism is intended a disposition of mind unfavourable to the cordial reception of the truths of religion, upon what evidence is it asserted, that metaphysical studies have the tendency imputed to them? Was Locke a sceptic? Was Clarke a sceptic? Was Berkeley a sceptic? All these great men not only openly professed their belief in Christianity, but thought they could not better employ their best years and maturest faculties than by consecrating them to the defence of those truths which thoughtless, licentious men, are apt to deride, but which it is the peculiar character of a truly elevated understanding to feel and venerate. Bishop Berkeley, in particular, was led to the adoption of his peculiar theory in metaphysics, principally from an anxiety to refute the *sceptics* of his day, whose reasonings were all founded on the received opinions respecting a material world: and in the work which he entitled 'The Minute Philosopher,' he has discussed at large all the prevailing objections to natural and revealed religion, and employed much of his metaphysical learning, particularly his important discoveries respecting vision, and his very fine and original speculations on the nature of language, as materials for replying to those objections. Mr. Hume, indeed, whom every body knows to have been sceptical enough, has applied that term to characterize the Berkeleian theory. But let Berkeley speak for himself, and in his own writings, not in the commentaries of his scholars; and it will be found that he dogmatized (we do not mean in the invidious, but in the proper sense of that word) as steadily as Zeno or Epicurus; though perfectly free from the austerity of the one, and the pride of the other. In later days, symptoms of an unfavourable disposition towards

Christianity have certainly been visible in works of some of the most celebrated metaphysical writers in Scotland, and upon the continent; and this probably is the real explanation of the evil report which has gone forth against metaphysics. But we suspect that this is exactly one of those hasty conclusions from first appearances which we have just condemned. Speculative men have for some time past turned their attention a good deal to the philosophy of mind, and it has happened (from causes which are perfectly explicable) that speculative men, during the same period, have had a sort of vanity in professing scepticism upon religious subjects; but it does not therefore follow that metaphysics and infidelity have any natural alliance. It was not always thus. In the ancient world, the infidels were found among the natural philosophers; in the schools of Epicurus, not in those of Plato and Aristotle. In the middle ages, metaphysics were assiduously cultivated by the stoutest doctors of the Church: Aquinas and Abelard, and Ockham, and all the pillars of orthodoxy, were deep in the philosophy of Aristotle, and fought as fiercely about *universals*, as if the fate of religion had depended on the controversy; while those, who, neglecting such matters, quietly cultivated researches into physics, laboured under a pretty general suspicion of infidelity. Galileo was sent to a dungeon in his old age, not for any speculations upon mind, but for the discoveries he had made respecting the constitution of nature. So late as the days of Sir Thomas Brown, that learned and eloquent writer informs us that the physicians had long been generally supposed to entertain opinions unfavourable to the truth of Christianity; and he published his *Religio Medici* to rescue himself from the imputation which attached to his profession. And, in our own time, the greatest naturalist in Italy professed atheism. It may therefore, perhaps, be fairly said, that, in respect of any supposed tendency to scepticism, the evidence of history is full as strong against natural philosophy as against metaphysics; yet who ever dreamed of proscribing the natural sciences? Let us at least be just, and either condemn the researches of Galileo and Newton, or acknowledge that neither the philosophy of mind nor the philosophy of nature have any natural alliance with scepticism, though sceptics may occasionally be found among the students of both." (Vol. ii. p. 18—21.)

This long quotation is all that we can afford from this interesting and important essay; but we earnestly recommend the whole of it to those aspirants after metaphysical knowledge, who are about to lanch out into this vast ocean, without pilot or compass. It is one of the evils incident to this study, that the young scholar may labour through a bulky quarto, and discover the next morning that he has been fruitlessly toiling through an exploded and interdicted system—that all his panting and struggling have mere-

ly secured to him a caput mortuum of extinct philosophy. We therefore consider an essay such as Mr. Bowdler's, which fixes the boundaries and traces out the ground of legitimate doubt and speculation, of no inconsiderable value. To enter upon the various points maintained or controverted by the author in this elaborate dissertation, would carry us far beyond the bounds which we prescribe to ourselves on the present occasion. The general merit of the reasonings is very great; and the style combines with much precision such a measure of ornament as illustrates without dishonouring his argument; and is in itself a happy though unintentional imitation of the manner of the great writer who is the subject of the criticism. Mr. Stewart is quite remarkable for having carried into the dark places of metaphysics all the lights and ornaments of general reading and refined taste; and Mr. Bowdler had caught much of this ambitious and hazardous style. Such indeed was his success in this species of writing, that many, who would fear to plunge into the depth and mazes of his argument, will perhaps be tempted to penetrate into them by the many flowers which he has scattered upon the narrow way.

The second of the volumes before us is chiefly occupied with what are denominated "theological tracts"—though the title would convey an impression of something more elaborate and logical than will be found in the essays to which it is prefixed.

Those on the "Atonement" and the "Eternity of Punishments," though both valuable, are inferior, we think, to the essays by which they are succeeded. The "Strictures on the Edinburgh Review of the Historical View of Christianity" is precisely a reply such as that mischievous paper demanded, and ought to have sealed for ever the religious pretensions of that work with the public. The next essay in the collection, on "the supposed connexion between religion and melancholy," is inferior to none in ingenuity and conclusive argumentation: and the subject is so new and curious that we are tempted to offer a brief sketch, and a few quotations from it.

The author sets out by denying the fact that persons much advanced in religion are disposed to melancholy. He next maintains that we are deluded in estimating the happiness of others by outward appearances. And his ideas on this point are so happily expressed that we shall allow him to speak for himself.

- “If a man laughs loud, and overflows with animal activity, and boisterous merriment, we cry, happy fellow! But without denying that such coarse ebullitions indicate constitutional joyousness, surely this turbulent vivacity is not a *necessary* element or evidence of gladness. The bounding kitten may be happy, and is not the purring cat? Are the gambols of the dolphin upon the ocean more enviable, than the complacency of the steer ruminating beneath the shade of the British oak? Yet mankind in general seem to have no idea of composed felicity. It must be active and tumultuous; and this occasions their mistakes as to the happiness of Christians. They cannot value, for they can hardly comprehend, the placid enjoyments of religion. The pious aspirations, the holy joy, the heavenly peace, which are fountains of celestial gladness continually springing up in the bosom of the good man, produce no bustle, and therefore excite no observation. I doubt not but many of the happiest of mortals are to be found among those children of God who pass on unnoticed in their pilgrimage, and are viewed by their worldly neighbours, sometimes with pity, and sometimes with contempt. It is natural, therefore, that men should underrate the happiness of Christians, from their imperfect knowledge of its real marks. They infer melancholy, wherever they see obtrusive quiet and composure. But it is not so—

‘The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue’s very tears.’

If I can judge at all from my own experience, laughter is a very bad criterion of gladness. Nay we know that the most comical productions of Swift and Cowper were written while their authors laboured under an afflictive constitutional dejection. Philosophers take a distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque: and I believe it is a just one. The pleasure (they say) which we feel in stealing along a sunny vale, soothed by the concert of the woods and murmuring waters, is of a different kind from the delight enjoyed in coursing over an open champaign, keen in the chase, and braced by the wintry gales. The two kinds of happiness alluded to, admit, I believe, of the same distinction, and for myself, I must confess a decided partiality to the beautiful.”
(Vol. ii. p. 132—134.)

Mr. Bowdler is not, however, indisposed to admit the fact, that the joys of some truly religious persons are crossed by a shade of melancholy; and he proceeds to solve this phenomenon. In dif-

* “See Pascal’s Thoughts. That sublime writer considers all restlessness as the effect of our degenerate nature dissatisfied with itself, and compunct satisfaction as evidencing the remains of our original perfection. Indeed it may be observed, that contentment is called true happiness. Now contentment implies repose; an easy and cheerful acquiescence in the present state of things.”

ferent parts of the essay he touches on the many obvious and natural sources of this depression; but the point which he most labours is the *antecedent character* of those persons who ordinarily are led to embrace religion. And as this reasoning is new, and conveys a fair specimen of the author's manner, we shall indulge our readers with a copious extract from this part of his disquisition.

"In the first place, let us consider who are they who at all times are the most likely to accept the offers of covenanted grace. What said our blessed Lord? 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Christianity offers rest to the weary, and consolation to the hopeless. Surely it is not wonderful, if some at least of the children of woe accept the proffered mercy. Yet such Christians, it is obvious, will be melancholy; for religion, though undoubtedly it corrects, does by no means destroy our feelings. The widow and the orphan, the childless parent and distracted husband, will fly to their Saviour for refuge: and they shall find him to be a Saviour indeed: 'a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest: as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' But they still remain widowed and fatherless: the parent has lost the child of his expectation, and the husband the 'delight of his eyes.' It is meet they should mourn, though 'not as without hope.' Nay, I am not sure whether to common observers they will not appear more unhappy as they become less so. When men are wretched without consolation, they are apt (particularly before others,) to make a desperate effort to rid themselves of their misery, and dash into tumultuous gayety, or vicious indulgence, to effect a momentary release from evils they are unable to endure. Such men indeed are horrible spectacles. Like a lion in the toils of the hunter, they chafe and roar, and struggle only to exhaust their strength, and entangle themselves more desperately. Yet for a while such efforts may give an appearance of vigour, and deceive those who see not the loathsome dregs which subside when the fermentation is over. Christianity subdues this unnatural violence, and softens the sufferer into patience. It not only teaches him that resistance against the dispensations of Heaven is unlawful, but makes him feel it as unwelcome and unnecessary. He who so lately bore his yoke with uneasiness or passion, and knew his sorrows only as wretchedness for the present, and despair for the future, learns to bow cheerfully under his burthen, can trace in his afflictions the hand of a benign Providence, and, entering in hope within the veil, takes up his cross with joy, and follows the footsteps of his Master. Yet it is possible, that to worldly spectators, this placid submission may pass only for increased wretchedness, and Reli-

gion is thus sometimes discredited by the very blessings she communicates.

"Be this however as it may, it is evident at least that unhappiness will probably lead us to embrace Christianity in earnest. But, alas! to careless and prejudiced observers, Christianity and unhappiness thus become associated, and a collateral effect is mistaken for the cause. Calista is still young and beautiful; her disposition was naturally gentle and sensible, and the tenderness of her parents cherished early in her bosom the habits of holiness. When Calista was about sixteen, she was seized with an alarming fever, which long threatened her life. Under discipline so severe, she improved daily in every pious affection, and has grown to a height in grace rarely equalled by her sister saints. She is now four-and-twenty. The fever I have just mentioned, though it did not prove fatal, hung upon her for many months, and weakened a constitution which never was robust. Calista is at times dejected, for her spirits are not strong, and the world is full of trials. Her friends say, she is too religious? it makes her melancholy. She says, I am melancholy because my health is weak, and religion is my only consolation. Poor Calista! I am apt to think she is right, but nobody believes her.

"But the unhappy are by no means the only class of mortals to whom it is probable that Christianity will seem welcome. There are pains of the understanding as well as of the heart. Men of grave and contemplative tempers cannot long remain insensible to the darkness which surrounds them. We find ourselves dropped (as it were) into a theatre of wonders; marvellously formed, and marvellously sustained; unknowing whence we came, or whither we are destined; ignorant with all our capacities for knowledge, and miserable with all our powers of enjoyment. The mind which sees these things must be base and sluggish indeed, if it feels no anxiety to escape from a prison where it is so 'strait kept without iron bars;' and to ascertain the reality, or at least to take a closer view, of the mighty vision which is sweeping by us. The philosopher, therefore (I use the word in its proper sense), looks round for direction to his inquiries. Christianity boldly presents herself, offering a solution of every doubt, so far as knowledge is profitable, and promising present safety with future illumination. Surely it is not miraculous that a wise man should think such proposals worth examining; nor, if he examines, is it strange he should be convinced. The rest follows in order: 'he becomes first regular, then devout.' It may be expected, then, that a contemplative man will be an earnest Christian: nor can it seem wonderful, if, being a Christian, he still continues to be contemplative. Gravity, however, with the gay and thoughtless passes for gloom. They are guilty of two errors. They mistake seriousness for melancholy; and they impute that seriousness, so miscalled, to religion, instead of constitution. Even good men of a different temper, who have never studied human

nature, often adopt the same misconception. Sophron possesses a very profound understanding. Happily for him he was irregularly educated, or his powerful mind might have been lost in dialects and prosody. Being left, however, to discover truth for himself, he became early accustomed to reflection, and few reflect seriously without being religious. He is so in an eminent degree. His spirits are easy and regular, for his heart rests in hope: he can review the past without remorse, and anticipate the future with humble but joyful assurance. Sophron's manners are rather distant, and to those who know but little of him, seem ungracious: his habits of thoughtfulness too have given him the appearance of gravity and abstraction. Thus it happens that some who are slightly acquainted with him, or only hear of him by report, fancy he wants cheerfulness: and as he is known to be very religious, Christianity as usual bears the burthen.

"There is yet a third class of men, of whom it may be said to be antecedently probable that they will at some period of their youth become zealously attached to Christianity. These are they who possess by nature great quickness of sensibility joined with ardent imaginations. Such men have strong and delicate perceptions of the sublime and beautiful. The grandeur of the rewards which revelation promises, and the awfulness of the punishments it denounces, naturally arrest their attention. The holiness and lovely simplicity of the character of Jesus, his dignity, his tenderness, and his sufferings, have charms to awake their best affections. Such men too are early disgusted or satiated with the coarse pleasures of the world. Their fancy sketches almost intuitively an image of perfection, of which Christianity alone presents the perfect draught. Besides which they have generally very unequal spirits: the same heart which, during the hours of social festivity, overflows with gayety, is weighed down in solitude by comfortless dejection. Their disappointments are greater than those of other men; for they over-calculate the value of every object they pursue, as well as their chances of obtaining it; and thus, whether they succeed or fail, they are still deceived. All these circumstances concur to invite them to become the children of God, to 'cast their cares on him,' forgetting and despising the baubles they have too long pursued. But the change which is wrought in them respects rather the direction than the nature of their affections. Christianity indeed will gradually teach them to controul their ardour, to regulate their emotions, and resist all excess of feeling, whether rapturous or mournful; and perhaps at last infuse into their bosoms that placid cheerfulness, which seems to be the kind and degree of happiness best suited to our feeble constitutions. But this must be the work of time. Till then, much of their ardour or their sanguineness will remain: they will be at one moment elevated into rapture, and at another depressed with melancholy. Even good men of a more equable temperament, not comprehending the causes of their occasional dejection,

may probably suspect that religion, which so evidently influences their hearts, affects also their cheerfulness; while their less serious acquaintance will undoubtedly lament (according to the mummery of worldly lamentation) that such noble spirits should be ruined by methodism. Eugenius is one of those beings I have described, who, from delicacy of organization, feels more quickly than the common race of mortals; and though he has been visited by no grievous afflictions, a variety of circumstances have hitherto made him better acquainted with sorrow than delight. Eugenius was early instructed in the best principles of Christianity, and the merciful visitations of Providence have gradually taught him their real value. He has made no great progress in religion, yet I believe he is sincere, and dreads sin more than suffering; but he has delicate health, and very unequal spirits. It cannot be denied that religion is to him occasionally a source of pain as well as pleasure. His heart at times seems to overflow with gladness, but in other moments I have seen him dreadfully agitated. His friends perceive this, and express their fears of his being too religious. But in truth religion has no connection with his complaint; it is only the field in which his natural temper displays itself. If Eugenius had fixed his affections on any other object, his spirits would have been liable to the same fluctuation: we should still have witnessed in him the same returns of rapture and regret, of exultation and dejection." (Vol. ii. p. 135—141.)

The next essay is on the "Practical character of Christ;" and it is of a high order of excellence. It is, however, impossible for us to enter upon any minute investigation of the merits either of this or of those by which it is succeeded: we must be content with saying that we think those on "trust in God," on "spiritual mindedness," and on "prayer" the best, and that none of them are surpassed by any popular and devotional disquisitions with which we are acquainted. Their main *fault* is, we think, the want of arrangement and distinction of parts; so that it is difficult to collect or to retain the matter which is dispersed over them. Their *excellencies* are very numerous. They have the transcendent merit of being warm though accurate transcripts of a Divine original; they are besides rational, tender, eloquent, and occasionally sublime. They are not perhaps much calculated to convince the gainsayer; but are abundantly calculated to touch the careless, to direct the wandering, to elevate the standard of opinion and conduct, to humble the formal and ostentatious professor, to throw round religion a new splendour and majesty, to direct the miserable to the true sources of consolation. Their effect upon ourselves, were we unbelievers, would be, we think, to leave us

ashamed of infidelity, in love with religion, and assured that he who would be extensively useful, or habitually happy, must be eminently good. One peculiar feature of them is to bear, as it were, stamped upon every page and line of them, the exact impress of their author: had we never seen the man we should have known him, we think, from any one of his essays; he has thrown his very soul into them; he has poured into the dead letter the life's blood of his own feelings and experience; he has dipped his pen in his own heart; he plainly has verified in his own person the principles which he maintains, and "is himself the great sublime he draws."

But we must here abandon a theme upon which certain tender and melancholy associations and reminiscences have perhaps already detained us too long. Our readers, however, have little reason to apprehend similar transgressions, as the age has few such young men to lose. Indeed we think the loss sustained by the country in the early death of Mr. Bowdler and of Kirk White—whose history and genius not a little resembled that of our author—is a loss of a very peculiar and affecting nature. From the "*Bibliotheca Eruditorum Præcocium*" of Kleforus, or the "*Enfans Celebrés*" of Baillet, it might be easy to select instances of early talents far more astonishing than those displayed by either of these distinguished individuals; but it would be very difficult in any age to find men combining to the same extent, talents, industry, and virtue. It would be easy to find individuals who had been the unripe victims of their own ceaseless toils and struggles up the steep of science and through the fields of duty; but it would be difficult to discover any examples where the death of any individuals had disappointed so many hopes, wrung so many bosoms, and left so large a gap in the ranks of genius and virtue. But we hope well of our country; and though we should have predicted more confidently the rise of other distinguished men on the national horizon had these survived, because we always observe that great men multiply great men by raising the standard and supplying the pattern of greatness; yet we think that, "though dead," such men will "speak" to their young successors; and that, out of their ashes, will spring up those who will soar to the same heights, and confer the same honours and benefits upon a grateful country. It is a maxim of philosophy as well as of patriotism "not to despair of the republic;" and

though perhaps the present is a moment, when, as far as the young are concerned, it is difficult to keep alive the spark of hope, it is our wisdom and our duty to believe that *he* whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, will, in the immeasurable depths of his compassion, discover some sure remedy for all our disasters.

ART. XV.—*Yamoyden—A Tale of the Wars of King Phillip, in six Cantos.* By the late Reverend James Wallis Eastburn, A. M. and his Friend—12mo. 339, pp. New York, 1820—\$1 50.

THIS romantic little poem, though abounding with vivid descriptions of natural scenery and flights of fancy, will not perhaps, be read with much interest, or satisfaction, by those who have not some previous knowledge of the historical facts on which it is chiefly founded. This information, however, is very soon and easily to be acquired by reading a few chapters in *Trumbull's History of Connecticut*, and *Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts*. The extension of settlements by the first emigrants from England in Massachusetts and Connecticut, excited the alarm and jealousy of the Indians, among whom the Pequots, the Narragansetts, the Mohegans, and Waupanoags, were very warlike and powerful tribes. The Pequots, with Sassacus for their chief, carried on, for several years, a most murderous and destructive war against the planters of Connecticut. A formidable expedition was at length undertaken against them, by the joint forces of Connecticut and Massachusetts, assisted by the Mohegans, who, under their Sachem, Uncas, had submitted to the colony, and being at enmity with the Pequots, now joined in the war against their countrymen. The Pequots, after a dreadful and a bloody fight, were routed, and Sassacus, flying for refuge to the Mohawks, was surprised and slain. The Narragansetts, who inhabited the eastern part of Connecticut adjoining Rhode Island, had always been at war with the Pequots, and such an implacable animosity existed between them, that they never could agree to unite their arms against the common enemy. The colonists, taking advantage of these dissensions, formed a treaty with the Narragansetts; and in consequence of the defeat above-mentioned, the Pequots were so reduced and dispersed, that the Mohegans and

Narragansets constantly killed them, and brought in their heads to Windsor and Hartford. The miserable remnant of this late formidable nation, was then, according to a league made with the colonists, divided between the Mohegans and Narragansets, by whom they were to be received and treated as their own people, and it was covenanted that the Pequots should never more inhabit their native land, nor retain their name as a distinct tribe. The conquest of the Pequots struck all the Indians in New England with terror, and they were filled with such dread of the displeasure and arms of the colonists, that they did not engage in open war with them for nearly forty years. In the year 1675, however, a Sachem of the Wanpanoag tribe of Indians, near the borders of Connecticut and Rhode Island, formed the bold design of rescuing his country from thralldom, and extirpating the English intruders from the land of his fathers. With this view, he roused his people to arms in the cause of liberty, and being joined by bands of warriors from different parts of the country, he soon involved all New England in a most bloody and distressing war. The seat of this high spirited Sachem, whose name was Metacomb, but who was commonly called King Philip, was at the base of a beautiful and commanding eminence, called by the Indians, Montaup, and by the English, Mount Hope, in the eastern part of the town of Bristol, in Rhode Island. The Poem opens with a description of the characteristic scenery of this romantic and renowned spot.

The morning air was freshly breathing,
The morning mists were wildly wreathing ;
Day's earliest beams were kindling o'er
The wood-crown'd hills and murmuring shore.
'Twas summer ; and the forests threw
Their chequer'd shapes of varying hue,
In mingling, changeful shadows seen,
O'er hill and bank, and headland green.
Blithe birds were carolling on high
Their matin music to the sky,
As glanced their brilliant hues along,
Filling the groves with life and song ;
All innocent and wild and free
Their sweet, ethereal minstrelsy.
The dew drop sparkled on the spray,
Danced on the wave the inconstant ray ;

And moody grief, with dark controul,
There only swayed the human soul !

With equal swell, above the flood,
The forest-cinctured mountain stood ;
Its eastward cliffs, a rampart wild,
Rock above rock, sublimely piled.
What scenes of beauty met his eye,
The watchful sentinel on high !
With all its isles and inlets lay
Beneath, the calm, majestic bay ;
Like molten gold, all glittering spread,
Where the clear sun his influence shed ;
In wreathy, crisped brilliance borne,
While laughed the radiance of the morn.
Round rocks, that from the headlands far
Their barriers reared, with murmuring war,
The chafing stream, in eddying play,
Fretted and dashed its foamy spray ;
Along the shelving sands its swell
With hushed and equal cadence fell ;
And here, beneath the whispering grove,
Ran rippling in the shadowy cove.
Thy thickets with their liveliest hue,
Aquetnet green ! were fair to view ;
Far curved the winding shore, where rose
Pocassett's hills in calm repose ;
Or where descending rivers gave
Their tribute to the ampler wave.
Emerging frequent from the tide,
Scarce noticed mid its waters wide,
Lay flushed with morning's roseate smile,
The gay bank of some little isle ;
Where the lone heron plumed his wing,
Or spread it as in act to spring,
Yet paused, as if delight it gave
To bend above the glorious wave.

After recapitulating, or rather alluding to, the disasters and downfall of the various Indian tribes who had struggled in vain for the preservation of their rights and liberties, the author introduces Metacom in the act of holding a council with his Sachems and warriors, near the spring that still bears his name, and which is represented in the engraving that embellishes the volume before us.

There met the council, round the throne,
 Where he, in power, in thought alone,
 Not like the sentenced outlaw sate,
 The abandoned child of wayward fate,
 But as of those tall cliffs a part,
 Cut by some bolder sculptor's art,—
 The imaged God, erect and proud,
 To whom the simple savage bowed.
 His was the strength the weak that sways ;
 The glance the servile herd obeys ;
 The brow of majesty, where thought
 And care their deepest lines had wrought,
 And told, like furrows broad that mark
 The giant ash-tree's fretted bark.
 How stormy years, with forceful sway,
 Will wear youth's scarless gloss away.
 Shorn were his locks, whose ample flow
 Had else revealed him to the foe ;
 And travel-stained the beaver spoils,
 That sheathed his martial limbs below.
 But seemed it that he yet would show,
 Even mid the hunter's closing toils
 Some splendours of his former state,
 When in his royalties he sate.
 For round his brow, with symbols meet,
 In wampum wrought with various die,
 Entwined a studded coronet,
 With circling plumage waving high.
 Above his stalworth shoulders set
 A feathery-woven mantle lay,
 Where many-tinctured pinions gay
 Sprinkled the raven's plumes of jet.
 Collar beneath and gorget shone,
 The peäg armlets and the zone,
 That round with fretted shell-work graced,
 Clipped with broad ring his shapely waist.
 And all war's dread caparison,
 Horn, pouch, and tomahawk were slung ;
 And wide and far descending hung,
 Quaintly embossed with bird and flower,
 The belt that marked the SACHEM's power.

Philip had already met with some sad reverses, and observing
 his chiefs to be dejected and silent, he upbraids them for their
 want of fortitude, and gives vent to his feelings in the warm and
 violent language of mortified pride and burning indignation.

Thus spoke the SACHEM in his ire,
 Bright anger blazing in his eye;
 And, as the bolt of living fire
 Streams through the horrors of the sky,
 Kindling the pine, whose flames aspire
 In one red pyramid on high,
 In all his warriors, as he spoke,
 The rising fury fiercely woke;
 Each tomahawk, in madness swayed,
 Gleamed mid the forest's quivering shade;
 Loud rose the war-whoop, wild and shrill;
 The frowning rock, the towering hill
 Prolonged the indignant cry:
 Far o'er the stilly æther borne,
 By the light pinions of the morn,
 It fell on the lonely traveller's ear,
 Round on the wilderness in fear
 He gazed with anxious eye;
 On distant wave the wanderer well
 Knew the loud larum terrible,
 And trembled at the closing swell,
 As slow its echoes die.

Among the heroes assembled on this occasion, was a warrior named Agamoun, from the Moheagon tribe, who, despising his nation for their submission to the Christian invaders, and ambitious of distinguishing himself in the cause of liberty, had abandoned his degenerate countrymen, and enlisted himself, when a youth, under the banners of Metacom. But years and misfortunes had cooled his ardour, and experience had convinced him of the folly of any further opposition to the invincible arms of the white men. His prudential suggestions had excited the suspicions of Philip, and when, at the present council, he ventured to represent the forlorn situation of the Indians, and to advise proposals for peace and submission, the proud and impetuous spirit of the chief, burst forth in a torrent of reproach; and he levels his musket at the heart of Agamoun, who kneels, and dauntlessly opens his bosom to receive the deadly shot.

“Take, ANASKOU! take thine own!”—
 With voice subdued the SACHEM said,—
 “A braver offering never bled,
 To thee in battle's gory bed'
 And I could mourn the recreant thought
 By which so dear a life was bought,

But that I may not waste a sigh,
On foul, infectious treachery.
Brothers, away! not yet the foe
These our last haunts of safety know;
Till better days, our watch-word be
Hope, vigilance and secrecy."

Philip now proposes to his faithful warriors to force their way to the North, collect their scattered forces, and make one more effort to rally, and retrieve the sinking fortunes of their country. As it was necessary for this purpose, to pass through the territory of the Nipnet tribes, he tells them that Yamoyden must be required to guide and conduct them in the passage, and that, instead of resigning himself to the pleasures of domestic love, with his Christian wife in the sequestered bower, where he concealed her and his infant son, he must be compelled to take part in this last struggle for Independence. To propitiate their god Areskoui, a human sacrifice is thought necessary; and then, for the double purpose of having a suitable victim, and withdrawing Yamoyden from the attractions of his family, a plan is adopted for carrying off the mother and her child, in the absence of the father. Yamoyden, true to his allegiance, had just torn himself from their embraces in order to join himself to the fortunes of king Philip and his resolute warriors, when four Indians rush into Nora's bower, and, wresting the infant from her arms, hurry with the mother and child to the beach where a canoe is in readiness to convey them to the opposite shore. Two of the Indians, with the child, are already in the boat, when Nora, in charge of the other two, is suddenly rescued by a party of her own countrymen, who had been apprised of Philip's scheme by Ahautan, the brother of the murdered Agamoun. At this moment, however, the Indians in the boat push from the shore, and the wretched Nora swoons in the arms of her deliverers, with the agonizing thought that her child is lost for ever.

Whilst these transactions are passing in the Island-Grove, the Christians in their camp are employing their leisure hours in chaunting hymns, and listening to a very prolix harangue, or sermon, from one of their zealous preachers, who descants at large on the motives of the persecuted pilgrims who left their native land, and encountered, for conscience-sake, the most dreadful perils and cruel hardships on a barbarous and inhospitable coast.

O ENGLAND ! from thine earliest age,
 Land of the warrior and the sage !
 Eyrie of freedom, reared on rocks
 That frown o'er ancient ocean's shocks !
 Cradle of art ! religion's fane,
 Whose incense ne'er aspired in vain !
 Temple of laws that shall not die,
 When brass and marble crumbled lie !
 Parent of bards whose harps rehearse
 Immortal deeds in deathless verse !
 O ENGLAND ! can thy pride forget
 Thy soil with martyrs' blood is wet ?
 Bethink thee,—like the plagues which sleep
 In earth's dark bosom buried deep,
 As the poor savage deems,—that o'er
 Thine head, the vials yet in store,
 Vials of righteous wrath must pour !

Strong was the love to heaven which bare
 From their dear homes and altars far,
 The old, the young, the wise, the brave,
 The rich, the noble and the fair,
 And led them, o'er the mighty wave,
 Uncertain peril's front to dare.
 Strong was their love ; and strong the Power
 Whose red right arm, in danger's hour,
 Was bared on high their path to show,
 Through changeful scenes of weal and wo ;
 By signs and wonders, as of old,
 When Israel journeyed through the waste,
 Was its mysterious guidance told ;
 Though lightnings flashed, and thunders rolled,
 The sunbeam glorious smiled at last.

An aged man is now introduced, whose countenance and deportment, give every sign of long endured woe and deep affliction, the melancholy source of which seemed known only to himself ; his venerable and dejected appearance at length create an interest in his countrymen to hear the story of his trials and sufferings, and he is induced by their kind and gentle solicitations to comply with their request. This wretched man proves to be the father of the unhappy Nora, who like another Desdemona, had been wooed and won by the tawny but noble minded Yamoyden, whom she had almost made a proselyte to the Christian faith.

The father, however, could not endure the thought of an alliance, and had ordered the devoted lover, to desist from any further intimacy with his daughter, but alas too late !

“ For they at stolen hours had met.”

And Nora, being too severely rebuked by her father, eloped with the chief, who had provided for her the shade and shelter of the bower before mentioned.

Deep in the forest's bosom green,
 Their cot embowered arose ;
 Enveloped in its woven screen,
 And wrapt in calm repose.
 The fairy humming-bird could scarce
 Amid the boughs its entrance pierce ;
 And practised Indian's hunter eye
 Would fail to trace its mystery.
 One eye alone its labyrinth knew,
 One only heart to Nona true.

Nora being brought to the camp is recognised by her father, who, melted into tenderness by her tears and deprecations, promises forgiveness, and being informed by Ahauton of the horrible preparations that were making by the Indian priests and initiates in the recesses of the Forest for sacrificing the child to the *Spirits of Ill*, he conceals a plan for saving the devoted infant from the blazing pyre, around which the *Pow-wahs* in horrid guise are performing their hellish orgies. Availing himself of the superstitious imagination of the Indians, the old man succeeds in his stratagem, and the child is restored to the arms of its mother. Yamoyden, after having presented himself at the seat of Philip, stole a few moments from the business of the Council, in order to bid another and a last adieu to these objects of his love. Overwhelmed with despair, on finding the bower deserted, he returns to Philip and joins the desperate band of warriors, who were now in hourly expectation of that final battle, in which the gallant son of Massasoit fell, the last champion in the cause of freedom, and the Indian war-whoop in New England, was silenced for ever.

He fought, because he would not yield
 His birthright, and his father's field ;

Would vindicate the deep disgrace,
 The wrongs, the ruin of his race ;—
 He slew, that well avenged in death,
 His kindred spirits pleased might be ;—
 Died, for his people and his faith,
 His sceptre, and his liberty !

The eventful battle begins by the troops of the colonists attacking the Indians in their strong hold. The trembling Nora, who had been conducted by Ahauton to an eminence near the spot, stands the sad spectator of the bloody scene. In the heat of the combat, she sees her aged father engaged with an Indian, who has raised his tomahawk, and is just about to give the mortal blow, when Yamoyden rushes forward to stay the stroke, which, averted by his arm from the old man's head, glances, and falls with deadly force on his own faithful breast. The foe retires; when Nora, rushing from her retreat, throws herself on the body of her dying husband, and they expire in each other's arms, in the presence of the father. Philip, in the meantime, after fighting most desperately, and refusing to surrender, receives his death wound from the avenging arm of the brother of Agamoun.

After glancing at this epitome of the story, the reader, it is presumed, will open the poem with a mind better prepared to perceive its merits, than he would otherwise be. A narrative of Indian wars is not likely to prove very interesting, and it is fortunate that the author has not entered much into that kind of detail in the present work. The story, though in the main, founded on historical facts and local tradition, has borrowed many of its incidents from the imagination of the poet; but, much to his credit, the bounds of probability do not appear to have been materially violated by this operation, and the representations of the Indian character and manners, are authenticated by the numerous notes subjoined to every canto. Although the name of the poem entitles *Yamoyden* to be regarded as the hero of the story, it is very questionable, whether the merits of this claim might not be fairly asserted in favour of King Philip. *Yamoyden*, however, was a warrior, a lover, and almost a Christian; and as piety, valour and love, are always considered very essential ingredients in the composition of an epic hero, he must perhaps be permitted to enjoy the pre-eminence. The present article not being intended as a critical examination of the intrinsic character of the work, but

merely as an exhibition of its materials and structure, with a view of introducing it to the notice of the public, we have confined ourselves to the business of selecting the foregoing quotations as specimens of the poetical talents of Mr. Eastburn and his friend. Many passages of superior beauty might have been quoted, but which are not so immediately connected with the abridged narrative. The ode to the Manitto of dreams, and the Indian invocation of the spirits of Ill, evince a very prolific and vigorous fancy. Prefixed to the poem, are some very beautiful stanzas, by Mr. Eastburn's friend, which glow with all the sentiments of a generous and feeling heart, and are rich in poetic imagery and diction.

But, no ! the freshness of that past shall still
 Sacred to memory's holiest musings be ;
 When through the ideal fields of song, at will
 He roved, and gathered chaplets wild with thee ;
 When, reckless of the world, alone and free,
 Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,
 That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea ;
 Their white apparel and their streamers gay,
 Bright gleaming o'er the main, beneath the ghastly ray ;—

And downward, far, reflected in the clear,
 Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees ;
 So, buoyant, they do seem to float in air,
 And silently obey the noiseless breeze :—
 Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,
 They part, for distant ports : Thee gales benign
 Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,
 To its own harbour sure, where each divine
 And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine.

ART. XVI. *Sermons preached in the Tron Church, Glasgow.* By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Glasgow, 1819. pp. 525. 8vo. New York, 8vo. pp. 415. Boards. \$2 25.

For many years past, an inflated style, full of high sounding, Johnsonian words, has been too popular in England and America. Of late, another mode of writing has been introduced, by some celebrated writers, which is characterized by an Addisonian ease, without the accuracy and neatness of the best model of an English author. Simplicity and perspicuity are the first requisites in a good composition ; but they are not inconsistent with even elevation.

gance of diction. These remarks are applicable to the sermons of Dr. Chalmers. He is a polite writer of the newest fashion; but while we delight in his plainness, simplicity, and energy, we ought not to excuse his slovenly manner, and apparent contempt for chasteness of language. We shall expose some of the defects of the sermons before us, especially because the author *has his name up*; and, we fear, will have many imitators of his censurable attributes; and because there is little need of praising his good qualities, as a man of sterling sense, when all the periodical journals of our country, taking their tone from the national Scotch critics, resound his praises, without fear of exposing the weakness of their respective editors.

From negligence, Dr. C. is chargeable with frequent *repetitions*, not only of the same idea, but of the same words. To reject the righteousness of Christ, he says, "is expressly saying of our obedience, that it is *good enough for God*." p. 175. "It is equivalent to a formally announced sentiment on your part, that your performances, sinful as they are, and polluted as they are, are *good enough for Heaven*." p. 177. In effecting man's redemption, Christ had "to bend, as it were, the holy and everlasting attributes of God, and in doing so, to pour over them the lustre of a high and awful vindication." p. 180. Again, p. 238. "He had to pour the lustre of a high and awful vindication, over the attributes of a nature that is holy and unchangeable." Such repetition as this would be very excusable in an extemporaneous sermonizer; but really, it was not to have been expected from the great modern light of Scotland. In Sermon V. our author says,

"He formed us at first after his own likeness; and ere we can be re-admitted into that paradise from which we have been exiled, we must be created anew in the image of God. These spirits must be made perfect, and every taint of selfishness and impurity be done away from them. Heaven is the place into which nothing that is unclean or unholy can enter; and we are not preparing for our inheritance there, unless there be gathering upon us here, the lineaments of a celestial character. Now, a man may be accomplished in the moralities of civil and of social life, without so much as the semblance of such a character resting upon him. He may have no share whatsoever in the tastes, or in the enjoyments, or in the affections of paradise. There might not be a single trace of the mark of the Lamb of God upon his forehead. He who ponders so intelligently the secrets of the heart, may be able to discover there, no vestige of any love for himself,—no sensibility at all to what is amiable, or to what is great, in the character of the Godhead,—

no desire whatever after his glory,—no such feeling towards him who is to tabernacle with men, as will qualify him to bear a joyful part in the songs, and the praises of that city which has foundations. Surrounded as he is by the perishable admiration of his fellows, he is altogether out of affection, and out of acquaintance, with that Being with whom he has to do; and it will be found on the great day of *the doings*, and the deliberations of the judgment-seat, that as he had no relish for God in time, so is he utterly unfit for his presence, or for his friendship in eternity," P. 161.

This is very well, if we except from our approbation the unbecoming representations of *the great day of the doings*, and *the deliberations of the judgment-seat*; but mark the repetition of the same things in the very next paragraph,

"It is said of God, that he created man after his own image, and it was upon losing this image that he was cast out of Paradise; and ere he can be again admitted, the image that has been lost, must again be formed on him. The grand qualification for the society of Heaven is, that each of its members be like unto God. In the selfish and sensual society of earth, there is many a feature of resemblance to the Godhead that is most readily dispensed with; and many an individual here obtains applause and toleration among his fellows, though there is not one attribute of the saintly character belonging to him." P. 161.

Having given a few instances of repetition, we pass to the charge of *negligence* in style. Although it is a matter of no great praise for a writer to be correct in little things; yet it is a great defect to be otherwise. Dr. C. has this expression, (p. 130.) "And when the business of devotion is thus *unpeopled* of all its externals, and of all its accessaries; when thus reduced to a naked exercise of spirit, can you appeal to the longings, and the affections of that spirit, as the essential proof of your godliness?" Had he used the word *divested* instead of *unpeopled*, it would have been quite intelligible; but it requires a great stretch of the imagination to convert the *externals* and *accessaries* of devotion into *people*, and devotion into a depopulated town, or residence, of the spirit of prayer. Figurative expressions are necessary and useful, especially for illustration, but we have no great admiration of figures run mad.

"When the judge and his attendants shall come on the high errand of the world's destinies, they will come from God." p. 170. Here we have the *world's destinies sending the Judge* of the world, and his attendants, on an *errand*. It would be more respectful, if

any thing be said about an *errand* in this place, to represent God as *sending* the Mediator on the high *errand* of adjusting this world's destinies.

"Tens of thousands are posting their infatuated way to a ruined and undone eternity." p. 198. These epithets Dr. C. applies to eternity frequently. See p. 226, on which we have "the prospect of his own rueful and undone eternity;" and p. 229, on which we read of person's lying "fast asleep on the brink of an unprovided eternity." How the attributes *ruined*, *undone*, and *unprovided*, can properly be applied to eternity, it is difficult to conceive: but we have a clear understanding of a miserable eternity, or of an endless duration of misery. We can readily comprehend also, what is meant by an eternity *unprovided for*, by negligent mortals; and we can conceive of persons *ruined* and *undone for*, *in*, or *through* eternity. Persons may be *undone*, while eternity cannot.

On p. 204, he writes of "hair-breadth miracles of escape." Who ever heard before of *hair breadth miracles*? Of *hair-breadth escapes* we have often heard; and we presume Dr. C. intended to speak of nearly *miraculous hair-breadth escapes*.

For such words as *dispoated*, *dormancy*, *sentimentalism*, *unprincipledness*, *accordancy*, *isoterical*, *unhingement*, *acquaintanceship*, *by-gone*, *lesser*, *materiel*, *morale*, *residenter*, *allment* used as a verb, and *totality*, our author should have published a glossary at the end of his volume, in order that the English reader might clearly apprehend his meaning.

We have no strong objection to his speaking of "the high theatre of parliament," and of "the man who has there *won the mighty game of superiority*," p. 195. because we are republicans, and have no more veneration for that tribunal, than for our congress: but we should suppose the spirit of Chatham, the present Castlereagh, and others, would hardly thank Dr. C. for the insinuation, that parliamentary eminence is obtained as a game is won, when sharpers play at cards, by chance or knavery.

On p. 227, he says, "Another influence altogether, than that which is salutary and saving, has been sent into your bosom; and the glow of the truth *universal* has deafened or intercepted the application of the truth *personal*, and of the truth *particular*." Leaving all French and Latin idioms, we suppose he intended in this awkward sentence, not that a *glow* could *deafen*; but that the glow of a general truth may have prevented the personal and par-

ticular application of it. Too much brilliancy sometimes obscures, or prevents vision, but we have never known it to injure the ears.

"These verses sound foolishness," he says, p. 232, when he means, that they sound *as* or *like* foolishness. "They have eyes that *they* cannot see," is to be found on the same page: but surely, the reason that they cannot see, is not that they have eyes. He intended, "they have eyes that cannot see;" or, "they have eyes, *but* they cannot see."

We may give a fair specimen of the length of Dr. Chalmers's sentences, and of their complicateness by the following extract.

"We know not a more insidious security, than that which steals over the mind of him *who*, when he looks to another eminent name for godliness or orthodoxy, and perceives in him a certain degree of conformity to the world, or a certain measure of infirmity of temper, or a certain abandonment of himself to the natural enjoyments of luxury, or of idle gossiping, or of commenting with malignant pleasure on the faults and failings of the absent, *thinks*, that upon such an example, it is safe for him to allow in himself an equal extent of indulgence, and to go the same lengths of laxity or transgression; *and thus*, instead of measuring himself by the perfect law of the Almighty, and making conformity to it the object of his strenuous aspirations,—*does he measure* himself and compare himself with his fellow mortals,—and pitches his ambition to no greater height than the accidental level which obtains amongst the members of his own religious brotherhood, and finds a quiet repose in the mediocrity of their actual accomplishments, and of their current and conventional observations." P. 192.

The writer intended, we must think, *observances*, when he wrote *observations*. To assist our readers in comprehending the passage, a few of those words, which may be considered as the principal joints of the whole frame, have been put in *italics*. *Who* is the nominative to *thinks*; and *thinks* is designed to be connected by the particles of transition and conjunction, *and thus*, with the verbal clause, *does he measure*. He *thinks* and *does he measure* himself, and *pitches* his ambition. These verbs must be coupled with *thinks* by the conjunction *and*. It would render the construction more natural, and avoid the needless repetition of the nominative, to erase the words *does he*, and convert *measure* into *measures*, so as to make the sentence read thus: *who—thinks,—and thus—measures and compares himself,—and pitches* his ambition.

It would be tedious to undertake a grammatical analysis of other equally complicated and incorrect sentences; we remark,

therefore, as our conclusion concerning the style of Dr. C. that no one ought to imitate it; and as literary compositions, none should be emulous of the praise which his sermons merit.

We shall now view the book in our hand under another aspect. In our judgment, any divine is well compensated for the perusal of an octavo volume, if it will exhibit to him *one new idea, of importance*, on the subject of theology. He is well paid too, for a strict examination of a single sermon, who finds in it one clearer illustration, than he ever had before, of any common idea, of everlasting importance. Now Dr. Chalmers is a man of great energy and originality of thought. With all his ruggedness of diction, he gives his readers large portions of the golden ore of divine truth; and were his language as correct, and his taste as pure, he would equal, as a sermonizer, the Rev. *Robert Hall* of England. The principal fault of these sermons, which we have not already named, is that of metaphysical inaccuracy on several important points. A few of these will come under consideration, while we are taking a general survey of the contents of the book.

It contains *seventeen sermons*.

In the *first*, our author shows, that the influences of the Holy Spirit are necessary to render the preaching of the gospel effectual, to the salvation of them who hear it. The ordinary and established agency of God is requisite, he proves, "even in the ordinary branches of human learning;" and "the success of the teacher, on the one hand, and the proficiency of the scholars on the other, are still dependent on the will of God. It is true, that, in this case, we are not so ready to feel our dependence. God is apt to be overlooked in all those cases where he acts with uniformity." "Now, in the matters of human education, God acts with uniformity. Let there be zeal and ability on the part of the teacher, and an ordinary degree of aptitude on the part of the taught,—and the result of the vigorous and well sustained co-operation may in general be counted upon;" because that result has been established, and has become a law of nature, by the will of the Deity. By this ordinary influence of God upon the mental faculties, all men may obtain the science of theology. But there is something *special* "in the work of a Christian teacher,—a something essential to its success, and which is not essential to the proficiency of scholars in the ordinary branches of education,—an influence that is beyond the reach of human power and human

wisdom ; and to obtain which, immediate recourse must be had, in the way of prayer and dependence, to the power of God." What this *special influence* is, he spends much time in endeavouring to explain. He would not be understood to pretend, that it is the office of the Holy Spirit "to reveal any thing additional to the information, whether in the way of doctrine or of duty, which the Bible places before us. But his office, as defined by the Bible itself, is not to make known any truths which are not contained in the Bible ; but to make clear to our understandings the truths which are contained in it. He opens our understandings to understand the Scriptures. The word of God is called the sword of the Spirit. It is the instrument by which the spirit worketh. He does not tell us any thing that is out of the record ; but all that is within it he sends home, with clearness and effect upon the mind. He does not make us wise above that which is written ; but he makes us wise up to that which is written." p. 35. When a hearer of the word becomes a spiritual man, so as to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness, "the reason is, that there rests upon him a *peculiar manifestation*, by which the truth is made visible to the eye of his mind, and a *peculiar energy*, by which it comes home upon his conscience. And if you come to inquire into the cause of this speciality, it is the language of the Bible, confirmed, as we believe it to be, by the soundest experience, that every power which nature has conferred upon man, exalted to its highest measure, and called forth to its most strenuous exercise, is not able to accomplish it,—that it is due to a power above nature, and beyond it, that it is due to what the Apostle calls the demonstration of the spirit,—a demonstration withheld from the self-sufficient exertions of man, and given to his believing prayers." P. 41.

The description which Dr. C. gives, in this discourse, of an eloquent and powerful preacher of the gospel, whose labours are not blessed with this special manifestation of the Spirit, is remarkably excellent. No portion of the volume is superior to it. We shall only cite a part of his spirited exhibition on this subject.

"There is a covering of thick darkness upon the face of all people, a mighty influence abroad upon the world, with which the Prince of the power of the air keeps his thousands and his tens of thousands under him. The minister who enters into this field of conflict may have zeal, and talents, and eloquence. His heart may be smitten with the love of the truth, and his

mind be fully fraught with its arguments. Thus armed, he may come forth among his people, flushed with the mighty enterprise of turning souls from the dominion of satan unto God. In all the hope of victory he may discharge the weapons of his warfare among them. Week after week, he may reason with them out of the Scriptures. Sabbath after sabbath, he may declaim, he may demonstrate, he may put forth every expedient, he may at one time set in array before them the terrors of the law, at another he may try to win them by the free offer of the gospel; and, in the proud confidence of success he may think that nothing can withstand him, and that the heart of every hearer must give way before the ardour of his zeal and the power of his invincible arguments. Yes: they may admire him, and they may follow him, but the question we have to ask is, will they be converted by him? They may even go so far as to allow that it is all very true he says. He may be their favourite preacher, and when he opens his exhortations upon them, there may be a deep and a solemn attention in every countenance. But how is the heart coming on all the while? How do these people live, and what evidence are they giving of their being born again under the power of his ministry? It is not enough to be told of those momentary convictions which flash from the pulpit, and carry a thrilling influence along with them through the hearts of listening admirers. Have these hearers of the word, ever become the doers of the word? Have they sunk down into the character of humble, and sanctified, and penitent, and pains-taking Christians? Where, where is the fruit? And while the preaching of Christ is all their joy, has the will of Christ become all their direction? Alas, he may look around him, and at the end of the year, after all the tumults of a sounding popularity, he may find the great bulk of them just where they were,—as listless and unconcerned about the things of eternity,—as obstinately alienated from God,—as firmly devoted to selfish and transitory interests,—as exclusively set upon the farm, and the money, and the merchandize,—and, with the covering of many external decencies, to make them as fair and as plausible as their neighbours around them, proving by a heart, given, with the whole tide of its affections, to the vanities of the world, that they have their full share of the wickedness which abounds in it. After all his sermons, and all his loud and passionate addresses, he finds that the power of darkness still keeps its ground among them. He is grieved to learn that all he has said, has had no more effect, than the foolish and the feeble lisping of infancy. He is overwhelmed by a sense of his own helplessness, and the lesson is a wholesome one. It makes him feel that the sufficiency is not in him, but in God: it makes him understand that another power must be brought to bear upon the mass of resistance which is before him; and let the man of confident and aspiring genius, who thought he was to assail the dark seats of human corruption, and to carry them by storm, let him be reduced in mortified and dependent humbleness to the expedient of the apostle, let him crave the intercessions of his people, and throw himself upon their prayers." P. 45.

Our author's conclusion is a most important one, that men ought to exert all their natural faculties and powers, with a view to obtain, and to be the means of communicating, saving knowledge ; in the very same way that they would exert them, for the acquirement of knowledge in any ordinary science ; and that they should, at the same time, pray to God earnestly for his special, saving influences, in humble dependence upon him, that he will answer prayer and fulfil his promises.

"The union of these two graces has at times been finely exemplified in the later and uninspired ages of the Christian church ; and the case of the missionary *Elliot* is the first, and the most impressive that occurs to us. His labours, like those of the great apostle, were directed to the extension of the vineyard of Christ,—and he was among the very first who put forth his hand to the breaking up of the American wilderness. For this purpose did he set himself down to the acquirement of a harsh and barbarous language ; and he became qualified to confer with savages ; and he grappled for years with their untractable humours ; and he collected these wanderers into villages ; and while other reformers have ennobled their names by the formation of a new set of public laws, did he take upon him the far more arduous task of creating for his untamed Indians, a new set of domestic habit ; and such was the power of his influence, that he carried his christianizing system into the very bosom of their families ; and he spread art, and learning, and civilization amongst them ; and to his visible labours among his people he added the labours of the closet ; and he translated the whole bible into their tongue ; and he set up a regular provision for the education of their children ; and lest the spectator who saw his fourteen towns risen as by enchantment in the desert, and peopled by the rudest of its tribes, should ask in vain for the mighty power by which such wondrous things had been brought to pass,—this venerable priest left his testimony behind him ; and neither overlooking the agency of God, nor the agency of man as the instrument of God, he tells us, in one memorable sentence, written by himself at the end of his Indian grammar, that 'prayers and pains through faith in Christ Jesus can do any thing.' " P. 52.

This tribute to our great American *Apostle to the Indians* was merited ; and our readers will undoubtedly peruse it with great pleasure ; the sixteen *ands* in the last sentence, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sermon second is designed to evince the natural blindness and depravity of man, which make the special influence of God necessary, that the preaching the gospel may be effectual, from the fact, that the men of the world represent all the peculiar doctrines of grace as *mysterious*, and exclaim, *Doth he not speak parables ?*

Sermon third, exhibits what preparation is necessary for understanding, in a spiritual manner, these very truths of the gospel, which are deemed mysterious, by the unrenewed mind. "We ought to have," he says, "an honest desire after light, and if we have this desire, it will not remain unproductive. There is a connexion repeatedly announced to us in Scripture between desire upon this subject, and its accomplishment. He that will do the will of God, shall know of my doctrine. He who hungereth and thirsteth shall be filled. He who lacketh wisdom, and is desirous of obtaining it, let him vent his desire in prayer, and if it be the prayer of confidence in God, his desire shall be given him."—p. 86. "Secondly, we ought to have the habit of prayer conjoined with a habit of inquiry; and to this more will be given."

Any theologian must readily judge, that *the preparation* here described, is such as proves the possessor of it to have been already savingly taught by the Spirit; and so taught, as to comprehend the mysteries of the kingdom of God. Persons who *will* to please God, *hunger and thirst after righteousness*, offer the *prayer of confidence* in God, and have formed the *habits of prayer and prayerful inquiry*, are the children of the Most High already; and being his by adoption, shall certainly receive larger communications of spiritual wisdom. If our author intended to describe the *preparation necessary for their understanding the mysteries of the gospel*, who now possess no saving knowledge of them, he has missed his aim. He should have shown what necessarily, or ordinarily, precedes the saving apprehension of the truth as it is in Jesus. He should have described such *attention* to divine things; such *volitions* to consider, and understand; such *convictions, desires, apprehensions*, and *voluntary exertions*, as those may be the subjects of, who have not yet believed with the heart unto salvation. He should have evinced, moreover, that these preparatory operations have some promised, established, or at least probable, connection with the spiritual discernment of the converted man. At present, we have it, in the Doctor's account of the process, that a man must have right moral exercises of soul, before he has them, in order that he may obtain them. Had he stopped short, after he had written, "we ought to have an honest desire after light, and if we have this desire, it will not remain unproductive;" it would have been to his purpose; for a sinner, who views the

gospel as mysterious, may nevertheless, while unrenewed, from some natural, and not criminal motive, *desire*, very *honestly*, to know the truth. Natural *fear* of future misery may be a motive for determining to seek after the knowledge necessary to salvation; or the *natural hope* of being rendered happy, by obtaining true wisdom, may give origin to the desire after light. This natural fear, hope, and desire, are not holy; nor are they sinful: they are not forbidden by the word of God; and they do not partake of the nature of holy conformity to the moral law; and yet, He who addresses the truth to the consideration of natural men, and to their natural principles of feeling, volition, and exertion, may be graciously pleased to make this fear, hope and desire, the instrumental cause of their conversion into spiritual men in Christ Jesus. In this sense, even natural *fear*, may be, *the beginning of wisdom. He is in the way of life, that receiveth instruction. Hear, and your souls shall live.*

Sermons *fourth*, *fifth*, and *sixth*, are designed to be one continued discourse, from Job ix. 30—33. for "Sermon V." begins with "III." and "Sermon VI." with "IV." which are the general divisions of "Sermon IV." Still we have a new text, from 1 Cor. iv. 3, 4, for the caption of the fifth sermon. These things are allowable,—in men of genius: but we are plain men, and therefore thank our learned author for giving us a title to each sermon, which we shall follow as the guide of our remarks. *Sermon fourth*, then, is designed to furnish "an estimate of the morality that is without godliness." It is a clear exhibition of the truth, that a man may *wash himself with snow water*, abstain from many sins, reform his external conduct, and comply with the external decencies of religion and morality, without possessing any attributes of moral character which Jehovah can approve. One may "accomplish the doing of what God bids; but have no pleasure in God himself. The forcible constraining of the hand, may make out many a visible act of obedience, but the relish of the heart may refuse to go along with it. The outer man may be all in a bustle about the commandments of God, while to the inner man God is an offence and a weariness. His neighbours may look at him, and all that their eye can reach, may be as clean as snow water can make it. But the eye of God reaches a great deal farther. He is the discerners of the thoughts and intents of

the heart, and he may see the foulness of spiritual idolatry in every one of its receptacles." P. 123.

God requires of us the performance of right external actions, from right internal motives; from the dictates of an enlightened conscience, and the right emotions of our hearts. Of the obedience of our hearts he is worthy; and his claim to our love, confidence, and cheerful compliance with his will in all things, is very happily asserted by our author.

"He put life into us; and it is he who hath drawn a circle of enjoyments, and friendships, and interests around us. Every thing that we take delight in, is ministered to us out of his hand. He plies us every moment with his kindness; and when at length the gift stole the heart of man away from the Giver, so that he became a lover of his own pleasure, rather than a lover of God, even then would he not leave us to perish in the guilt of our rebellion. Man made himself an alien, but God was not willing to abandon him; and, rather than lose him for ever, did he devise a way of access by which to woo, and to welcome him back again. The way of our recovery is indeed a way that his heart was set upon; and to prove it, he sent his own eternal Son into the world, who unrobed him of all his glories, and made himself of no reputation. He had to travel in the greatness of his strength, that he might unbar the gates of acceptance to a guilty world; and now that, in full harmony with the truth and the justice of God, sinners may draw nigh through the blood of the atonement, what is the wonderful length to which the condescension of God carries him? Why, he actually beseeches us to be reconciled; and, with a tone more tender than the affection of an earthly father ever prompted, does he call upon us to turn, and to turn, for why should we die? If, after all this, the antipathy of nature to God still cleave to us,—if, under the power of this antipathy, the service we yield, be the cold and unwilling service of constraint,—if, with many of the visible outworks of obedience, there be also the strugglings of a reluctant heart to take away from this obedience, all its cheerfulness, is not God defrauded of his offering?" P. 126.

There may exist as our author has shewn, "compassion, and natural affection, and justice, and public spirit," where there is no piety; but we cannot agree with him, that justice and public spirit would ever be known, "where there was no feeling and no conviction about God." p. 135. Where there is no *right* feeling, no *right* conviction about God, there may be the exercise of justice, and the manifestation of public spirit, upon principles of policy, and self-love; but really, we cannot conceive of a rational and social being, engaged in works of this kind, without having *some* conviction about God.

It is difficult to convince men of good moral character, in the esteem of the world, that they may still be without one good thing towards the Lord God of Israel. On this subject we shall make another quotation, highly descriptive, and beautiful, which is, alas! too just.

"The man of ordinances cannot acquiesce in what he reckons to be the exaggerations of orthodoxy upon this subject; nor can he at all conceive how it is possible that, with so much of the semblance of godliness about him, there should, at the same time, be within him the very opposite of godliness. It is, indeed, a difficult task to carry upon this point the conviction of him who positively loves the sabbath, and to whom the chime of its morning bells, brings the delightful associations of peace and of sacredness; who has his hours of prayer, at which he gathers his family around him, and his hours of attendance on that house where the man of God deals out his weekly lessons to the assembled congregation. It may be in vain to tell him, that God in fact is a weariness to his heart, when it is attested to him by his own consciousness,—that, when the preacher is before him, and the people are around him, and the professed object of their coming together, is to join in the exercises of devotion, and to grow in the knowledge of God, he finds in fact that all is pleasantness,—that his eye is not merely filled with the public exhibition, and his ear regaled by the impressiveness of a human voice, but that the interest of his heart is completely kept up by the succession and variety of the exercises. It may be in vain to tell him, that this religion of taste, or this religion of habit, or this religion of inheritance, may utterly* consist with the deep and the determined worldliness of all his affections,—that he, whom he thinks to be the God of his sabbath is not the God of his week; but that through all the successive days of it, he is going astray after the idols of vanity, and living without God in the world." P. 129.

In *Sermon fifth*, he shows how widely the judgment of God differs from that of men, in relation to moral and religious character. It is really a continuation of the subject discussed in the preceding discourse.

Sermon sixth exhibits the necessity of a Mediator between God and man. The holiness and justice of God are so opposed to the sinfulness and guilt of man, that a Saviour is necessary, both for justification and sanctification. On this last point Dr. C. has many important representations, and he particularly presses the idea, that the kindness, tenderness, compassion, mercifulness, and other attributes of the moral character of Christ, while in our

* *Utterly* is one of our author's good words strangely used. It means *perfectly* in this sentence.

world, are the faithful exhibitions of these same attributes of moral character in the Godhead. The Deity is as essentially compassionate, merciful, and just, as Jesus Christ really was, when he instructed the ignorant, had patience with the stupid, and afforded assistance to all who asked it.

"Those high attributes of truth, and justice, and mercy, which could not be felt or understood, as they existed in the abstract and invisible Deity, are brought down to our conceptions in a manner the most familiar and impressive, by having been made through Jesus Christ, to flow in utterances from human lips, and to beam in expressive physiognomy from a human countenance. So long as I had nothing before me but the unseen Spirit of God, my mind wandered in uncertainty, my busy fancy was free to expatiate, and its images filled my heart with disquietude and terror. But in the life, and person, and history, of Jesus Christ, the attributes of the Deity are brought down to the observation of the senses; and I can no longer mistake them, when in the Son, who is the express image of the Father, I see them carried home to my understanding by the evidence and expression of human organs,—when I see the kindness of the Father, in the tears which fell from his Son at the tomb of Lazarus,—when I see his justice blended with his mercy, in the exclamation, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem,' by Jesus Christ; uttered with a tone more tender than the sympathy of human bosoms ever prompted, while he bewailed the sentence of its desolation,—and in the look of energy and significance which he throw upon Peter, I feel the judgment of God himself, flashing conviction on my conscience, and calling me to repent while his wrath is suspended, and he still waiteth to be gracious." P. 186.

Sermon seventh illustrates the folly of mankind in measuring themselves by themselves, instead of the law of God, the only perfect standard, and the rule of final adjudication. Smugglers, robbers, and the people of Botany-Bay, compare their moral conduct with that of their fellows, and if they do not sink below the level of that morality which is common amongst themselves, are proud of their virtue, and even expect justification before God, on account of their own righteousness. If men do not shudder at our conduct, but compliment us, when in many things we rise above mediocrity, we are prone to imagine that Jehovah approves also. This hardens men in heart, and induces them to set at nought the righteousness of Christ.

Having in the seven first sermons proved, in various ways, the depravity and criminality of mankind, our author enters in the *eighth*, on the scheme of salvation by Jesus Christ; who in the redemption and recovery of sinful beings is the wisdom of God. By him alone, is it the divine pleasure, that the most moral person

of our sinful race, should have access to his Maker. Through Jesus, our judge offers us a deed of amnesty, a cancelment of the legal sentence, and "we must *passively* accept of it," "we must look to the warrant as issued by the sovereign, and take the boon." Of all this we perfectly approve, with the exception of the term *passively*; for *acceptance* is a voluntary act, and to call it *passive*, is as absurd as to speak of *passive activity*. A voluntary agent receives nothing, by his own agency, *passively*. It is high time to banish these scholastic terms from theology; especially, when, if they signify any thing, they denote something false. The writer has well said,

"You have a warrant to put on the righteousness of Christ as a robe and as a diadem, and to go to the throne of grace with the petition of, Look upon me in the face of him who hath fulfilled all righteousness. You are furnished with such a measure of righteousness as God can accept, without letting down a single attribute which belongs to him. The truth, and the justice, and the holiness, which stand in such threatening array against the sinner who is out of Christ, now form into a shield and a hiding place around him: and while he who trusts in the general mercy of God does so at the expence of his whole character; he who trusts in the mercy of God, which hath appeared unto all men through the Saviour, offers in that act of confidence an homage to every perfection of the Divinity, and has every perfection of the Divinity upon his side. And thus it is, that under the economy of redemption, we now read, not merely of God being merciful, but of God being just and faithful in forgiving our sins, and in cleansing us from all our unrighteousness." P. 242.

Sermons ninth, tenth, and eleventh, treat of the affection of love, towards God. And here, we are glad to find Dr. C. uniformly speaking of love as an *affection*, and not as a *passion*, according to the loose language of most writers. Yet he has fallen into an error quite as great, in frequently speaking of the *love of esteem*, the *love of gratitude*, the *love of kindness*, as being so many species of love. He might as well have told us of the *love of hope*, the *love of desire*, the *love of reverence*, the *love of pity*; and indeed, might have called every affection of the human mind an operation of loving. The truth is, *esteem* and *gratitude* are as distinct affections from each other, and from *love*, as they are from hope, delight, confidence, patience, and meekness. Love of a person, love of his benefits, love of gratitude, of kindness, and esteem, ought to mean the exercise of love for these distinct objects: but Dr. C. has made love the *generic* term, and esteem, kindness, and grati-

tude, the *specific* differences in the generic affection. If we *esteem* a man, or his conduct ; or if we *love* him for any consideration ; or if we exercise many emotions which may come under the abstract term of *kindness*, it is best to assert what we really mean and feel.

Now it is lamentably true, that men may *love* the blessings of Providence, without *esteeming* the moral character of the Deity. It is also true, that the moral character of God deserves *esteem*, and his kindness to man the *love* of all men ; and his *favours* may be *loved* for their value to the recipients of them, while the author of them should be regarded with *gratitude*. The sentiments of our author are more correct than his language on this subject ; and we most cordially approve of his opinions, while we wish that he had written with metaphysical accuracy. *Gratitude* is not a sordid affection ; it does not deserve to be stigmatized as *selfishness* and sin. It is but reasonable, that we should love God for his favours, as well as esteem those attributes which have induced him to confer them. We ought to love him because he has first loved us ; but not on this account exclusively.

Some theologians have made all holiness to consist in the disinterested love of God ; and have required this in the very beginning of the spiritual life, as the sole evidence of conversion. Dr. C. however, has shewn, that *faith* must precede every kind of love to God ; and that the love of the Divine character, for its own excellencies, could never arise in the sinner's mind, until that sinner believed in the doctrine of reconciliation, through our Lord Jesus Christ. " Faith in the cross of Christ," he remarks, " is the primary step of this approximation" towards our righteous Lawgiver.

" To call for a disinterested affection towards God, from one who looks upon God as an adversary, and that even though there should be in his bosom the undeveloped seeds of regard to the worth or character of the Supreme, is to make a demand on a sentient being, which, by his very constitution, he is unable to meet or to satisfy. And is not this demand still more preposterous, when it comes from a quarter where the depravity of man is held to be so entire, that not one latent or predisposing element towards the love of God is ascribed to him ? Is it not a still vainer expectation to think, in such hopeless circumstances as these, that ere man seizes the gift of redemption he shall import into his character the grace of a pure and spiritual affection ; that with the terror of his bosom yet unpacified, and the countenance of God upon him as unrelenting as ever, there shall arise, in the midst of all this

agitation, a love to that Being, the very thought of whom brings a sense of insecurity along with it; or that a guilty creature, who, even if he had in a state of dormancy within him the principles of moral regard to the Divinity, could not, under the burden of wrath still unappeased, charm these principles, out of the state of their inaction,—that he, even were he utterly destitute of these principles, should be able, under this burden, to charm them out of the state of non-existence?"

A man without faith in the gospel, may love some of the attributes of the Deity, and some of his own conceptions of the Divine character. He may reject, from his idea of God, immutable justice, and under a false view of his kindness feel attachment to Him. Men may in this way obtain a sort of fictitious godliness, but "they cannot endure the view of his whole character; and should this view ever intrude itself, it puts to flight all the pathos and elegance of mere natural piety. Truth, as directed against themselves; holiness, as refusing to dwell in peaceful or approving fellowship with themselves; justice, as committed to a sentence of severe and inflexible retribution on themselves,—all these are out of their contemplation at that moment, when the votaries of a poetical theism feel towards their imagined deity an evanescent flow of affection or reverence." The whole character of the true God cannot be loved by any sinner, unless he is viewed as merciful in the true and only way of dispensing mercy. If we conceive of God as *just*, we cannot at the same time view him as *merciful*, unless we understand how justice and mercy to the guilty can be reconciled; and there is no other system than that of redemption by Christ, which has ever pretended to show how the Moral Governor of the universe can punish all transgression, according to the requisition of justice; and yet mercifully deliver the culprit from experiencing merited punishment. The only just and merciful God, therefore, is God in Christ. The impossibility of our loving God, without first having a view of him as gracious and merciful, is elegantly illustrated by our author, in his description of a beautiful landscape, illuminated by the eruptions of a volcano.

"The truth is, that these two elements go together in the sad progress of human degeneracy. Man liked not to retain God in his knowledge, and God gave him over to a reprobate mind; and again, man walking in vanity, and an enemy to God by wicked works, had his understanding darkened, and was visited with ignorance, and blindness of heart. We do not apprehend God, and therefore it is that we must be renewed in the knowledge of him, ere we can be formed again to the love of him. The natural man can no

more admire the Deity through the obscurities in which he is shrouded, than he can admire a landscape which he never saw, and which at the time of his approach to it, is wrapped in the gloom of midnight. He can no more, with every effort to stir up his faculties to lay hold of him, catch an endearing view of the Deity, than his eye can by straining, penetrate its way through a darkened firmament, to the features of that material loveliness which lies before him, and around him. It must be lighted up to him, ere he can love it, or enjoy it, and tell us what the degree of his affection for the scenery would be, if instead of being lighted up by the peaceful approach of a summer morn, it were to blaze into sudden visibility, with all its cultivation and cottages, by the fires of a bursting volcano. Tell us, if all the glory and gracefulness of the landscape which had thus started into view, would charm the beholder for a moment, from the terrors of his coming destruction! Tell us, if it is possible for a sentient being, to admit another thought in such circumstances as these, than the thought of his own preservation. O would not the sentiment of fear about himself, cast out every sentiment of love for all that he now saw, and were he only safe could look upon with ecstasy?—and let the beauty be as exquisite as it may, would not all the power and pleasure of its enchantments fly away from his bosom, were it only seen through the glowing fervency of elements that threatened to destroy him?

Let us now conceive, that through that thick spiritual darkness by which every child of nature is encompassed, there was forced upon him, a view of the countenance of the Deity,—that the perfections of God were made visible,—and that the character on which the angels of paradise gaze with delight, because they there behold all the lineaments of moral grandeur, and moral loveliness, were placed before the eye of his mind, in bright and convincing manifestation. It is very true, that on what he would be thus made to see, all that is fair and magnificent are assembled,—that whatever of greatness, or whatever of beauty can be found in creation, is but a faint and shadowy transcript of that original substantial excellence, which resides in the conceptions of him who is the fountain of being,—that all the pleasing of goodness, and all the venerable of worth, and all the sovereign command of moral dignity meet and are realised on the person of God,—that through the whole range of universal existence, there cannot be devised a single feature of excellence, which does not serve to enrich the character of him who sustains all things, and who originated all things. No wonder that the pure eye of an angel takes in such fulness of pleasure from a contemplation so ravishing. But let all this burst upon the eye of a sinner, and let the truth and the righteousness of God out of Christ stand before it in visible array, along with the other glories of character which belong to him. The love of moral esteem, you may say, ought to arise in his bosom;—but it cannot. The affection is in such circumstances impossible. The man is in terror. And he can no more look with complacency upon his God, than he can delight himself with the fair forms of a landscape, opened to his view, by the flashes of an impending volcano. He cannot draw an emotion so sweet, and

delightful as love, from the view of that countenance, on which he beholds a purpose of vengeance against himself, as one of the children of iniquity. The fear which hath torment casteth out this affection altogether. There is positively no room for it within the bosom of a sentient being, along with the dread, and the alarm by which he is agitated. It is this which explains the recoil of his sinful nature, from the thought of God. The sense of guilt comes into his heart, and the terrors and the agitations of guilt come along with it. It is because he sees the justice of God frowning upon him, and the truth of God pledged to the execution of its threatenings against him, and the holiness of God, which cannot look upon him without abhorrence, and all the sacred attributes of a nature that is jealous, and unchangeable, leagued against him for his everlasting destruction. He cannot love the Being, with the very idea of whom there is mixed up a sense of danger, and a dread of condemnation, and all the images of a wretched eternity. We cannot love God, so long as we look upon him as an enemy armed to destroy us. Ere we love him, we must be made to feel the security, and the enlargement of one who knows himself to be safe. Let him take his rod away from me, and let not his fear terrify me,—and then may I love him and not fear him; but it is not so with me.

But let him who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shine in our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of his own glory, in the face of Jesus Christ,—let us only look upon him as God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and not imputing unto them their trespasses,—let him without expunging the characters of truth, and majesty, from that one aspect of perfect excellence which belongs to him,—let him in his own unsearchable wisdom devise a way, by which he can both bring them out in the eye of sinners with brighter illustration, and make these sinners feel, that they are safe,—let him lift off from the men of this guilty world, the burden of his violated law, and cause it to be borne by another who can magnify that law, and make it honourable,—let him publish a full release from all its penalties, but in such a way, as that the truth which proclaimed them, and the justice which should execute them, shall remain untainted under this dispensation of mercy,—let him instead of awaking the sword of vengeance against us, awake it against a sufferer of such worth and such dignity, that his blood shall be the atonement of a world, and by pouring out his soul unto the death, he shall make the pardon of the transgressor meet, and be at one with the everlasting righteousness of God,—in a word, instead of the character of God being lighted up to the eye of the sinner, by the fire of his own indignation, let it through the demonstration of the Spirit be illustrated, and shone upon, by the mild, but peaceful light of the Sun of righteousness, and then may the sinner look in peace and safety, on the manifested character of the Godhead. Delivered from the burden of his fears, he may now open his whole heart to the influences of affection. And that love of moral esteem, which before the entrance of the faith of the gospel, the sense of condemnation was sure to scare away, is now free to take its place beside the love of gratitude, and to raise along with it, in the offering of one spiritual sacrifice to a reconciled Father.”

The valuable thoughts exhibited in this extract will sufficiently apologize for the length of it, and might reward any lover of theology for perusing the whole volume.

Sermon twelfth is designed to point out those persons who exercise no love, no esteem, no gratitude, towards the true Deity; and who consequently are *carnal*, as opposed to *spiritual* men. Every man, it is justly remarked, is on one or the other side of this line of demarcation, which runs through all the varieties of character that exist in the world.

Sermon thirteenth evinces, that the carnal mind is not only destitute of love to the whole character of the true God, but is *enmity* against it: and then proposes to show, how the gospel suits its applications to such a mind. But in fact, this second branch of discourse, which really had no connection with the text, "the carnal mind is enmity against God," is taken up in *Sermon fourteenth*, and treated under the appropriate clause, "Having slain the enmity thereby." The gospel is the means here spoken of; and by it the enmity of the human heart is banished, so that love can occupy its place. Having cogently urged upon his hearers the blindness, stupidity, enmity, and general depravity of mankind; and having shown that their hearts can be transformed to love only through the instrumentality of the gospel, our author, in *Sermon fifteenth*, warns them against the evils of a false security.

Sermon sixteenth treats of the union of truth and mercy in the gospel; and *Sermon seventeenth*, and last, considers the purifying influence of Christian faith.

In the composition of a sermon, Dr. Chalmers cannot be represented as neat. His disposition of subjects is rarely accomplished with ease and dexterity. But he is a man of a great mind, and grace has taught him the essence of genuine Christianity. We rejoice that these sermons are read; and wish that many American discourses, not in the least inferior to them, for sound sense, fine imagination, solid reasoning, and scriptural doctrine, were equally popular.

ART. XVII. *Memoirs of Francis Jeffrey, Esq.; with Strictures on the Edinburgh Review.**

THE subject of this sketch was born at Edinburgh, 22d October, 1773. His father, the late George Jeffrey, Esq. one of the

* On the character of this distinguished person, we have often expatiated. See particularly our Number for April 1812.

depute clerks of the Sessions in Scotland, who was a man of considerable learning and discernment, perceiving the opening genius of his son, devoted himself assiduously to the cultivation of a mind, the complete development and improvement of which he was not destined to behold. Having thus acquired the rudiments of knowledge under the paternal roof, young Jeffrey was placed in the high school of Edinburgh, of which Dr. Alexander Adam, so well known by his publications and his politics, was the head master. From this seminary he removed, at the early age of fourteen, to the university of Glasgow, where he continued four years, and then became a student of Queen's College, Oxford. How long he remained at this last venerable seat of learning, we are not told; but as his name does not occur in the list of graduates, the probability is, that his stay there was short. At the age of twenty-two, he was admitted an advocate of the Scotch bar; and it is said, that during the period while he was pursuing his legal studies at Edinburgh, he became an active member of some of the literary debating societies, which were then rather numerous in that city. The principal of these institutions was the Speculative Society, which enrolled in the list of its associates, several young men, whose rising talents gave a rich promise of future eminence. Among these were Mr. Brougham, Mr. Murray, Mr. Jeffrey, and the late ornament of the bar and senate, Mr. Horner: a quadrumvirate that will be rendered remarkable in the history of modern literature, by having given a new feature to criticism, and not an inconsiderable turn to public opinion.

Notwithstanding the extent of Mr. Jeffrey's legal knowledge, the acuteness of his logical powers, and the perspicuity of his language, his progress at the bar was but slow. This, however, is a common case with lawyers of solid abilities; and it deserves observation, that while patient industry attains distinction by degrees, they who acquire early popularity, fade as they approach the zenith, decline fast, and sink, like the meteorous exhalation, into insignificance. At length the probation of Mr. Jeffrey experienced that reward which rarely fails to crown laudable perseverance, and the high practice to which he succeeded, evinced at once his merit, and the judgment of the public. In the Scottish courts his pre-eminence as an advocate is fixed; and he has occasionally displayed the strength of his legal science at the bar of the lords, where his arguments in cases of appeal from the

decision of those courts, have commanded great respect. Nothing, therefore, seems likely to prevent his advance to the supreme honours of his profession, unless the part which he has taken in political questions be remembered to his disadvantage. As the original founder, and almost constant conductor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Jeffrey may possibly be regarded in a light very unfavourable to the claims which otherwise he would be warranted in making to the situation of Lord Advocate, or that of a Lord of the Session.

It may truly be said, that this publication, which commenced its career in 1803, forms an epoch in literary history, of no ordinary magnitude, since, if we mistake not, periodical criticism in general, has been much altered since that time; most of the old journals having been more or less remoulded according to the plan of the *Edinburgh Review*, while, as is usually the case, when candidates for public favour have succeeded, rivals started up in direct imitation of, and competition with, it. Some of these latter soon expired for the want of sufficient powers of attraction to keep a fast hold on general expectation; but one at last arose, which, if it has not totally eclipsed the glory of its precursor, has certainly shorn its beams, and contracted its orbit.

The glaring objection to the *Edinburgh Review*, is that of its having been projected upon party principles, which violation of every received law of fair criticism, was not disguised with an affectation of candour and liberality, but was openly avowed and made a boast of in long diatribes against public men and public measures. To this very mode of writing, however, the work may be indebted for its success, because the scheme had novelty in it; and our modern Athenians, like those of old, "spend their time in nothing else but either in telling or hearing some new thing."

These northern lights strongly excited curiosity by the singular manner in which they contrived to exhibit their own opinions, while, in appearance, they were only sitting in judgment upon those of others. Thus, an author with them was, in fact, neither more nor less than a victim selected for sacrifice, or a captive led forth to grace a triumph, where all attention was to be directed to higher objects. Hence, also, the titles of books were strung together in a row, like the prayers on a bead-roll, for mere show, and without a single remark upon the works themselves, which were only mentioned in order to usher in an elaborate essay, or a

furious philippic. Nothing could be more absurd than to call this criticism; yet it pleased, because it spared many readers the trouble of thinking; and they fancied that in perusing these long disquisitions, they were profiting by the investigation of scholars patient in research, and liberal in the communication of knowledge laboriously acquired. Yet, there were not wanting some penetrating observers to detect and expose the emptiness of these pretensions to superior intellect; and although it was not to be denied that in the main much valuable matter appeared in the review, it was no less evident, that too great a portion of its Numbers was made up of arrogant assumptions, scurrilous invectives, and unjust decisions. The haughty tone in which these censors presumed to deliver their oracular decrees, was also extremely offensive, and the more so, considering the juvenility of the writers, who might, without a joke or profaneness, have been addressed in the language made use of by king David to his disgraced ambassadors, "Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown." Among the delinquencies committed by this self-created court, in the early stage of its authority, were some of a very heavy description, and which brought upon the reviewers charges, that with all their address, they could neither repel nor elude. The unprovoked attacks upon the English universities, and particularly Oxford, brought down a severe castigation against the whole phalanx. This chastisement was merited, and the parties felt it sorely; but it had not the effect of making them more cautious, and a sweeping denunciation of public schools, written in a flip-pant and vulgar style, produced in the Classical Journal another exposure of ignorance, the reviewer having had the temerity to mention the names of many men of eminence as educated in a private manner, who were all bred on royal or collegiate foundations.

One of the happiest strokes of wit occasioned by the bold pretensions of the Edinburgh critics, was a small tract entitled "Advice to a young Reviewer, with a specimen of the Art:" printed at Oxford in 1807. After laying down, in a strain of irony worthy of Swift, rules for criticising books, the anonymous author, who is now the head of Oriel College, gives an excellent imitation of the northern luminaries in a review of *L'Allegro*, a poem, by John Milton.

As this exquisite piece of humour is rarely to be met with, our

readers, we think, will not be displeased with us for giving them an extract or two. The critic opens in that generalizing strain which is the object of ridicule.

"It has become a practice of late with a certain description of people, who have no visible means of subsistence, to string together a few trite images of rural scenery, interspersed with vulgarisms in dialect, and traits of vulgar manners; to dress up these materials in a sing-song jingle, and to offer them for sale as a poem. According to the most approved recipes, something about the heathen gods and goddesses, and the school-boy topics of Styx and Cerebus, and Elysium, is occasionally thrown in, and the composition is complete. The stock in trade of these adventurers is in general scanty enough, and their art, therefore, consists in disposing of it to the best advantage. But if such be the aim of the writer, it is the critic's business to detect and defeat the imposture; to warn the public against the purchase of such shop-worn goods and tinsel wares; to protect the fair trader, by exposing the tricks of needy quacks and mountebanks; and to chastise that forward and noisy importunity, with which they present themselves to public notice."

Having thus brought Mr. John Milton forward to receive the judgment due to his offences in setting up as "a candidate for the Delphic bays," the mock reviewer proceeds in the same mixed style of solemn gravity and petulant levity, to analyse the poem, which, with the author, is finally dismissed to oblivion in the true Edinburgh mode of pronouncing judgment.

"Upon the whole, Mr. Milton seems to be possessed of some fancy and talent for rhyming; two most dangerous endowments, which often unfit men for acting an useful part in life, without qualifying them for that which is great and brilliant. If it be true, as we have heard, that he has declined advantageous prospects in business, for the sake of indulging his poetical humour, we hope it is not yet too late to prevail upon him to retract his resolution. With the help of Cocker and common industry, he may yet become a respectable scrivener; but it is not all the Zephyrs, and Auroras, and Corydons, and Thyrses, aye, nor his junketing Queen Mab, and drudging Goblins, that will ever make him a poet."

But the political obliquities of the *Edinburgh Review*, were not the least of its offences, for the marked partiality which it displayed in panegyrising Hume, Voltaire, and Gibbon, on all occasions, and the abuse poured upon the memory of Beattie, and indeed upon all who, like that excellent man, exerted themselves in opposing sophistry and infidelity, could not but alarm the friends of order and religion. Yet it was not a little remarkable, that

while this celebrated journal was thus distinguished for its enmity to the church and state, one of its principal writers should be a beneficed clergyman of the English establishment, and a very popular preacher, first at Edinburgh, and next in London.

One of the worst omens of the permanence of Mr. Jeffrey's fame, may be found in this circumstance, that he wrote just as well, and thought just as profoundly at five and twenty, as he does now at fifty. The most obvious and prevailing faults of his manner of thinking, are overweening arrogance, and continual contempt, for what he feels himself unable to understand—and of his style, pertness, *snappishness*, (the word is a favourite of his own,) and affectation. These faults were all regarded with much tolerance while he was young; but now that he has begun to verge somewhat towards the yellow leaf, compassion is the most favourable feeling they ever excite. Coxcombry and incipient senility are now equally visible in every thing he says; and the combination is any thing but a happy one. He has lost much of the *verve* that first attracted the notice of the public, and he has replaced it by nothing that is likely to compensate for its absence. One great cause of the insipidity of his recent compositions, is to be found in the sore wounds his vanity has received from the blessed failure of all his political predictions; and the utter scorn with which his most elaborate enunciations of critical opinion have been practically sealed and set aside by the voice of the whole of the better part of his countrymen. The degradation of his favourite Napoleon on the one hand, and the exaltation of the fame of Wordsworth on the other, may be regarded as the two “ill-favoured” images, that draw his curtain at dead of night.

Of Mr. Jeffrey we have no knowledge, nor do we mean to insinuate any thing to his personal disadvantage by these reflections, which apply only to the concern in which he is engaged, and of which he is said to have been the prime mover.

To his professional character, we have already paid the tribute due, and his private deportment, we understand, is such as endears him to an amiable family, and a circle of estimable friends. He has been twice married, first in 1801, to Miss Catharine Wilson, daughter of Dr. Charles Wilson, professor of Church History in the University of St. Andrews, and secondly, in 1814, to Miss Charlotte Wilkes, daughter of Charles Wilkes, Esq. of

New York, and grand niece of the well-known chamberlain and alderman of London. By his last marriage, Mr. Jeffrey has one child. His present residence, during the summer season, is at Craigcrook castle, a romantic spot at the foot of the Corstorphine hills, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

ART. XVIII — *Christian Wolf, a True Story.*—From the German.

CHRISTIAN WOLF was the son of an innkeeper at Bielsdorf, who, after the death of his father, continued till his 20th year to assist his mother in the management of the house. The inn was a poor one, and Wolf had many idle hours. Even before he left school he was regarded as an idle loose lad; the girls complained of his rudeness, and the boys, when detected in any mischief, were sure to give up him as the ringleader. Nature had neglected his person. His figure was small and unpromising; his hair was of a coarse greasy black; his nose was flat; and his upper lip, originally too thick, and twisted aside by a kick from a horse, was such as to disgust the women, and furnish a perpetual subject of jesting to the men. The contempt showered upon his person was the first thing which wounded his pride, and turned a portion of his blood to gall.

He was resolved to gain what was every where denied him; his passions were strong enough; and he soon persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he selected treated him coldly, and he had reason to fear that his rivals were happier than himself. Yet the maiden was poor; and what was refused to his vows might perhaps be granted to his gifts; but he was himself needy, and his vanity soon threw away the little he gained from his share in the profits of the Sun. Too idle and too ignorant to think of supporting his extravagance by speculation; too proud to descend from *Mine Host* into a plain peasant, he saw only one way to escape from his difficulties—a way to which thousands before and after him have had recourse—theft. Bielsdorf is, as you know, situated on the edge of the forest; Wolf commenced deer-stealer, and poured the gains of his boldness into the lap of his mistress.

Among Hannah's lovers was one of the forester's men, Robert Horn. This man soon observed the advantage which Wolf had gained over her, by means of his presents, and set himself to detect the sources of so much liberality. He began to frequent the Sun; he drank there early and late; and sharpened as his eyes were both by jealousy and poverty, it was not long before he discovered whence all the money came. Not many months before this time a severe edict had been published against all trespassers on the forest laws. Horn was indefatigable in watching the se-

cret motions of his rival, and at last he was so fortunate as to detect him in the very fact. Wolf was tried, and found guilty; and the fine which he paid in order to avoid the statutory punishment amounted to the sum-total of his property.

Horn triumphed. His rival was driven from the field, for Hannah had no notion of a beggar for a lover. Wolf well knew his enemy, and he knew that this enemy was the happy possessor of his Hannah. Pride, jealousy, rage, were all in arms within him; hunger set the wide world before him, but passion and revenge held him fast at Bielsdorf. A second time he became a deer-stealer, and a second time by the redoubled vigilance of Robert Horn, was he detected in the trespass. This time he experienced the full severity of the law; he had no money to pay a fine, and was sent straightway to the house of chastisement.

The year of punishment drew near its close, and found his passion increased by absence, his confidence buoyant under all the pressure of his calamities. The moment his freedom was given to him, he hastened to Bielsdorf, to throw himself at the feet of Hannah. He appears, and is avoided by every one. The force of necessity at last humbles his pride, and overcomes his delicacy. He begs from the wealthy of the place; he offers himself as a day-labourer to the farmers, but they despise his slim figure, and do not stop for a moment to compare him with his sturdier competitors. He makes a last attempt. One situation is yet vacant—the last of honest occupations. He offers himself as herdsman of the swine upon the town's common; but even here he is rejected; no man will trust any thing to the jail-bird. Meeting with contempt from every eye, chased with scorn from one door to another, he becomes yet the third time a deer-stealer, and for the third time his unhappy star places him in the power of his enemy.

This double backsliding goes against him at the judgment-seat; for every judge can look into the book of the law, but few into the soul of the culprit. The forest edict requires an exemplary punishment, and Wolf is condemned to be branded on the back with the mark of the gallows, and to three years hard labour in the fortress.

This period also went by, and he once more dropt his chains; but he was no longer the same man that entered the fortress. Here began a new epoch in the life of Wolf. You shall guess the state of his mind from his own words to his Confessor.

"I went into the fortress," said he, "an offender, but I came out of it a villain. I had still had something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride had not totally sunk under my shame. But here I was thrown into the company of three and twenty convicts; of these, two were murderers,* the rest were all

* In some parts of Germany no man can suffer the last severity of the law, unless he confess his guilt. The clearest evidence is not received as an

notorious thieves and vagabonds. They jeered at me if I spake of God; they taught me to utter blasphemies against the Redeemer. They sung songs whose atrocity at first horrified me, but which I, a shamefaced fool, soon learned to echo. No day passed over, wherein I did not hear the recital of some profligate life, the triumphant history of some rascal, the concoction of some audacious villany. At first I avoided as much as I could these men, and their discourses. But my labour was hard and tyrannical, and in my hours of repose I could not bear to be left alone, without one face to look upon. The jailers had refused me the company of my dog, so I needed that of men, and for this I was obliged to pay by the sacrifice of whatever good there remained within me. By degrees I grew accustomed to every thing; and in the last quarter of my confinement I surpassed even my teachers.

"From this time I thirsted after freedom, after revenge, with a burning thirst. All men had injured me, for all were better and happier than I. I gnashed my fetters with my teeth, when the glorious sun rose up above the battlements of my prison, for a wide prospect doubles the hell of durance. The free wind that whistled through the loop-holes of my turret, and the swallow that poised itself upon the grating of my window, seemed to be mocking me with the view of their liberty; and that rendered my misery more bitter. It was then that I vowed eternal glowing hatred to every thing that bears the image of man—and I have kept my vow.

"My first thought, after I was set at liberty, was once more my native town. I had no hope of happiness there, but I had the dear hope of revenge. My heart beat quick and high against my bosom, when I beheld, afar off, the spire arising from out the trees. It no was longer that innocent hearty expectation which preceded my first return. The recollection of all the misery, of all the persecution I had experienced there, aroused my faculties from a terrible dead slumber of sullenness, set all my wounds a bleeding, every nerve a jarring within me. I redoubled my pace—I longed to startle my enemies by the horror of my aspect—I thirsted after new contempts as much as I had ever shuddered at the old.

"The clocks were striking the hour of vespers as I reached the market-place. The crowd was rushing to the church-door. I was immediately recognized; every man that knew me shrunk from meeting me. Of old I had loved the little children, and even now, seeking in their innocence a refuge from the scorn of others, I threw a small piece of money to the first I saw. The boy stared at me for a moment, and then dashed the coin at my

equivalent. Even murderers have right to this indulgence, if indeed (considering what they suffer in lieu of immediate death) indulgence it may be called.

face. Had my blood boiled less furiously, I might have recollected that I still wore my prison beard, and that that was enough to account for the terror of the infant. But my bad heart had blinded my reason, and tears, tears such as I had never wept, leaped down my cheeks.

“ ‘The child,’ said I to myself, half aloud, ‘ knows not who I am, nor whence I came, and yet he avoids me like a beast of prey. Am I then marked upon the forehead like Cain, or have I ceased to be like a man, since all men spurn me?’ The aversion of the child tortured me more than all my three years slavery, for I had done him good, and I could not accuse him of hating me.

“ I sat down in a wood-yard over against the church; what my wishes were I know not; but I remember it was wormwood to my spirit, that none of my old acquaintances should have vouchsafed me a greeting—no, not one. When the yard was locked up, I unwillingly departed to seek a lodging; in turning the corner of a street, I ran against my Hannah: ‘ Mine host of the Sun,’ cried she, and opened her arms as if to embrace me—‘ You here again, my dear Wolf, God be thanked for your return!’ Hunger and wretchedness were expressed in her scanty raiment; a shameful disease had marred her countenance; her whole appearance told me what a wretched creature she had become. I saw two or three dragoons laughing at her from a window, and turned my back, with a laugh louder than theirs, upon the soldiers’ trull. It did me good to find that there was something yet lower in the scale of life than myself. I had never loved her.

“ My mother was dead. My small house had been sold to pay my creditors. I asked nothing more. I drew near to no man. All the world fled from me like a pestilence, but I had at last forgotten shame. Formerly I hated the sight of men, because their contempt was unsufferable to me. Now I threw myself in the way, and found a savage delight in scattering horror around me. I had nothing more to lose, why then should I conceal myself? Men expected no good from me, why should they have any? I was made to bear the punishment of sins I had never committed. My infamy was a capital, the interest of which was not easy to be exhausted.

“ The whole earth was before me; in some remote province I might perhaps have sustained the character of an honest man, but I had lost the desire of being, nay, even of seeming such. Contempt and shame had taken from me even this last relic of myself,—my resource, now that I had no honour, was to learn to do without it. Had my vanity and pride survived my infamy, I must have died by my own hand.

“ What I was to do, I myself knew not. I was determined, however, to do evil; of so much I have some dark recollection. I was resolved to see the worst of my destiny. The laws, said I to myself, are benefits to the world, it is fit that I should offend

them; formerly I had sinned from levity and necessity, but I now sinned from free choice, and for my pleasure.

"My first step was to the woods. The chase had by degrees become to me as a passion; I thirsted, like a lover, after thick brakes and headlong leaps, and the mad delight of rushing along the bare earth beneath the pines. Besides, I must live. But these were not all. I hated the prince who had published the forest edict, and I believed, that in injuring him, I should only exercise my natural right of retaliation. The chance of being taken no longer troubled me, for now I had a bullet for my discoverer, and I well knew the certainty of my aim. I slew every animal that came near me, the greater part of them rotted where they died; for I neither had the power, nor the wish, to sell more than a few of them beyond the barriers. Myself lived wretchedly; except on powder and shot, I expended nothing. My devastations were dreadful, but no suspicion pursued me. My appearance was too poor to excite any, and my name had long since been forgotten.

"This life continued for several months.—One morning, according to my custom, I had pursued a stag for many miles through the wood. For two hours I had in vain exerted every nerve, and at last I had begun to despair of my booty, when, all at once, I perceived the stately animal exactly at the proper distance for my gun,—my finger was already on the trigger, when, of a sudden, my eye was caught with the appearance of a hat, lying a few paces before me on the ground. I looked more closely, and perceived the huntsman, Robert Horn, lurking behind a massy oak, and taking deliberate aim at the very stag I had been pursuing—at the sight a deadly coldness crept through my limbs. Here was the man I hated above all living things; here he was and within reach of my bullet. At this moment, it seemed to me as if the whole world were at the muzzle of my piece, as if the wrath and hatred of a thousand lives were all quivering in the finger that should give the murderous pressure. A dark fearful unseen hand was upon me; the finger of my destiny pointed irrevocably to the black moment. My arm shook as if with an ague, while I lifted my gun—my teeth chattered—my breath stood motionless in my lungs. For a minute the barrel hung uncertain between the man and the stag—a minute—and another—and yet one more. Conscience and revenge struggled fiercely within me, but the demon triumphed, and the huntsman fell dead upon the ground.

"My courage fell with him—*Murderer!*—I stammered the word slowly. The wood was silent as a church-yard, distinctly did I hear it—*Murderer!*—As I drew near, the man yielded up his spirit. Long stood I speechless by the corpse; at last I forced a wild laugh, and cried 'no more tales from the wood now, my friend!' I drew him into the thicket with his face upwards! The eyes stood stiff, and staring upon me. I was serious enough,

and silent too. The feeling of solitude began to press grievously upon my soul.

"Up till this time I had been accustomed to rail at the over severity of my destiny; now I had done something which was not yet punished. An hour before, no man could have persuaded me that there existed a being more wretched than myself. Now I began to envy myself for what even then I had been.

"The idea of God's justice never came into my mind; but I remember a bewildered vision of ropes, and swords, and the dying agonies of a child-murderess, which I had witnessed when a boy. A certain dim and fearful idea lay upon my thoughts that my life was forfeit. I cannot recollect every thing. I wished that Horn were yet alive. I forced myself to call up all the evil the dead man had done when in life, but my memory was sadly gone. Scarcely could I recollect one of all those thousand circumstances, which a quarter of an hour before had been suffered to blow my wrath into phrenzy. I could not conceive how or why I had become a murderer.

"I was still standing beside the corpse,—I might have stood there for ever,—when I heard the crack of a whip, and the creaking of a fruit waggon passing through the wood. The spot where I had done the deed was scarcely a hundred yards from the great path. I must look to my safety.

"I bounded like a wild deer into the depths of the wood; but while I was in my race, it struck me that the deceased used to have a watch. In order to pass the barriers, I had need of money, and yet scarcely could I muster up courage to approach the place of blood. Then I thought for a moment of the devil, and, I believe, confusedly, of the omnipresence of God. I called up all my boldness, and strode towards the spot, resolved to dare earth and hell to the combat. I found what I had expected, and a dollar or two besides, in a green silk purse. At first I took all, but a sudden thought seized me.—It was neither that I feared, nor that I was ashamed to add another crime to murder. Nevertheless, so it was, I threw back the watch and half the silver. I wished to consider myself as the personal enemy, not as the robber of the slain.

"Again I rushed towards the depths of the forest. I knew that the wood extended for four German miles* northwards, and there bordered upon the frontier. Till the sun was high in heaven I ran on breathless. The swiftness of my flight had weakened the force of my conscience, but the moment I laid myself down upon the grass, it awoke in all its vigour. A thousand dismal forms floated before my eyes; a thousand knives of despair and agony were in my breast. Between a life of restless fear, and a violent death, the alternative was fearful, but choose I must. I had not the heart to leave the world by self-murder, yet scarce-

* Nearly twenty, English measure.

I could I bear the idea of remaining in it. Hesitating between the certain miseries of life, and the untried terrors of eternity, alike unwilling to live and to die, the sixth hour of my flight passed over my head—an hour full of wretchedness, such as no man can utter, such as God himself in mercy will spare to me—even to me, upon the scaffold.

"Again I started on my feet. I drew my hat over my eyes, as if not being able to look lifeless nature in the face, and was rushing instinctly along the line of a small foot-path, which drew me into the very heart of the wilderness, when a rough stern voice immediately in front of me cried, 'Halt!' The voice was close to me, for I had forgotten myself, and had never looked a yard before me during the whole race. I lifted my eyes, and saw a tall savage-looking man advancing towards me, with a ponderous club in his hand. His figure was of gigantic size, so at least I thought, on my first alarm; his skin was of a dark mulatto yellow, in which the white of his fierce eyes stood fearfully prominent. Instead of a girdle, he had a piece of sail-cloth twisted over his green wollen coat, and in it I saw a broad bare butcher's knife, and a pistol. The summons was repeated, and a strong arm held me fast. The sound of a human voice had terrified me,—but the sight of an evil-doer gave me heart again. In my condition, I had reason to fear a good man, but none at all to tremble before a ruffian.

" 'Whom have we here?' said the apparition.

" 'Such another as yourself,' was my answer—'that is, if your looks don't belie you.'

" 'There is no passage this way. Whom seek ye here?'

" 'By what right do you ask?' returned I boldly. The man considered me leisurely twice, from the feet up to the head. It seemed as if he were comparing my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure—

" 'You speak as stoutly as a beggar,' said he at last.

" 'That may be—I was one yesterday.'

" 'The man smiled—'One would swear,' cried he, 'you were not much better than one to-day.'

" 'Something worse, friend—I must on.'

" 'Softly, friend. What hurries you? Is your time so very precious?'

" I considered with myself for a moment. I know not how the words came to the tip of my tongue. 'Life is short,' said I at last, 'and hell is eternal.'

" He looked steadily upon me. 'May I be d—d,' said he, 'if you have not rubbed shoulders with the gallows ere now.'

" 'It may be so. Farewell, till we meet again comrade.'

" 'Stop comrade,' shouted the man: He pulled a 'tin flask from his pouch, took a hearty pull of it, and handed it to me. My flight and my anguish had exhausted my strength, and all this day nothing had passed my lips. Already I was afraid I

might faint in the wilderness, for there was no place of refreshment within many miles of me. Judge how gladly I accepted his offer. New strength rushed with the liquor into my limbs—with that, fresh courage into my heart, and hope and love of life. I began to believe that I might not be for ever wretched, such power was in the welcome draught. There was something pleasant in finding myself with a creature of my own stamp. In the state in which I was, I would have pledged a devil, that I might once more have a companion.

"The man stretched himself on the grass. I did the like. 'Your drink has done me good,' said I, 'we must get better acquainted.'

"He struck his flint, and lighted his pipe. 'Are you old in the trade,' said I.

"He looked sternly at me,—'What would you say, friend?' 'Has that often been bloody,' said I, pointing to the knife in his girdle.

"'Who art thou?' cried he fiercely, and threw down his pipe. 'A murderer, friend, like yourself—but only a beginner.' He took up his pipe again.

"'Your home is not hereabouts?' said he, after a pause.

"'Some three miles off,' said I; 'did you ever hear of the landlord of the sun at Bielsdorf?'

"The man sprung up like one possessed—'What! the poacher Wolf?' cried he hastily.

"'The same.'

"'Welcome! comrade, welcome! and give me a shake of thy hand; this is good, mine host of the Sun. Year and day have I sought for thee. I know thee well. I know all. I have long reckoned upon thee, Wolf.'

"'Reckoned on me?—and wherefore?'

"'The whole country is full of you, man; you have had enemies, Wolf; you have been hardly dealt with. You have been made a sacrifice. Your treatment has been shameful.'

"The man waxed warm—'What! because you shot a pair of boars or stags it may be, that the prince feeds here on our acorns; was that a reason for chasing you from house and hold, confining you three years in the castle, and making a beggar of you. Is it come to this, that a man is of less worth than a hare? Are we nothing better than the beasts of the field, brother? and can Wolf endure it? I can't.'

"'Who can alter these things?'

"'Ha! that we shall presently see—but tell me, whence come you, and what are you about?'

"I told him my whole story. He would not hear me to an end, but leaped up, and dragged me along with him. 'Come, mine host of the Sun,' said he, '*now* you are *ripe*, *now* I have you. I shall look for honour from you, Wolf!—follow me.'

"'Whither will you lead me?'

“ ‘Ask no questions. Follow.’ And he pulled me like a giant.

“We had advanced some quarter of a mile. The road was becoming every step more thick, wild, and impassable. Neither of us spake a word. I was roused from my reverie by the whistle of my guide. I looked up, and perceived that we were standing on the edge of a rock, which hung over a deep dark ravine. A second whistle answered from the root of the precipice, and a ladder rose, as if of its own motion, from below. My guide stepped upon it, and desired me to await his return. ‘I must first tie up the hounds,’ said he; ‘you are a stranger here, and the beasts would tear you in pieces.’

“Then I was *alone* upon the rock, and I well knew that I was *alone*. The carelessness of my guide did not escape my attention. With a single touch of my hand I could pull up the ladder, and my flight was secured. I confess that I saw this—I began to shudder at the precipice below me, and to think of that depth from which there is no redemption. I resolved upon flight—I put my hand to the ladder, but then came there to my ear, as if with the laughter of devils, ‘What can a murderer do?’ and my arm dropt powerless by my side. My reckoning was complete. Murder lay like a rock behind me, and barred all retreat for ever. At this moment my guide re-appeared and bade me come down. I had no longer any choice—I obeyed him.

“A few yards from the foot of the precipice the ground widened a little, and some huts became visible. In the midst of these there was a little piece of smooth turf, and there about eighteen or twenty figures lay scattered around a coal-fire. ‘Here, comrades,’ cried my guide, leading me into the centre of the group; ‘here, get up and bid the landlord welcome.’

“‘Welcome, good landlord,’ cried all at once, and crowded around me, men and women. Shall I confess it? Their joy appeared hearty and honest: confidence and respect was in every countenance; one took me by the hand, another by the cloak;—my reception was such as might have been expected by some old and valued friend. Our arrival had interrupted their repast—we joined it, and I was compelled to pledge my new friends in a bumper. The meal consisted of game of all kinds; and the bottle, filled with good Rhenish, was not allowed to rest for an instant. The company seemed to be full of affection towards each other, and of good-will towards me.

“They had made me to sit down between two women, and this seemed to be considered as a place of honour. I expected to find these the refuse of their sex, but how great was my astonishment, when I perceived, under their coarse garments, two of the most beautiful females I had ever seen. Margaret, the elder and handsomer of the two, was addressed by the name of Miss, and might be five and twenty. Her language was free, and her looks were still more eloquent. Mary, the younger, was married, but her husband had treated her cruelly and deserted her. Her

features were perhaps prettier, but she was pale and thin, and less striking, on the whole, than her fiery neighbour. They both endeavoured to please me. Margaret was the beauty, but my heart was more taken with the womanly gentle Mary.

"'Brother Wolf,' cried my guide, you see how we live here—with us every day is alike—Is it not so, comrades?"

"'Every day like the present,' cried they all.

"'If you like our way of life,' continued the man, 'strike in, be one of us—be our captain. I bear the dignity for the present, but I will yield it to Wolf. Say I right, comrades?'—A hearty 'Yes, yes,' was the answer.

"My brain was on fire, wine and passion had inflamed my blood. The world had thrown me out like a leper—here were brotherly welcome, good cheer, and *honour*! Whatever choice I might make, I knew death was before me; but here at least I might sell my life dearly. Women had till now spurned me,—the smiles of Mary were nectar to my soul. 'I remain with you, comrades,' cried I, loudly and firmly, stepping into the midst of the band—'I remain with you, my good friends, provided you give me my pretty neighbour.'—They all consented to gratify my wish, and I sat down contented."

The following part of the history I shall entirely omit, for there is no instruction in that which is purely disgusting. The unhappy, sunk to this hopeless depth, was obliged to partake in all the routine of wickedness; but he was never guilty of a second murder; so at least he swore solemnly upon the scaffold.

The fame of this man spread, in a short time, through the whole province. The highways were unsafe—nocturnal robberies alarmed the citizens—the name of Christian Wolf became the terror of old and young—justice set every device at work to ensnare him—and a premium was set upon his head. Yet he was fortunate enough to escape every attempt against his person, and crafty enough to convert the superstition of the peasantry into an engine of defence. It was universally given out that Wolf was in league with the devil—that his whole band were wizards. The province is a remote and ignorant one, and no man was very willing to come to close quarters with the ally of the apostate.

For a full year did Wolf persist in this terrible trade, but at last it began to be intolerable to him. The men at whose head he had placed himself, were not what he had supposed. They had received him at first with an exterior of profusion, but he soon discovered that they had deceived him. Hunger and want appeared in the room of abundance; he was often obliged to venture his life for a booty, which, when won, was scarcely sufficient to support his existence for a single day. The veil of brotherly affection also passed away, and beneath it he found the lurking paltrinesses of thieves and harpies. A large reward had been proclaimed for him that should deliver Wolf alive into the hands of justice—if the discoverer should be one of his own gang, a

free pardon was promised in addition—a mighty search for the outcast of the earth!—Wolf was sensible of his danger. The honour of those who were at war with God and man seemed but an insufficient security for his life. From this time his sleep was agony; wherever he was the ghost of suspicion haunted him—pursued his steps—watched his pillow—disturbed his dreams. Long silenced conscience again raised her voice, and slumbering remorse began to awake and mingle her terrors in the universal storm of his bosom. His whole hatred was turned from mankind, and concentrated upon his own head. He forgave all nature, and was inexorable only to himself.

This misery of guilt completed his education, and delivered at last his naturally excellent understanding from its shackles. He now felt how low he had fallen; sadness took the place of phrenzy in his bosom. Cold tears and solitary sighs obliterated the past; for him it no more existed. He began to hope that he might yet dare to be a good man, for he felt within himself the awakening power of being such. It may be that Wolf, at this the moment of his greatest degradation, was nearer the right path than he had ever been since he first quitted it.

About this time the seven years' war broke out, and the German Princes were every where making great levies of troops. The unhappy Wolf shaped some slight hope to himself from these circumstances, and at last took courage to pen the following letter to his sovereign.

* * * * *

"If it be not too much for princely compassion to descend to such as Christian Wolf, give him a hearing. I am a thief and a murderer—the laws condemn me to death—justice has set all her myrmidons in search of me—I beg that I may be permitted to deliver up myself. But I bring, at the same time, a strange petition to the throne. I hate my life, I fear not death, but I cannot bear to die without having lived. I would live, my prince, in order to atone, by my services, for my offences. My execution might be an example to the world, but not an equivalent for my deeds. I hate the wretchedness of guilt, I thirst after virtue. I have shown my power to do evil—permit me to shew my power to do good.

"I know that I make an unheard of request. My life is forfeit; it may seem absurd for me to state any pretensions to favour. But I appear not in chains and bonds before you—I am still free—and fear is the least among all the motives of my petition.

"It is to mercy that I have fled. I have no claim upon justice—if I had, I should disdain to bring it forward. Yet of one circumstance I might remind my judges—the period of my outrages commenced with that of my degradation. Had their sentence been less severe, perhaps I should have had no occasion to be a suppliant to-day.

"If you give me my life, it shall be dedicated to your service.

A single word in the Gazette shall bring me immediately to your feet. If otherwise you have determined—let justice do her part—I must do mine. * * *

“CHRISTIAN WOLF.”

This petition remained without an answer; so did a second, and a third, in which Wolf begged to be permitted to serve as a hussar in the army of the prince. At last, losing all hope of a pardon, he resolved to fly from the country, and die a brave soldier in the service of King Frederick.

He gave his companions the slip, and took to his journey. The first day brought him to a small country town, where he resolved to spend the night.

The circumstances of the times, the commencing war, the recruiting, made the officers at every post doubly vigilant in observing travellers. The gate-keeper of the town had received a particular command to be attentive. The appearance of Wolf had something imposing about it, but, at the same time, swarthy, terrible, and savage. The meagre bony horse he rode, and the grotesque and scanty arrangement of his apparel, formed a strange contrast with a countenance whereon a thousand fierce passions seemed to lie exhausted and congealed, like the dying and dead upon a field of battle. The gate-keeper started at the strange apparition. Forty years of experience had made the man, grown gray in his office, as sharp-sighted as an eagle in detecting offenders. He immediately bolted his gate and demanded the passport of Wolf. The fugitive was however prepared for this accident; and he drew out, without hesitation, a pass which he had taken a few days before from a plundered merchant. Still this solitary evidence was not able entirely to satisfy the scruples of the practised officer. The gate-keeper trusted his own eyes rather than the paper, and Wolf was compelled to follow him to the town-house.

The chief magistrate of the place examined the pass, and declared it to be in every respect what it should be. It happened that this man was a great politician,—his chief pleasure in life consisted in conning over a newspaper, with a bottle of wine before him. The passport showed forth that its bearer had come from the very centre of the seat of war. He hoped to draw some private intelligence from the stranger; and the clerk, who brought back the pass, requested Wolf to step in, and take a bottle of Mark-brunner with his master.

Meantime the traveller had remained on horseback at the door of the town-house, and his singular appearance had collected about him half the rabble of the place. They looked at the horse and his rider by turns,—they laughed,—they whispered,—at last it had become a perfect tumult. Unfortunately the animal Wolf rode on was a stolen one, and he immediately began to fancy that it had been described in some of the prints. The unexpected invitation of the magistrate completed his confusion. He took it for granted that the falsity of his pass had been detected, and that

the invitation was only a trick for getting hold of him alive. A bad conscience stupified his faculties—he clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped off without making any answer to the clerk.

The sudden flight convinced all that had before suspected him. "A thief, a robber!" was the cry, and the whole mob were at his heels. Wolf rode for life and death, and he soon left his pursuers breathless behind. His deliverance is near; but a heavy hand was upon him—the hour was come—unrelenting destiny was there.

The road he had taken led to no outlet, and Wolf was obliged to turn round upon his pursuers.

The alarm of this incident had, in the mean time, set the whole town into an uproar; every road was blockaded, and a whole host of enemies came forth to receive him. He draws out a pistol; the crowd yields; he begins to make a way for himself through their ranks.

"The first that lays a finger on me—dies," shouted Wolf, holding out his pistol. Fear produced an universal pause. But a firm old soldier seized him from behind, and mastered the hand which held the weapon. He knocks the pistol from his grasp; the disarmed Wolf is instantly dragged from his horse, and borne in triumph back to the town-house.

"Who are you?" said the magistrate, in a stern and brutal tone.

"One who is resolved to answer no questions, unless they be more civilly put."

"Who are you, sir?"

"What I said I was. I have travelled through all Germany, and never found oppression till now."

"Your sudden flight excites suspicion against you. Why fled you?"

"Because I was weary of being mocked by your rabble."

"You threatened to fire——?"

"My pistol was not loaded." They examined it and found no ball.

"Why do you carry such weapons?"

"Because I have property with me, and I have heard a great deal of one Wolf that haunts in the woods here."

"Your answers prove your courage, but not your honesty, friend. I allow you till morning. Perhaps you will then speak the truth."

"I have already said all."

"Take him to the tower."

"To the tower?—I beg you would consider, sir. There is justice in the country, and I will demand satisfaction at your hands."

"I shall give you satisfaction, friend, so soon as you find justice on your side."

Next morning the magistrate began to suspect that, after all,

the stranger might be an honest man, and that high words might have no effect in making him alter his tone. He was half inclined to think that the best way might be to let him go. He called together the councillors, however, and sent for the prisoner.

"I hope you will forgive us, if we dealt somewhat hardly with you yesterday evening."

"Most willingly, since you ask me to do so."

"Our rules are strict, and your conduct gave rise to suspicion. I cannot set you free without departing from my duty. Appearances are against you. I wish you would say something which might satisfy us of your good character."

"And if I should say nothing?"

"Then I must send your passport to Munich, and you must remain here till it returns."

Wolf was silent for a few minutes, and appeared to be much agitated; he then stepped close up to the magistrate.

"Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?"

The councillors looked doubtfully at each other; but the magistrate motioned to them, and they withdrew.

"Now, what will you?"

"Your conduct yesterday evening, sir, could never have brought me to your terms, for I despise violence. The manner in which you treat me to-day has filled me with respect for your character. I believe you to be an honourable man."——

"What have you to say to me?"

"I see you are an honourable man. I have long wished to meet with such a man. Will you give me your right hand?"

"What will you, stranger?"

"Your head is gray and venerable. You have been long in the world—you have had sorrows too—Is it not so?—and they have made you more merciful."

"Sir, what mean you?"

"You are near to eternity—yourself will soon have need of compassion from God. You will not deny it to man. Am I not right? To whom do you suppose yourself to be speaking?"

"What is this?—you alarm me."

"Do you not guess the truth?—Write to your prince how you found me, and that I have been my own betrayer. May God's mercy to him be such as his shall be to me. Entreat for me, old man—weep for me—my name is—WOLF."

* * * * *

ART. XIX.—*Intelligence in Literature, Science, and the Arts.*

DR. SYMMONS, an Oxford scholar, has published a new translation of the *Æneis* of Virgil, in which the learned author is said to be eminently successful in imparting to the mere English reader a

sense of the beauties of Virgil's noblest work. Faint indeed that impression must ever be, which an English translation can convey; for the diversified harmony of the numbers, and compressed energetic expression of the original, are unattainable in our language. The present translation is more faithful than that of Dryden, and more elegant than that of Trapp. It even approximates occasionally to the concise and powerful style of the Latin; but this object is sometimes effected by a construction familiar and agreeable to the classical reader, but strange and harsh to those for whom such works are chiefly intended. On the whole, the execution of this very difficult task is highly honourable to Dr. Symmons, and evinces his intimate and critical knowledge of the *Æneis*, his delicate sense of its most refined beauties, and his easy, fluent, and nervous style of versification.

Giovanni Sbogarro, a Venetian tale, is an alteration from an anonymous French work, founded on the real adventures of an extraordinary Bandit, who appeared in the northern part of Italy, at the time of the extinction of the Venetian Republic. In this romance, the hero is represented as endowed with the most marvellous faculties; gifted with manners and fascinations of eloquence, which enchant us with a spell; capable of passing from place to place with a rapidity almost super-human; and not only redeemed from abhorrence by his generosity and his courage, but distinguished by the most passionate and refined of human affections. He is depicted as cherishing a pure and almost ethereal love for a most gentle girl; as protecting her amid perils, watching over her with delicate observance, and as only nurturing a wild fancy that she shall be united to him in the grave. He follows her, however, to Venice, where, under the name of Orsonio, he is adored by the populace as something more than mortal, wins her love, and lingers about her with a kind of desperate hope that he may yet be happy with her in spite of his destiny. At last he is forced to leave her on a sudden, and shortly after she is seized and taken to his castle, where she is attended on with the most respectful care. After surprising perils and escapes, he is taken; but she does not discover the identity of Orsonio and the Bandit, until he is led out to die. The disclosure breaks her heart; and she falls lifeless on the ground; on which he only repeats the word "Dead!" as he bends over her, and erecting himself, and folding his mantle about him, commands the officers of justice to

"Lead on." There is something of extravagance in this story, but a very deep and solemn interest is excited throughout its progress. We contemplate with mysterious awe a being who, while he lives in the sunniest region of life, is yet fated to destruction. The girl, too, whom his love is destined to destroy, is an object of singular interest; she is of mould ethereal, and so light, and of spirit so angelical, that we almost expect her to melt into thin air. Our readers will perceive, even from this brief sketch, that *Giovanni Sbogarro* is no ordinary novel. The contrast of the chief characters, the links of fate which connect them for ruin, and the Italian luxury which breathes about the scenes of their ill-fated passion, will secure for it a place among the undying recollections of its readers.

The Rev. Robert Maturin, author of "*Bertram*," &c. has in the press a Poem, entitled *The Universe*.

A new satirical novel, entitled *Edinburgh*, by the facetious author of "*London, or a Month at Stevens's*," long since announced and reported to be suppressed, was expected to appear in November.

Another work, from the pen of the author of *Waverly*, &c. is already announced, under the title of "*Kenilworth*."

The works of Sir Richard Blackmore, now first collected, with his life and notes, by Mr. Chalmers, in 10 vols. 8vo. are announced !!

Another tour through the United States may be expected; it is promised by Wm. Tell Harris, who sojourned here, it seems, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819.

Miss Anna Maria Porter is preparing for the press a romance, entitled the *Village of Mariendorpt*.

Among the new circumstances of these times of international peace, we have to notice the curious fact of a course of lectures on English literature being delivered at Geneva! The lecturer, Thomas Mulock, Esq. commenced this course in November last, and the Genoese are so earnest in the cultivation of English literature, that his success has been very great. The auditory consisted of Germans, Italians, Genevese, and English.

It is curious to observe the gradual disuse of Greek among the Greeks, produced by the change of their residence. In Greece the Turks speak only Greek; in Constantinople, the Greeks speak both Greek and Turkish, but only the former to each other; in Asia Minor, along the coast, they can speak Greek when ad-

dressed in it, but talk Turkish to each other. And in the interior parts of Asia Minor, they know no other language than Turkish.

Nothing does greater honour to a nation than a proper sense of merit, and attention to reward it ; because from the public, a reward is honorary as well as pecuniary. Undoubtedly, the benefits lately conferred by the science of chemistry on various branches of industry, are of the first importance ; and they have been felt as such by the iron-masters of Sweden, who have settled an annuity of 500 crowns on M. Berzelius, in consideration of the services he has rendered to the arts dependent on chemistry, and to manufacturers of several kinds, by his discoveries and communications.

Lochiel ; or the Field of Culloden, a Romance, in three volumes, is an excellent imitation of the author of Waverly's most interesting productions. It is, indeed, perhaps, scarcely fair to give it this sweeping character, for its author has rather followed in the tract, and adopted the general manner of his great predecessor, than copied his particular beauties. Like him, he has interwoven great national events with private history—like him, he has chosen Scottish scenery, and has chiefly portrayed Scottish characters ; like him he has evinced a sympathy with the old Jacobite enthusiasm of the Highland chiefs. But his characters are original, and drawn with a free and fearless hand. His most essential inferiority to the author of Waverly, consists in the comparative pettiness of his details,—in the want of those grand masses of interest which so expand and fill the imagination of the reader, and leave so deep and indelible an impression on the memory. But his narrative is more clearly connected, and with more natural links. His theme, as will be anticipated from the title, is the disastrous expedition of Charles Edward, which has been only partially interwoven with the narrative in Waverly. It breathes a spirit of sympathy with that gallant adventurer and his partisans, which is very pleasing, now that it must be confined to poems and romances.

Among the most estimable of those British ladies who have long delighted and instructed the reading part of the public, the name of Mrs. Grant always attracts eager attention. She has published a volume of Tales founded on Facts.

The gossiping Lady Morgan is proceeding *rapidly*, says an English Editor, with her work on Italy.

Sir Robert Ker Porter is preparing *Travels* for the last four years, which embrace a vast extent of country; namely, almost all that comprised the ancient Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian empires; from the banks of the Black Sea to the Euphrates, and from the Euphrates to the mouth of the Persian Gulph. The Manners, Customs, and Costumes of the present race in these regions, are very curious, and will, we trust, be particularly delineated both with respect to their actual state, and with reference to the manners of the ancient inhabitants. From a gentleman so competent, both with the pen and pencil, we have a right to expect a valuable work in most points of view, but especially in what regards the interesting antiquities of the primitive world.

A. M. Hoene Wronsky complains, in the *Gazette de France*, of the illiberality of the British nation in not granting him the reward of 20,000*l.* proposed by Parliament for the discovery of the Longitude. This person declares, that "he has established a new lunar theory, which gives the solution required." Proud of his discovery, he hastened to London, where he immediately waited upon Sir Joseph Banks, who referred him to Dr. Young, by whom he says, "every thing is done at the Board of Longitude." In the meantime all his instruments, in spite of his remonstrances, were taken from the Custom-house, and exposed to the Board of Longitude, who, after having minutely examined them, discovered his secret, and then, coolly returning them to him, informed him that his discovery was not new, and that the Board had entertained a *similar idea*. M. Wronsky complains, that not only was he refused the Parliamentary reward, but even his expenses to London were not paid, which, he says, was the more unjust, as the English unfairly obtained a knowledge of his lunar theory, and his theory of fractions. In like manner, our countryman, Perkins, has been told that his idea respecting Bank notes was not new at Birmingham; and those who remember how poor Hadley was defrauded of his Quadrant, will not be surprized at the complaint of M. Wronsky.

The Italian Journals mention that a young lady, only 13 years of age, named Maria Catharina Gherardi, a native of Scrola, has maintained in public, a series of philosophical thesis, in the Latin Language. Is it not Mr. Addison who says, that arguments are irresistible, when they flow from a pretty mouth?

The Emperor of China has received the "Ode to the Supreme"

Being," written in Russian, by Gabriel Romanowtcht, a Russian poet : he has caused it to be translated, has had it copied in both languages (the Chinese and the Tartar) written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the interior of his palace. This incident will give rise to various observations ; few, indeed, are the instances in which the celestial Empire has condescended to accept ideas, especially on subjects connected with theology, from foreigners, or others not of its own persuasion or sect.

M. Olmo, a curate of the Upper Garonne, has formed the plan of founding a town, in which no one is to be permitted to speak any language except that of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace. This ecclesiastical Romulus invites all the friends of classical literature, to assist him in carrying his plan into execution ; but he has apparently forgotten that the rigorous condition he imposes on his learned colonists, may give rise to some difficulties with respect to the admission of ladies, and that,

Pour etre savant on n'en est pas moins homme.

He should have recollected that the philosophers of the present day have, in general, a tolerable relish for gastronomy, and that their cooks must be excellent Latin scholars, to understand the minute directions they may receive for preparing a dinner.

Professor Afzelius, of Upsal, is about to publish *Memoirs of the celebrated Linnæus*, written by himself, the MS. of which was some time ago found in the University of Upsal. The work will be translated into French, German, and English. Lord Strangford has undertaken the English translation.

In January next, *The Port Folio*, or original Miscellany, will be commenced in London, and be continued in successive numbers, once every two months. Each number to contain one engraving. Price 1s. 6d.

The New Monthly Magazine for November, contains an interesting "Memoir of an American Chief," the savage Tecumseh. The conclusion of this article will show how much the fancy of the writer was put in requisition on this occasion, because although it is well known that the House of Assembly of Canada, paid so much respect to their allies as to place a scalp on the Speaker's table, yet we cannot believe that any American gentleman would commit so violent an outrage upon all the feelings of civilized life. "The Americans showed their respect for Te-

cumseh in full as barbarous a manner as a hostile tribe of his own could have done under the same circumstances. The skin was flayed from his lifeless corpse, and made into razor-straps, one of which the late Mr. Clay of Virginia, a member of the American legislature, prided himself in possessing."

A Letter to the Author of *Waverly*, &c. on the Moral Tendency of those Popular Works, is characterized as deserving the praise of good intention, and as being, evidently, the product of a mind tremblingly alive to the interests of religion and virtue, though the critics do not concur with the author in his reasonings on the religious or moral tendencies of the books which form the subject of his animadversion. The complaint is, that the writer of those celebrated fictions has not made the interests of religion and morality any part of his plan. This is merely a negative censure, and amounts to no positive crimination. It is true that an author who sends into the world fascinating works of imagination, which have a manifest tendency to corrupt the heart, to endanger the moral principle, or to shake the religious faith of his readers, incurs something beyond mere literary responsibility. He is amenable at the tribunal of society, for actual mischief done or intended. No beauties of fancy, no playfulness of wit, can absolve him; they aggravate his guilt, because they aggravate the evil. He is a more mischievous writer than if he were to promulgate an inverted decalogue, to teach vice by rule, or to inculcate wickedness by precept; for then the common judgments of mankind, and the ordinary feelings of their nature, would detect the fallacy of the argument, and reject the turpitude of the lesson. Romantic incidents, however, artfully interwoven and enchain- ing by spells of magic potency the affections and imaginations of the reader, may dress up in such splendid and captivating attire the meanest and worst passions which belong to us, that with young and unconfirmed minds they may pass for the fairest and sublimest virtues. If the author of *Waverly* has done this, he has to answer for much culpability: but, if he has merely constructed ingenious and entertaining tales, and given them no marked tendency either of a moral or a religious kind, we do not see that he fairly comes within the scope of this author's animad- version.

HARRISON HALL will shortly publish, at the *Port Folio* Office, Philadelphia, a *LAW GLOSSARY* of the Latin, Greek, Norman,

French, and other languages, interspersed in the Commentaries of Sir William Blackstone, and various law treatises upon each branch of the profession : translated into English, and alphabetically arranged. To which will be added, translations of the quotations in the principal American Reporters.

Just completed, in 32 volumes, 8vo. *The General Biographical Dictionary*, containing an Historical and Critical Account of the Lives and Writings of the most eminent Persons in every Nation, particularly the British and Irish ; from the earliest Accounts to the present time. A new edition, revised and enlarged. By Alexander Chalmers, F. S. A.

The present edition has been augmented by 3934 additional lives ; and of the remaining number, 2176 have been re-written, and the whole revised and corrected. The total number of articles exceeds 9000. In the Memoirs of authors, their works are enumerated, with the dates of publication ; and in proportioning the length of an article to the interest of the subject, a due consistency has been preserved. Appended to each article are copious references to the sources whence the materials are derived.

Mr. William Davis Robinson has published Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution, including a Narrative of the Expedition of General Xavier Mina ; with some observations on the practicability of opening a commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, through the Mexican Isthmus in the province of Oaxaca and the Lake of Nicaragua, &c. Those who are interested in the subject of this volume, will find in it the most connected narrative of these momentous transactions that has yet appeared. Mr. Robinson is quite enthusiastic in the cause, and he writes with a degree of animation which sometimes carries him beyond the bounds of sober discretion ; but even this is preferable to the flat and unprofitable pages which the Revolution has produced. The author suffered great injustice from Spain, and this has made him a *good hater* of that wretched nation. But he should not have permitted his feelings so far to overcome his judgment, as to lead him out of his record. There is no ground for the grave imputations which he has thrown upon the character of Don Onís, and the rashness with which his accusations are made, will necessarily detract from the weight of the author's statements on other occasions.

Mr. Miner, editor of the Village Record, says, that the " Pas-

sage in the new history of the American war, translated from the Italian of Botta, which respects the massacre at Wyoming, contains an hundred errors. The original of the picture is bad enough. This is a frightful caricature. Having lived twenty years at Wyoming; been often upon the field of battle with intelligent men who were in the engagement, and taken much pains to ascertain the facts respecting it, I can safely say that the account is altogether unworthy the name of history. Colonel Butler, who commanded the Americans, instead of being the character there represented, did every thing that a brave, able, and faithful officer could do. Colonel Dennison, who from the account it would seem was murdered after surrendering, lived to see Mr. Jefferson President of the United States, and was many years judge of the court in Luzerne county."

Mr. Sanderson proposes to give the Lives of those fifty-six illustrious individuals who signed and promulgated the Declaration of our Independence. They were all distinguished men; and deserve the honour of having their memory transmitted to the latest posterity, in a work devoted exclusively to that purpose. The book before us, is the first of a series, which we most ardently hope will be completed, in a manner, as excellent as that in which the great enterprise has been commenced. We have already the *fac simile* of the autography of each subscriber; a beautiful *vignette* title page; an introduction to the whole work; the biography of John Hancock; and a portrait of his person, engraved by J. B. Longacre, in the very best style. The engraving and printing have been executed with accuracy and elegance. We venture to compare the "fine copy" of this work, with any thing of the kind produced by the London artists; and affirm, that Gilpin, (the paper maker,) Longacre and Maxwell, would not suffer by the comparison. The biography of the President of Congress in 1776, is written in a classical manner; and might serve as a model for the memoirs which are to follow. It is not prolix; it descends to nothing trivial; and is far from the common fault of attributing all the glory of the American Revolution, to one distinguished instrument in it. It was so interesting to us, that having begun to read it, it was impossible to close the volume until we came, with regret, to the close. We really have no fault to find with this sketch of the life of our countryman, whose fame, will deservedly be as lasting as civil liberty. The same unqualified

praise cannot be given to the *Introduction*. Yet, as we have not room to criticise it minutely at present ; it is but justice to state, that Mr. Sanderson writes with animation, perspicuity, suavity, and good sense. It is a pity, that an author, so capable of doing honour to the history and belles-lettres of his country, should not have become more generally known. His adventurous spirit, however, aims at magnificent things ; and, possibly, he is unwilling to be known as the author of any work, inferior in magnitude and national importance, to the one with which he has commenced his literary career ; and on which, we are credibly informed, he has staked the whole of his pecuniary resources. If we will have any books of American biography, history and literature, this undertaking of Mr. Sanderson ought to be liberally encouraged by the learned and affluent of our country. Oh ! that we could boast a reading public ; and that we could say, with truth, that any other books than a few novels and poems, and generally, an elegant folio bible, kept for ornament and family dignity, were to be found in half the splendid mansions of Philadelphia. But, “ we can procure the book at the Philadelphia Library.” Yes, and the author of an excellent work must be left to beg or starve ; and his wife and children must be doomed to penury, because their natural protector, was a literary man, and an author, who conferred honour on his species. *Burn the Philadelphia Library*, we say : aye, *burn it !* if this must be its influence, to deprive meritorious authors, and enterprising artists of their sustenance ; and of the means of continuing their labours. Let those, who cannot afford to purchase valuable works, and who wish to peruse scarce tomes, the work of former generations, resort to the library ; but let our rich merchants, our thrifty lawyers, and the elegantly neat quaker proprietors of the soil of this city, who have sons and daughters to be educated for usefulness and happiness, be ashamed to creep into the repository of rare, ancient, and learned volumes, and ask in a soft voice of the librarian, “ *Is Sanderson’s Biography in ?* and to add, “ *My daughters wish to see it.*”

To the Gentlemen of the Bar.

Harrison Hall has published a Digested Index to the Term Reports, analytically arranged, containing all the points of law argued and determined in the Court of King’s Bench, from Michaelmas Term, 1785, to Easter Term, 1818, and in the Court of Common Pleas, from Easter Term, 1788, to Hilary Term, 1818,

with Notes, and a Table of all the Titles, Divisions, Sub-Divisions, and References. By JOHN BAYLEY MOORE, of the Inner Temple; and JOHN E. HALL. Price \$10 bound.

As the very valuable and numerous decisions contained in the Term Reports are, from the mode of their publication, necessarily unconnected and diffused through many volumes, the compilers of this work were induced to arrange and methodize them, not only as an index to assist the student, but by carefully collecting together all the cases upon every particular point, and placing them in a regular mode of succession, under their respective heads, to furnish a ready means of reference to the cases themselves. The following remarks on this work are from the Monthly Review.

"We are happy in having it in our power to assure our readers, that while he (the English Editor) had before him so proper a view of the object which he ought to endeavour to fulfil by the compilation of an Analytical Digest like the present, *he has actually accomplished his task in a manner which does great credit to his own judgment and laborious application*, and justly entitles him to the thanks of the profession, for whose use his work is intended. In the execution of this design, he has *very judiciously* adopted a mode of arranging the different titles of his Digest, and their several subdivisions, *less technical, but more suited to modern practice*, than that of his predecessor, Mr. Tomlins. On the whole, we are not aware of any plan by which a reference to the various important decisions, contained in so large a body of legal authorities of the Term Reports, can well be made more easy than it is rendered by means of this very valuable compilation."

M. Carey & Son have in the Press, *The Journal of Jurisprudence: A New Series of "The Law Journal."* By JOHN E. HALL, ESQ. Price \$5. The plan of this work embraces,

I. Translations from commentators and original disquisitions on the Civil Law and the Laws of Nations;

II. Decisions in American Courts not elsewhere reported;

III. Information respecting those laws of the respective States which are of general importance;

IV. Scarce tracts and reviews connected with the science of law;

V. A selection from the modern English Reports of those cases which may be useful to an American lawyer.

VI. An Annual Digest of the American and English Decisions.

The Journal will be transmitted to subscribers, by such means as they may direct, in quarterly numbers of 136 pages each, or in volumes, consisting of 500 pages. The price of each volume is five dollars, which must be paid on the delivery of the second number.

The learned world may reasonably expect in a few years, complete and perfect translations of Plutarch, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Aristotle, Hippocrates, &c. from the Arabic. The French have been lately assiduous in their researches after such Arabian treasures. M. Giardin, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, has sent to Paris, fifteen valuable works in Arabic from the Imperial Library at Constantinople, among which are the complete works of Plutarch and Herodotus. Those of Aristotle, Hippocrates, Livy, Tacitus, Sallust, &c. are known to have been translated into Arabic, and might be discovered and purchased by well-directed search after them at Fez, Morocco, or some other ports of West or South Barbary. Mr. Jackson, in his recent travels in those countries, annexed to Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo and Hausa, p. 325, says, "it is more than probable, that the works of many Greek and Roman authors, translated during the æra of Arabian learning, are to be found in the hands of literary individuals, in several parts of West and South Barbary."

The same gentleman who translated Lord Byron's Poems into French, has announced Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Romances.

The Editor of an English Journal expresses his approbation of Mrs. Hugh's "Stories for Children," which was reviewed in our last Number, in the following language: We feel always happy in giving our recommendation to compositions of this kind, which have the moral edification and amusement of juvenile minds for their object. The little book now before us, contains four very pretty and instructive stories; the moral in each of which lies level to the capacity of the youngest children in a nursery, without being at all tedious or trifling. The tale of the greedy boy is excellent, and much in the best manner of Miss Edgeworth.

There are printed in London sixty-three different newspapers, one hundred and twenty in the several counties of England and

Wales, exclusive of Middlesex, and twenty-eight in Scotland; making together a total of two hundred and eleven public journals published in England. In Ireland, they have about one-third of the above number.

A brief description of the Inverted Press, invented by Samuel Stanbrough, of Columbia, Pennsylvania.

Firstly. The plattin and tympan are connected, and move together, in the same position in which the tympan moves in the common press.

The advantages gained by this are, 1. The carriage is dispensed with; consequently, the time necessary for running the form in and out, is saved. 2. The blankets being laid on the face of the plattin, the paper, blankets and plattin come in contact before the screw is moved, the press requires less motion; consequently, a slower and more powerful screw may be used.

Secondly. The screw is placed below the centre of the bed, and the force applied upward. (This situation of the screw is peculiarly adapted to the application of the Stanhopean principle.)

Thirdly. The bar of the screw is moved by a lever which is attached to a perpendicular shaft, on which the handle is placed; in the end of the lever is a pin which moves in a slit or groove in the bar of the screw.

Fourthly. Near the lower end of the shaft is a wheel, a part of the circumference of which is furnished with cogs or teeth, which, as the pull is making, puts the cylindrical beaters in motion, and distributes the ink; and the beater is run over the form by means of a treadle.

The construction of this press was commenced in April 1820, and the first trial of it was made, on a small scale, on Saturday the 12th of August. Some imperfection being discovered in the method of applying the ink, it was found necessary to make some improvements and alterations. On Friday the 25th of August, 1820, the machinery being completed, this second trial was made, which proves satisfactory.

It is expected that with this press and beater, one person will be able to work with as much ease and expedition as two do with the common press; the time and labour of running the form in and out, being equal to that of inking.

ART. XX.—Poetry.

On leaving England for the South of Europe, in Consequence of Illness. By John Bowdler, Esq. Jun.

Oh! tell me not of happier hours,
Mid summer vales and myrtle bowers,
Of cities that in sunny pride
Float on the softly-circling tide,
And every dream that hovers o'er
Eretria's* bright and classic shore.
I know that southern climes are gay,
I see their zephyrs gently stray;
Soft as they breathe o'er hill and plain,
My weary senses wake again;
Yet other joys my heart would know,
Than these can feel, or those bestow.

For e'en beneath the olive shade
Disease, and pain, and death invade,
And soon my wasted strength may know
The sad return of former woe.
Say, will those laughing fields supply
Attendant friendship's cheering eye;
A mother's soft and ceaseless care,
A sister's smile, a father's prayer?
Where these dear joys my heart sustain,
I'll think eternal summers reign;
But rest of these, where'er I be,
The gayest clime is sad to me.

Health has a thousand stores to boast,
Sweet are its joys, and light their cost;
Boon exercise: the genial hour;
With melody's enchanting power;
And wit and art the triumph share;
And love's soft smile is speaking there.
Nor needs the firm and hardy hind
The joys from simpler sense refin'd;
Blithe as he carols o'er the leas
He dreams perchance of joys like these;

* A classical name for Sicily.

Then laughs aloud, the vision flown,
For health is rich in health alone.

But when the fading eye grows dim,
And fails each faint and wasted limb,
And short and frequent pantings show
The sad disease that lurks below ;
Will mirth allay, can pleasure calm,
The hurried pulse, the burning palm ?
Go bid the festal board be crown'd,
Let the soft voice of music sound,
And art and wit and learning spread
Their treasures round the sick man's bed :
With deafen'd ear, with heedless eye,
The silent sufferer turns to die.

Yet e'en in misery's sharpest pains
One dear and sacred joy remains ;
When the worn eye, that wakes in fear
From fever'd visions hovering near,
Meets some lov'd smile, whose angel power
Has cheer'd and grac'd a gayer hour ;
Still, still its magic charm is there,
Tho' touch'd with pity's softest air ;
And dear to love, to memory dear,
It brightens through the starting tear ;
Like the glad bow, by fancy drest,
That beams on evening's watery vest.

Then blame me not, if sad and slow,
My parting accents faintly flow.
Yon bark, whose gallant streamers fly,
Shall waft me to a southern sky ;
There, if my curious steps explore
Girgenti's bright and classic shore,
Coy Arethusa's fabled tide,
Or giant Ætna's mountain pride ;
Yet shall one viewless form be nigh,
One dearer image fill my eye ;
From vulgar joy, from grief refin'd,—
The shade of all I leave behind.

STANZAS. *Composed in Sherwood Plantation.*

'The remembrance of youth is a sigh.'

WORDS OF ALL.

There is a moaning sound abroad—
I list its passage through the trees ;
The desolate and mournful breeze,
With yellow leaves, bestrews the road :
Dull—gray—and cheerless is the sky ;
The sun hath sunk—the sterile plain,
Half hid in mists—while mournfully
Comes down the pattering rain.

The harvest wealth hath disappeared ;
Nor sight nor sound is left to bless ;—
The very thought is comfortless,
Of all that lately smiled and cheered :—
Hence joy hath fled on changeful wings,
And left the sombre landscape drear ;
To grief that broods o'er bitter things,
And dull, foreboding fear !

Yet I remember—ah ! too well,
Remember me of glorious days,
When beautiful the golden rays
Of morning on these forests fell ;
And birds were singing overhead,
And the sky, their carols light,
And wavelessly the river spread
Its silver mirror bright.

Up with the sun—a happy boy,
O'er heath, and rugged fields, I hied ;
And wandered by my brother's side,
For hours, and hours, with heart of joy ;
As searching round with eager foot,
The pointer snuffed the tainted gale ;
Crouched at the yellow stubble's root,
And waved his joyous tail.

Yes !—often, o'er this very field,
 Amid the hoar frost have we strayed,
 Peeping down every leafy glade,
 Which faintly here and there, reveal'd
 The footsteps of the timid hare;
 Then listened to the plaining bird;
 Or knelt, as forward thro' the air,
 The noisy partridge whirr'd.

Ah! happy days, like lightning fled !—
 For ever—and for ever gone;
 Ye come upon me like a tone
 Of music issuing from the dead.
 Before my view, is there unfurl'd,
 A map of feelings, perished—past—
 The visions of another world,
 Without a cloud o'ercast.

Time alters all—alone I stand,
 And listen to the morning breeze,
 And to the rain-drops, from the trees,
 Down dripping on the moistened land;
 But thou, my brother, placidly,
 Far—far beyond the ocean's roar,
 Within a grassy grave dost lie,
 Upon a foreign shore !

WRITTEN IN MY STUDY.

Let pedants in huge folios dig,
 And with their self-importance big,
 Expect the world's applause;
 Alas ! the only meed they share,
 Are restless nights and daily care,
 And pale and lanthorn jaws.

Be mine the wiser student's case,
 To read alone those books that please,
 And shun the midnight lamp;
 Full well I know that ceaseless toil
 Would soon my tender spirits spoil,
 And my poor genius cramp.

When metaphysics I peruse
 In learned leaves of Scotch Reviews,
 I find them much too deep ;
 Contented then I turn them o'er,
 Or very often read no more,
 Or oftener still I sleep.

For the Port Folio.

OBERON TO MARY.

A Fairy elf, your friend and guide,
 Though never seen by you,
 Whene'er through verdant groves you glide,
 Round charming Waterloo,

Would fain poetic homage pay,
 At virtue's purest shrine,—
 Accept then, Mary, from thy Fay,
 This humble Valentine.

How blest the hours when late we rov'd,
 By valley, mead, or rill,
 Or sought th' embow'ring shades you lov'd,
 Or climb'd Bellevue's fair hill.

Where oft at evening's stilly hours,
 With footsteps light you'd bound,
 To weave a wreath of wilding flowers,
 That breath'd their fragrance round.

Then lov'd my task to watch with care,
 Each flowret sweet expand,
 Preserve for you each blossom fair,
 From every ruder hand.

To dash the sparkling dewy gem,
 At morn from every spray ;
 At fervid noon by mountain stream,
 Bid zephyrs lightly play.

Bid tuneful birds their mistress greet—
 In grateful strains prolong—

Their vesper hymns, in cadence sweet,
Responsive to her song.

To be thy guardian sylph by night,
With dreams to fill thy mind,
Of visions, as thy slumbers light,
As thy pure heart refined.

Then sped the hours on pleasure's wing,
When you were here to grace,
To you unknown, the fancies bring,
With pleasure beaming face.

Then haste thee, Mary, haste and leave,
For groves the smoky town;
Nor let thy fairy minions grieve,
Thy absence still bemoan.

Soon wintry blasts shall speed away,
And spring in genial showers
Shed blossom'd sweets on every spray,
Fresh verdure yield thy bowers.

The sylphs and fays of hill and dell,
Of grove, or valley green,
Would have you here for ever dwell
Their lov'd and sovereign queen.

SYDNEY.

St. Valentine's Day, 1818.

SONG.

Did ye see the red rose on its bonny green stem,
As it opened its lips for the dew?
The newly-fledg'd birds, did ye look upon them,
Just fluttering their wings ere they flew?

Did ye mark the young light dawning dim in the east,
With the clouds cold and silent above?
Did ye hear the bells ring at the village-spread feast,
And see the young bride and her love?

Oh, the rose ; it has bloom'd, it is withered, 'tis dead,
 And its leaves blown away with a breath ;
 Oh, the birds they are grown, they are strong, they have fled
 And the fowler has done them to death.

Oh, the light brightened forth over woodland and dell,
 Then it faded and faded away :
 Oh, the bells that were ringing, are tolling a knell,
 And the bride and her love—where are they ?

TO A FRIEND ABOUT TO MARRY A SECOND TIME.

Non profectura precando.—OVID.

Oh, keep the ring, one little year
 Keep poor Eliza's ring ;—
 And shed on it the silent tear,
 In secret sorrowing.

Thy lips, on which her last, last kiss
 Yet lingers moist and warm ;
 Oh, wipe them not for newer bliss,
 Oh, keep it as a charm.

These haunts are sacred to her love,
 Here still her presence dwells ;
 Of her the grot, of her the grove,
 Of her the garden tells.

Beneath these elms you sate and talk'd ;
 Beside that river's brink,
 At evening arm-in-arm you walk'd
 Here stopt to gaze and think.

Thou'lt meet her when thy blood beats high
 In converse with thy bride,
 Meet the mild meaning of an eye,
 That never learnt to chide.

Oh no, dear George, another here
 Thou canst not, must not bring ;
 No, keep it—but one little year,
 Keep poor Eliza's ring.

From an English Paper.

Miss Bridget Adair lived up one pair of stairs,
 In a street leading out of Soho ;
 And though lovely and fair, had seen thirty years,
 Without being blest with a beaux ;
 But it happened one May day (the morning was fine)
 She heard in her passage a tread—
 It was just as the clock of St. Ann's had gone nine,
 And Miss Bridget was just out of bed.

The tread it drew nearer, the knocker it stir'd,
 And a rapping did gently ensue—
 Who's there ? said Miss Bridget—a whisper was heard
 Of "Madam, I die for you !"
 "What, for me does he die," said the love-stricken maid,
 To the glass as she bustled in haste,
 She adjusted her gown, put a cap on her head,
 And adorned with a ribbon her waist.

Pit-a-pat went her heart, as she opened the door,
 And a stranger appeared to her view ;
 Stepping in with a smile, and a bow to the floor,
 He said "Madam, I die for you."
 If she liked his demeanor, so courteous and meek,
 Yet his looks were enough to amaze her ;
 For his face appeared black, as unwash'd for a week,
 And his beard asked the aid of a razor.

At length he addressed her in this killing strain,
 "Miss Bridget I dye for you ;
 "And here are the silks which you sent me to stain,
 "Of a beautiful mazarine blue."
 Ah me ! disappointed and nearly in tears,
 Standing still with a gape and a stare
 You would hardly have thought, had you known her for
 years,
 'Twas lovely Miss Bridget Adair.

FOR THE FORT FOLIO.

To ———.

Go find a maid whose modest cheek
 With feeling's eloquence can speak,
 In whose sweet eye is giv'n to view
 A heart to Heav'n and nature true;
 A heart in which though warmly giv'n,
 In pure spontaneous vows to Heav'n,
 The quick, wild pulses oft declare
 That human feelings tremble there,
 Its powers with Heaven itself to share.
 Its cords must vibrate to each tone,
 That e'er enthusiast soul has known,
 The tender hope, the dubious fear,
 The thrill of rapture fond and dear,
 The languishments of fond desire,
 The kindlings of heroic fire,
 Compassion's sigh (and sorrow's swell
 Which gentle bosoms know *too well*),
 Feelings whose generous store must glide
 Warm through her bosom's gushing tide,—
 Such be her heart.—And be her mind
 Strong, elevated, and refined;
 Not quite averse to classic lore,
 Or hist'ry's page;—but loving more
 On Fancy's flutt'ring wing to soar;
 And, wrapt in their enthusiast dreams,
 To linger o'er the poet's themes.
 With such a mind and such a heart,
 She cannot be a thing of art;
 And principles that Heaven approves
 Distrust of all things else removes.
 Go valued youth, and if thou find
 A girl with such a heart and mind,
 Whose loveliness of form and face,
 And manners sweet, enchanting grace,
 Their witch'ries round thy heart entwine,
 May love's delightful bonds be thine !

Till then—I'd have thee cold and free,
As youth and feeling well can be ;
For it would vex my soul with pain,
To see thee wear a trifle's chain.

THE GRAVE OF CRAZY JANE.

From the MS. of the late John Pinlay, Author of Wallace, &c.

I.

Peaceful is the grave of lovers,
When from all their cares they sleep,
Soft the turf their bosom covers,
And their eyes have ceased to weep.
In this valley silent wandering,
Oft I mark at dewy e'en,
Through the shades of twilight gathering
The lone grave of Crazy Jane.

II.

Oft I heard the voice of anguish
Stealing down yon hawthorn glade,
And I mark'd the soft eyes languish
Of a poor and hapless maid.
Still my heart, with pity bleeding,
Listen'd to the melting strain ;
Oh the canker, grief, was feeding
On the cheek of Crazy Jane !

III.

Now her heart has still'd its motion,
Every pang has pass'd away,
Now forsaking life's wild ocean,
Cold she mingles with the clay.
When the sun of silent evening
Tinges all the western main,
Then its radiance wild declining
Gilds the grave of Crazy Jane.

IV.

Oft she'd wander there, and ponder
 Weeping o'er life's stormy sea ;
 There, when morning frost advancing,
 Crisps with ice the sleeping wave,
 See the red-breast softly chanting,
 O'er her bare and lonely grave.

V.

If thou, red-breast, know'st her sorrow,
 Softer would thy wild note flow ;
 Thou her plaintive voice wouldst borrow,
 Sweetly warbling strains of wo.
 Yet when summer suns are beaming
 And the winds have ceased to rave,
 Faithless, to the woods retiring,
 Thou forsakest her lonely grave..

 THE PALE CHEEK OF LOVE.

From the MS. of the late John Finlay.

I heed not, Love, the rosy cheek
 That burns with an impassion'd glow ;
 Dearer is thine, whose wan hues speak
 Of feelings that have made it so.
 Yet once the rosy cheek I blest,
 In days that long are past and gone,
 When all voluptuously it prest,
 And breath'd its warmth upon my own.
 When thou didst chide my froward will,
 That made its tinge a deeper still.
 I mark'd o'er grief thy roses shed
 Like blooms on an untimely wind ;
 But lovelier as the roses fled,
 I deem'd the lilies left behind.
 Of thine own grief thou ne'er didst speak,
 Yet well could I the cause divine ;
 The sorrows that did blanch thy cheek,
 Were sorrows that arose from mine ;
 And hence I love the hue of wo,
 That tells me thou hast lov'd me so.

A TRUE STORY.

The following well-told story, first published in 1815, is perhaps, a better method of replying to the misrepresentations of foreigners, than any thing more angry and serious.

On the plains of New-Jersey, one hot summer's day,
Two Englishmen snug in a stage coach were vap'ring ;
A yankee who happened to travel that way,
Took a seat along-side, and sat wond'ring and gaping :

Chock full of importance (like every true Briton,
Who knows British stars far out shine our poor Luna,)
These cockneys found nothing their optics could hit on,
But what was insipid or miserable puny.

Compared with the English, our horses were colts,
Our oxen were goats—and a sheep but a lamb ;
And the people ! (poor blockheads) such pitiful dolts !
Mere Hottentot children, contrasted with them !

Just then a black cloud in the west was ascending ;
The lightning flash'd frequent, with horrible glare,
While near and more near, a fierce tempest portending,
The thunder rebellowed along the rent air.

An oak by the way-side, Jove's bolt made a dash on,
With a peal that knock'd horses and cockneys all flat,
There, hang you ! cries Jonathan, quite in a passion,
Have you got better THUNDER in *England* than that ?

ODE TO THE WIND.

Sweet silent Breeze of noon, to thee
The proudest bosom still is free.
With softest murmur greet the maid,
To whose cold heart my vows are paid.
Full oft to thee, sweet soothing guest,
She loosens all her snowy breast ;
And, oh, no gently swelling sail,
That opens to thy passing gale,

E'er heav'd so lovely to the sight,
 As heaves that breast of soft delight,
 Than winter's snow more white.

Each charm, which thou alone mayst see,
 Returning, tell to none but me.
 Search all that courts or shuns the eye,
 And mingle with her parting sigh;
 Thy breath, thence fraught with balmy power,
 On every weed shall leave a flower:
 Yet none like that fair rose shall be,
 Which dyes her cheek, when kiss'd by thee;
 The Morning's blush, or Evening's glow,
 The blooming spring, or watery bow,
 No tints so fair can show.

No Sun shall drink its silken bloom,
 No wint'ry blasts its dyes consume:
 Grief ne'er shall raise her banners pale,
 Where now those tints of health prevail.
 But Youth shall feed the glowing dyes,
 Unstain'd by Sorrow's withering sighs:
 For ah, too well, alas! I know
 She ne'er can feel a Lover's wo:
 For had she known the secret pain,
 She ne'er would wound, with such disdain,
 A heart, that pines in vain.

Ah! plead, sweet Breeze, a Lover's part,
 And pour thy mildness o'er her heart.
 Ah, say, though Time goes softly past,
 He marks his footsteps plain at last;
 And leaves them in the fairest face,
 In waning Beauty's vacant place.
 Her cruel scorn at least reprove,
 For scorn's a hard reward for love.
 Ah, bid her not that power abuse,
 Ah, bid her not that heart refuse,
 Which she may grieve to lose.

END OF VOLUME X.

AMERICAN BIRDS.



The Blue Jay. Corvus Cristatus.

THIS elegant bird, which, as far as I can learn, is peculiar to North America, is distinguished as a kind of beau among the feathered tenants of our woods, by the brilliancy of his dress; and, like most other coxcombs, makes himself still more conspicuous by his loquacity, and the oddness of his tones and gestures. The Jay measures eleven inches in length; the head is ornamented with a crest of light blue or purple feathers, which he can elevate or depress at pleasure; a narrow line of black runs along the frontlet, rising on each side higher than the eye, but not passing over it, as Catesby has represented, and as Pennant and many others have described it; back and upper part of the neck, a fine light purple, in which the blue predominates; a collar of

black, proceeding from the hind head, passes with a graceful curve down each side of the neck to the upper part of the breast, where it forms a crescent; chin, cheeks, throat and belly, white, the three former slightly tinged with blue; greater wing-coverts a rich blue; exterior sides of the primaries, light blue; those of the secondaries, a deep purple, except the three feathers next the body, which are of a splendid light blue; all these, except the primaries, are beautifully barred with crescents of black and tipped with white; the interior sides of the wing-feathers are dusky black; tail long and cuneiform, composed of twelve feathers of glossy light blue, marked at half inches with transverse curves of black, each feather being tipped with white, except the two middle ones, which deepen into a dark purple at the extremities. Breast and sides under the wings a dirty white, faintly stained with purple; inside of the mouth, the tongue, bill, legs, and claws, black; iris of the eye, hazel.

The Blue Jay is an almost universal inhabitant of the woods, frequenting the thickest settlements as well as the deepest recesses of the forest, where his squalling voice often alarms the deer, to the disappointment and mortification of the hunter; one of whom informed me, that he made it a point, in summer, to kill every Jay he could meet with. In the charming season of spring, when every thicket pours forth harmony, the part performed by the Jay always catches the ear. He appears to be, among his fellow musicians, what the trumpeter is in a band, some of his notes having no distant resemblance to the tones of that instrument. These he has

the faculty of changing through a great variety of modulations, according to the particular humour he happens to be in. When disposed for ridicule, there is scarce a bird to whose peculiarities of song he cannot tune his notes. When engaged in the blandishments of love they resemble the soft chatterings of a duck, and, while he nestles among the thick branches of the cedar, they are scarcely heard at the distance of a few paces; but no sooner does he discover your approach than he sets up a sudden and vehement outcry, flying off, and screaming with all his might, as if he called the whole feathered tribes of the neighbourhood to witness some outrageous usage he had received. When he hops undisturbed among the high branches of the oak and hickory, they become soft and musical; and his calls of the female a stranger would readily mistake for the repeated screechings of an ungreased wheelbarrow. All these he accompanies with various nods, jerks, and other gesticulations, for which the whole tribe of Jays is so remarkable, that, with some other peculiarities, they might have very well justified the great Swedish naturalist in forming them into a separate genus.

The Blue Jay builds a large nest, frequently in the cedar, sometimes on an apple tree, lines it with dry fibrous roots, and lays five eggs of a dull olive, spotted with brown. The male is particularly careful of not being heard near the place, making his visits as silently and secretly as possible. His favourite food is chestnuts, acorns, and Indian corn. Occasionally he feeds on bugs and caterpillars, and sometimes pays a plunder-

ing visit to the orchard, cherry rows and potatoe patch; and has been known, in times of scarcity, to venture into the barn, through openings between the weather-boards. In these cases he is extremely active and silent, and if surprised in the fact makes his escape with precipitation, but without noise, as if conscious of his criminality.

Of all birds he is the most bitter enemy to the owl. No sooner has he discovered the retreat of one of these than he summons the whole feathered fraternity to his assistance. The glimmering *solitaire* is surrounded and attacked on all sides, with such shouts as may be heard, on a still day, more than half a mile off. In my hunting expeditions, when I have passed near this scene of tumult, I have imagined to myself that I heard the insulting party venting their respective charges with all the virulency of a Billingsgate mob; the owl, meanwhile, returning every compliment with a broad goggling stare. The war becomes louder and louder, and the owl, at length forced to betake himself to flight, is followed by his whole train of persecutors, until driven beyond the boundaries of their jurisdiction.

But the Blue Jay himself is not guiltless of similar depredations with the owl, and becomes, in his turn, the very tyrant he detested, when he sneaks through the woods, as he frequently does, and among the thickets and hedge-rows, plundering every nest he can find of its eggs, tearing the callow young by piece-meal, and spreading alarm and sorrow around him. The cries of the distressed parents soon bring together a number of interested spectators (for birds in such circumstan-

ces seem truly to sympathise with each other,) and he is sometimes attacked with such spirit as to be under the necessity of making a speedy retreat.

He will sometimes assault small birds, with the intention of killing and devouring them; an instance of which I once witnessed, over a piece of woods near the borders of Schuylkill; where I saw him engaged for more than five minutes pursuing what I took to be a species of *Motacilla* (*M. Maculosa*, Yellow Rump,) wheeling, darting and doubling in the air, and at last to my great satisfaction, was disappointed, by the escape of his intended prey. In times of great extremity, when his hoard or magazine is frozen up, buried in snow, or perhaps exhausted, he becomes very voracious, and will make a meal of whatever carrion or other animal substance comes in the way, and has been found regaling himself on the bowels of a robin (*Turdus migratorius*) in less than five minutes after it was shot.

There are, however, individual exceptions to this general character for plunder and outrage, a proneness for which is often, probably, occasioned by the wants and irritations of necessity. A Blue Jay, which I have kept for some time, and with whom I am on terms of familiarity, is in reality a very notable example of mildness of disposition and sociability of manners. An accident in the woods first put me in possession of this bird, while in full plumage, and in high health and spirits; I carried him home with me, and put him into a cage already occupied by a golden-winged woodpecker (*Picus Auratus*), where he was saluted with such rudeness, and received such a drubbing from

the lord of the manor, for entering his premises, that, to save his life, I was obliged to take him out again. I then put him into another cage, where the only tenant was a female *Oriolus Spurius* (bastard Baltimore.) She also put on airs of alarm, as if she considered herself endangered and insulted by the intrusion.—The Jay, meanwhile, sat mute and motionless on the bottom of the cage, either dubious of his own situation, or willing to allow time for the fears of his neighbour to subside. Accordingly in a few minutes, after displaying various threatening gestures, (like some of those Indians, whom we read of, in their first interviews with the whites,) she began to make her approaches, but with great circumspection, and readiness for retreat. Seeing the Jay, however, begin to pick up some crumbs of broken chesnuts, in a humble and peaceable way, she also descended, and began to do the same; but at the slightest motion of her new guest, she wheeled round and put herself on the defensive. All this ceremonious jealousy vanished before evening; and they now roost together, feed and play together, in perfect harmony and good humour. When the Jay goes to drink, his messmate very impudently jumps into the saucer to wash herself, throwing the water in showers over her companion, who bears it all patiently; venturing now and then, to take a sip between every splash, without betraying the smallest evidence of irritation. On the contrary, he seems to take pleasure in his little fellow-prisoner, allowing her to pick about his whiskers, which she does very gently, and to clean his claws from the minute fragments of chesnuts which happen to adhere to them.

This attachment on the one part, and mild condescension on the other, may be partly, perhaps, the effect of mutual misfortunes, which are found not only to knit mankind, but many species of inferior animals, more closely together; and shows that the disposition of the Blue Jay may be humanised, and rendered susceptible of affectionate impressions, even for those birds of which, in a state of nature, he would have no hesitation in making a meal.

He is not only bold and vociferous, but possesses a considerable talent for mimicry, and seems to enjoy great satisfaction in mocking and teasing other birds, particularly the little hawk (*F. Sparverius*,) imitating his cry wherever he sees him, and squealing out as if caught; this soon brings a number of his own tribe around him, who all join in the frolic, darting about the hawk and feigning the cries of a bird sorely wounded and already under the clutches of its devourer; while others lie concealed in bushes, ready to second their associates in the attack. But this ludicrous farce often terminates tragically. The hawk singling out one of the most insolent and provoking, sweeps upon him in an unguarded moment, and sacrifices him to his hunger and resentment. In an instant the tune is changed, and loud and incessant screams proclaim their disaster.

Wherever the Jay has had the advantage of education from man, he has not only shown himself an apt scholar, but his suavity of manners seems equalled only by his art and contrivances; though it must be confessed, that his itch for thieving keeps pace with all

his other acquirements. Dr. Mease, on the authority of Col. Postell, of South Carolina, informs me that—a Blue Jay which was brought up in the family of the latter gentleman, had all the tricks and loquacity of a parrot; pilfered every thing he could conveniently carry off, and hid them in holes and crevices; answered to his name, with great sociability, when called on; could articulate a number of words pretty distinctly; and, when he heard any uncommon noise, or loud talking, he seemed impatient to contribute his share to the general festivity.

Mr. Bartram relates an instance of the Jay's sagacity worthy of remark. "Having caught a Jay in the winter season," says he, "I turned him loose in the green house and fed him with corn, (zea, maize) of the heart of which they are very fond. This grain being ripe and hard, the bird at first found a difficulty in breaking it, as it would start from his bill when he struck it. After looking about, and as if considering for a moment, he picked up his grain, carried and placed it close up in a corner on the shelf, between the wall and a plant-box, where being confined on three sides he soon effected his purpose, and continued afterwards to make use of this same practical expedient. The Jay," continues this judicious observer, "is one of the most useful agents in the economy of nature, for disseminating forest trees, and other ruciferous and hard-seeded vegetables on which they feed. Their chief employment, during the autumnal season, is foraging to supply their winter stores. In performing this necessary duty they drop abundance of seed in their flight over fields, hedges and

by fences, where they alight to deposit them in the post-holes, &c. It is remarkable what numbers of young trees rise up in fields and pastures after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable, in a few years time, to replant all the clear lands." *Letter from Mr. William Bartram to the author.*

The Blue Jays seldom associate in any considerable numbers, except in the months of September and October, when they hover about in scattered parties of from forty to fifty, visiting the oaks in search of their favourite acorns. At this season they are less shy than usual; and keep chattering to each other in a variety of strange and querulous notes. I have counted fifty-three, but never more, at one time; and these generally following each other in straggling irregularly from one range of woods to another. Yet we are told by the learned Dr. Latham, and his statement has been copied into the most respectable European publications, that the Blue Jays of North America "often unite into flocks of twenty thousand at least! which, alighting on a field of ten or twelve acres, soon lay waste the whole." *Synopsis of birds, vol. i. p. 387.* See also *Encyc. Britt. art. CORVUS*. If this were really so, these birds would justly deserve the character which he gives them, of being the most destructive species in America. But I will venture the assertion, that the tribe *Oriolus Phoeniceus*, or red-winged black birds, in the environs of the river Delaware alone, devour and destroy more Indian corn than the whole Blue Jays of North America. As to their assembling in such immense multitudes, it may be sufficient to observe, that a flock of Blue Jays

of twenty thousand, would be as extraordinary an appearance in America, as the same number of magpies or cuckoos would be in Britain.

It has been frequently said, that numbers of birds are common to the United States and Europe; at present, however, I am not certain of many. Comparing the best descriptions and delineations of the European ones with those of our native birds, said to be of the same species, either the former are very erroneous, or the difference of plumage and habits in the latter justify us in considering a great proportion of them to be really a distinct species. Be this, however, as it may, the Blue Jay appears to belong, exclusively, to North America. I cannot find it mentioned by any writer or traveller among the birds of Guiana, Brazil, or any other part of South America. It is equally unknown in Africa. In Europe, and even in the eastern parts of Asia, it is never seen in its wild state. To ascertain the exact limits of its native regions would be difficult. These, it is highly probable, will be found to be bounded by the extremities of the temperate zone. Dr. Latham has indeed asserted, that the Blue Jay of America is not found farther north than the town of Albany. *Synopsis vol. i. p. 387.* This, however, is a mistake. They are common in the eastern states, and are mentioned by Dr. Belknap in his enumeration of the birds of New Hampshire. *Hist. vol. iii. p. 163.* They are also natives of Newfoundland. I have seen them in Upper Canada. Blue Jays and yellow birds were found by Mr. M'Kenzie, when on his journey across the continent, at the head of the waters of the Unjigah, or

Peace river, in N. lat. 54° W. long. 121°. on the west side of the great range of Stoney mountains. *Voyages from Montreal*, p. 216. Lond. 1801. 4to. Steller, who in 1741 accompanied Capt. Behring in his expedition for the discovery of the northwest coast of America, and who wrote the journal of the voyage, relates, that he himself went on shore near cape St. Elias, in N. lat. 58°. 28' W. long. 141° 46', according to his estimation, where he observed several species of birds *not known in Siberia*; and one, in particular, described by Catesby under the name of the Blue Jay. *See Steller's Journal apud Pallas*. Mr. William Bartram informs me, that they are numerous in the peninsula of Florida, and that he also found them at Natchez, on the Mississippi. Captains Lewis and Clark, and their intrepid companions, in their memorable expedition across the continent of North America to the Pacific ocean, continued to see Blue Jays for six hundred miles up the Missouri.* From these accounts it follows, that this species occupies generally or partially, an extent of country stretching upwards of seventy degrees from east to west, and more than thirty degrees from north to south; though, from local circumstances, there may be intermediate tracts in this immense range which they seldom visit.

* This fact I had from Capt. Lewis.



Fringilla Tristis. Yellow Bird, or Goldfinch.

THIS bird is four inches and a half in length and eight inches in extent, of a rich lemon yellow, fading into white towards the rump. The wings and tail are black, the former tipped and edged with white; the interior webs of the latter are also white; the fore part of the head is black, the bill and legs of a reddish cinnamon colour. This is the summer dress of the male; but in the month of September the yellow gradually changes to a brown olive, and the male and female are then nearly alike. They build a very neat and delicate little nest, which they fasten to the twigs of an apple tree, or to the strong branching stalks of hemp, covering it on the outside with pieces of lichen which they find on the trees and fences; these they glue together with their saliva, and afterwards line the inside with the softest downy substances they can procure. The female lays five white eggs, faintly marked at the greater end; and they generally raise two broods in a season. The males do not ar-

rive at their perfect plumage until the succeeding spring; wanting, during that time, the black on the head; and the white on the wings being of a cream colour. In the month of April they begin to change their winter dress, and before the middle of May they appear in brilliant yellow; the whole plumage towards its roots is of a dusky bluish black.

The song of the Yellow Bird resembles that of the Goldfinch of Britain; but is in general so weak as to appear to proceed from a considerable distance, when perhaps the bird is perched on the tree over your head. I have heard some, however, sing in cages with great energy and animation. On their first arrival in Pennsylvania, in February, and until early in April, they associate in flocks, frequently assembling in great numbers on the same tree to bask and dress themselves in the morning sun, singing in concert for half an hour together; the confused mingling of their notes forming a kind of harmony not at all unpleasant.

About the last of November, and sometimes sooner, they *generally* leave Pennsylvania, and proceed to the south; some, however, are seen even in the midst of the severest winters. Their flight is not direct, but in alternate risings and sinkings; twittering as they fly, at each successive impulse of the wings. During the latter part of summer they are almost constant visitants in our gardens, in search of seeds, which they dislodge from the husks with great address, while hanging frequently head downwards, in the manner of the titmouse. From these circumstances, as well as from their colour, they are very generally known, and pass by various

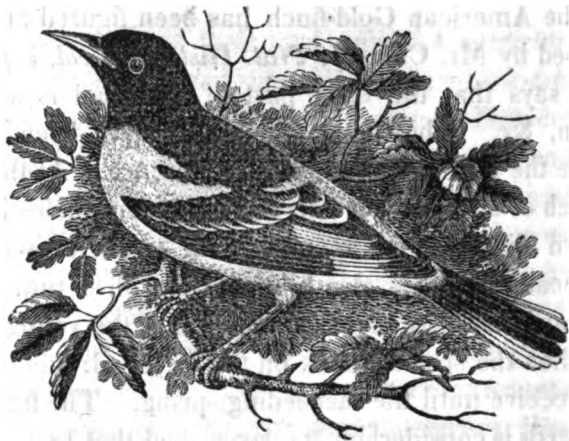
names expressive of their food, colour, &c. such as the thistle-bird, lettuce-bird, salad-bird, yellow-bird, &c. &c. The gardeners, who supply the city of Philadelphia with vegetables, often take them in trap-cages, and expose them for sale in the market. They are easily familiarized to confinement, and feed, with seeming indifference, a few hours after being taken.

The great resemblance which the Yellow-Bird bears to the Canary, has made many persons attempt to pair individuals of the two species together. An ingenious French gentleman, who resides in Pottsgrove, Pennsylvania, assured me, that he had tried the male Yellow Bird with the female Canary, but without effect, though he kept them for several years together, and supplied them with proper materials for building. Mr. Hassey, however, of New York, who keeps a great number of native as well as foreign birds, informed me, that a Yellow-Bird paired with a Canary in his possession, and laid eggs, but did not hatch, which he attributed to the lateness of the season.

These birds, as has been observed before, were seen by Mr. M'Kenzie, in his route across the continent of North America, as far north as 54°; they are numerous in all the Atlantic States North of the Carolinas; abound in Mexico, and are also found in great numbers in the savannahs of Guiana.

The seeds of the lettuce, thistle, hemp, &c. are their favourite food, and it is pleasant to observe a few of them at work on a calm day, detaching the thistle down, in search of the seeds, making it fly in clouds around them.

The American Gold-finch has been figured and described by Mr. Catesby, *Nat. Hist. Car. vol. i. p. 43.* who says that the back part of the head is a dirty green, &c. This description must have been taken while the bird was changing its plumage. At the approach of autumn, not only the rich yellow fades into a brown olive; but the spot of black on the crown and forehead, becomes also of the same olive tint. Mr. Edwards has also erred in saying that the young male bird has the spot of black on the forehead; this it does not receive until the succeeding spring. The figure in Edwards is considerably too large; and that by Catesby has the wings and tail much longer than in nature, and the body too slender; very different from the true form of the living bird. Mr. Pennant also tells us, that the legs of this species are *black*, they are, however, of a bright cinnamon colour; but the worthy naturalist, no doubt, described them as he found them, in the dried and stuffed skin, shrivelled up and blackened with decay; and thus too much of our natural history has been delineated.



Oriolus Baltimoreus. Baltimore Bird.

THIS is a bird of passage, arriving in Pennsylvania from the South, about the beginning of May, and departing towards the latter end of August or beginning of September. From the singularity of its colours, the construction of its nest, and its preferring to build on the apple trees, weeping willows, walnut and tulip trees, adjoining the farm house, it is generally known, and, as usual, honoured with a variety of names, such as hang-nest, hanging-bird, golden-robin, fire-bird, (from the bright orange seen through the green leaves resembling a flash of fire,) &c. but more generally the Baltimore bird. It is so named, as Catesby informs us, from its colours, which are black and orange, being those of the arms and livery of lord Baltimore, formerly proprietary of Maryland.

The Baltimore Oriole is seven inches in length; bill almost straight, strong, tapering to a sharp point, black, and sometimes lead coloured, above the lower mandible, light blue towards the base. Head, throat, upper part of the back and wings, black; lower part of the back, rump, and whole under parts, a bright orange, deepening into vermilion on the breast; the black on the shoulders is also divided by a band of orange; exterior edges of the greater wing-coverts, as well as the edges of the secondaries and part of those of the primaries, white; the tail—feathers under the coverts, orange; the two middle ones from thence to the tips are black; the next five, on each side, black near the coverts, and orange toward the extremities, so disposed, that when the tail is expanded, and the coverts removed, the black appears in the form of a pyramid, supported on an arch of orange. Tail slightly forked, the exterior feather on each side a quarter of an inch shorter than the others; legs and feet light blue or lead colour; iris of the eye, hazel.

The female has the head, throat, upper part of the neck and back, of a dull black, each feather being skirted with olive yellow; lower part of the back, rump, upper tail-coverts and whole lower parts, orange yellow, but much duller than that of the male; the whole wing feathers are of a deep dirty brown, except the quills, which are exteriorly edged, and the greater wing coverts and next superior row, which are broadly tipped, with a dull yellowish white; tail, olive yellow; in some specimens the two middle feathers have been found partly black; in others, wholly so; the black on the throat does

not descend so far as in the male, is of a lighter tinge, and more irregular; bill, legs, and claws, light blue.

Buffon, and Latham, have both described the male of the spurious Baltimore, as the female Baltimore. Mr. Pennant has committed the same mistake; and all the ornithologists of Europe, with whose works I am acquainted, who have undertaken to figure and describe these birds, have mistaken the proper males and females, and confounded the two species together in a very confused and extraordinary manner, for which indeed we ought to pardon them, on account of their distance from the native residence of these birds, and the strange alterations of colour to which the latter are subject.

This obscurity I have endeavoured to clear up in a subsequent part of this work, by exhibiting the male and female of the *Oriolus Spurius* in their different changes of dress, as well as in their perfect plumage; and by introducing representations of the eggs of both, the identity of these two species is placed, I hope, beyond all future dispute or ambiguity.

Almost the whole genus of Orioles belong to America, and with a few exceptions they build pensile nests. Few of them, however, equal the Baltimore in the construction of these receptacles for their young, and in giving them, in such a superior degree, convenience, warmth, and security. For these purposes he generally fixes upon the high bending extremities of the branches, fastening strong strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs, corresponding to the intended width of the nest; with the same materials, mixed with quanti-

ties of loose tow, he interweaves or fabricates a strong firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forming it into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lining it substantially with various soft substances, well interwoven with the outward netting, and, lastly, finishes with a layer of horse-hair; the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural pent-house or canopy of leaves. As to a hole left in the side for the young to be fed through, and for other purposes, as Pennant and others relate, it is certainly an error. I have never met with any thing of the kind in the nest of the Baltimore.

Though birds of the same species, generally speaking, have a common form of building, yet, contrary to the usually received opinion, they do not build exactly in the same manner. As much difference will be found in the style, neatness and finishing of the nests of the Baltimores, as in their voices. Some appear far superior workmen to others; and probably age may improve them in this, as it does in their colours. I have a number of their nests now before me, all completed, and with eggs. One of these, the neatest, is in the form of a cylinder, of five inches diameter and seven inches in depth, rounded at the bottom. The opening at the top is narrowed, by a horizontal covering, to two inches and a half in diameter. The materials are flax, hemp, tow, hair, and wool, woven into a complete cloth; the whole tightly sewed through and through with long horse-hairs, several of which measure two feet in length. The bottom is composed of thick tufts of cow-hair, sewed also with strong horse-hair.

This nest was hung on the extremity of the horizontal branch of an apple tree, fronting the south-east; it was visible one hundred yards off, though shaded from the sun; and was the work of a very beautiful and perfect bird. The eggs are fine, white, slightly tinged with flesh colour, marked on the greater end with purple dots, and on the other parts with long horse-hair lines, intersecting each other in a variety of lines. I am thus minute in these particulars, from a wish to point out the specific difference between the true and spurious Baltimore, which Dr. Latham and some others suppose to be only the same bird in different stages of colour.

So solicitous is the Baltimore to procure proper materials for his nest, that in the season of building, the women in the country are under the necessity of narrowly watching their thread that may chance to be out bleaching, and the farmer to secure his young grafts; as the Baltimore finding the former, and the strings which tie the latter, so well adapted for his purpose, frequently carries off both; or should the one be too heavy, and the other too firmly tied, he will tug at them a considerable time before he gives up the attempt. Skeins of silk and hanks of thread have often been found, after they had fallen, hanging round the Baltimore's nest; but so woven up and entangled, as to be entirely irreclaimable. Before the introduction of Europeans no such materials could have been obtained here; but with the sagacity of a good architect, he has improved this circumstance to his advantage; and the strongest and best materials are uniformly found in those parts by which the whole is supported.

Their principal food consists of caterpillars, beetles, and bugs, particularly one of a brilliant glossy green, fragments of which I have almost always found in their stomach, and sometimes these only.

The song of the Baltimore is a clear mellow whistle, repeated at short intervals as he gleans among the branches. There is in it a certain wild plaintiveness and *naïveté* extremely interesting. It is not uttered with the rapidity of the ferruginous thrush (*turdus rufus*,) and some other eminent songsters; but with the pleasing tranquillity of a careless plough-boy, whistling merely for his own amusement. When alarmed by an approach to his nest, or any such circumstance, he makes a kind of rapid chirrupping, very different from his usual note. This, however, is always succeeded by those mellow notes which seem so congenial to his nature.

High on yon poplar clad in glossiest green,
The orange, black-capp'd Baltimore is seen;
The broad extended boughs still please him best,
Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his nest;
There his sweet mate, secure from every harm,
Broods o'er her spotted store and wraps them warm;
Lists to the noon-tide hum of busy bees,
Her partner's mellow song, the brook, the breeze;
These, day by day, the lonely hours deceive,
From dewey morn to slow descending eve.
Two weeks elaps'd, behold a helpless crew!
Claim all her care and her affection too.

On wings of love th' assiduous nurses fly,
Flowers, leaves and boughs abundant food supply;
Glad chants their guardian as abroad he goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose.

The Baltimore inhabits North-America, from Canada to Mexico, and is even found as far south as Brazil. Since the streets of our cities have been planted with that beautiful and stately tree, the lombardy poplar, these birds are our constant visiters during the early part of summer; and amid the noise and tumult of coaches, drays, wheelbarrows, and the din of the multitude, they are heard chanting their "native wood-notes wild;" sometimes too, within a few yards of an oysterman, who stands bellowing, with the lungs of a Stentor, under the shade of the same tree; so much will habit reconcile even birds to the roar of the city, and to sounds and noises, which, in other circumstances, would put a whole grove to flight.

These birds are several years in receiving their complete plumage. Sometimes the whole tail of a male individual in spring is yellow, sometimes only the two middle feathers are black, and frequently the black on the back is skirted with orange, and the tail tipped with the same colour. Three years, I have reason to believe, are necessary to fix the full tint of the plumage, and then the male bird appears as already described.

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